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THE

PSALTER.

THE SCOTTISH VERSION OF THE PSALMS REVISED,

AND

THE NEW VERSIONS ADOPTED

BY THE

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA,

WITH MUSIC

APPROPRIATELY ARRANGED BY

REV. R. B. ROBERTSON,

AND

REV. JOHN GAILEY.

"Let people praise thee, Lord,
Let people *all* thee praise."—PSALM lxvii. 3.

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PREFACE.

THIS book originated in a desire to awaken a more general interest in congregational music throughout the Psalm-singing churches. Believing it to be the duty of "all the people" to "sing praise," care has been taken to select only such music as can be used in "the Great Congregation." We present to the churches in this volume the result of the experience and study of many years. The music is all of acknowledged merit. The grand old tunes, which the Church will not let die, find a place here. Besides these, many of modern date, and many never before published, may be found. The suggestions of choristers and teachers of music throughout the Church have been respected, and they will here find many of their favorites. The classification of Psalms, while necessarily imperfect, will be found to be an improvement on any preceding it.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Bigelow & Main, representatives of the late W. B. Bradbury, to Drs. L. Mason and T. Hastings, Geo. F. Root, Prof. A. N.

Johnson, and others, for permission to use the valuable compositions found under their respective names. They cannot be used by others without like permission. No music can be taken from this book without permission. To many throughout the Church, who have assisted in the selection and preparation of music, and in the classification of Psalms, we return thanks.

May the object of this book be accomplished, and the God of the Church thereby glorified.

THE AUTHOR.

A CLASSIFICATION OF PSALMS,

IN THE COMMON METER VERSION ONLY.

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SUBJECT. *PSALM.*

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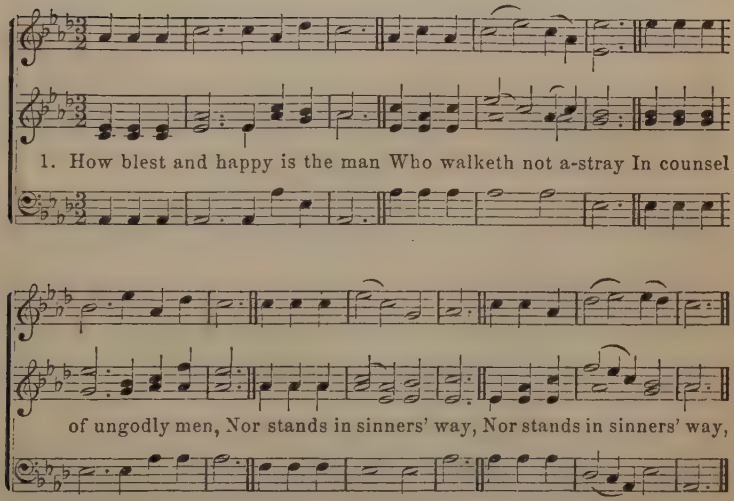
THE PSALTER.

CHOPIN.

PSALM 1. C. M.

I. B. Woodbury.



2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair,
But places his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On his law day and night.

3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Set by a river's side,
Which in its season yields its fruit,
And green its leaves abide.

4 And all he does shall prosper well:
The wicked are not so,
But like the chaff before the wind,
Are driven to and fro.

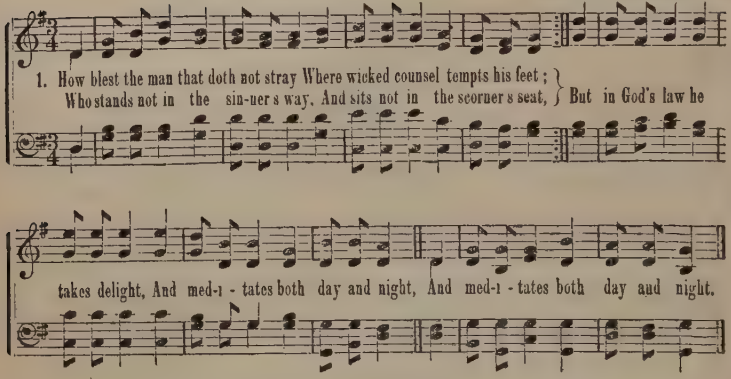
5 In judgment therefore shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in th' assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.

6 Because the way of godly men
Is to Jehovah known;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown

ROCK.

PSALM 1. L. M. 6 lines.

W. B. Bradbury.



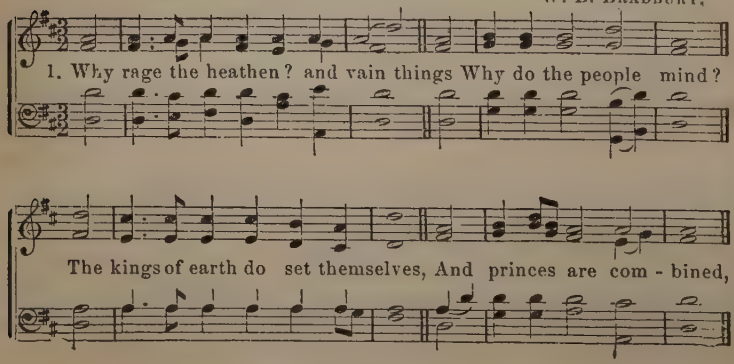
2 He shall be like the tree that springs
Where streams of water gently glide;
Which plenteous fruit in season brings,
And ever green its leaves abide.
Thus shall prosperity attend
The good man's work, till life shall end.

3 Not so ungodly men, for they
Like chaff before the wind are driven;
Hence they'll not stand in judgment day,
Nor mingle with the saints in heaven.
The Lord approves the good man's path,
But sinners' ways shall end in wrath.

MASON'S CHANT.

PSALM 2. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



2 To plot against the Lord, and his
Anointed, saying thus,
Let us asunder break their bands,
And cast their cords from us.

3 But he that sits in heav'n shall laugh;
The Lord shall scorn them all;
Then shall he speak to them in wrath,
In rage he vex them shall.

4 Yet I my King anointed have
Upon my holy hill;
And reign as King on Zion mount
For evermore he will.

5 The sure decree I will declare;
The Lord hath said to me,
Thou art my only Son; this day
I have begotten thee.

6 Ask me, and for thy heritage
The heathen I'll make thine,
And. for possession, I to thee
Will give earth's utmost line.

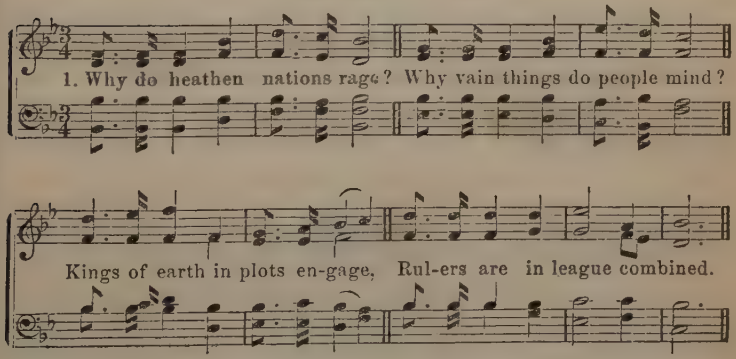
7 Thou shalt, as with a weighty rod
Of iron break them all;
And them, as potter's vessel, thou
Shalt dash in pieces small.

8 Now, therefore, kings, be wise; be taught,
Ye judges of the earth;
In holy fear Jehovah serve,
And tremble in your mirth.

9 And kiss the Son, lest in his ire
Ye perish from the way,
If once his wrath begin to burn.
Blest all that on him stay.

CIRCLE.

PSALM 2. 7s.



2 Thus against the Lord they speak,
Thus against his Christ they say,
"Let us join their bands to break,
Let us cast their cords away."

3 He shall laugh who sits above,
God Most High shall scorn them all;
Them in anger fierce reprove;
Burning wrath shall on them fall.

4 Yet according to my will,
Have I set my King to reign;
Him on Zion's holy hill,
My Anointed, I'll maintain.

5 Thus hath said the Lord Most High,
I will publish the decree:
Thee I own my Son, for I
Have this day begotten thee.

6 Ask, for heritage I'll make
All the heathen nations thine,
Thou shalt in possession take
Earth to its remotest line.

7 Let thy rod of iron fall;
Break them with thy sceptre's sway;
Dash them into pieces small,
Like the potter's brittle clay.

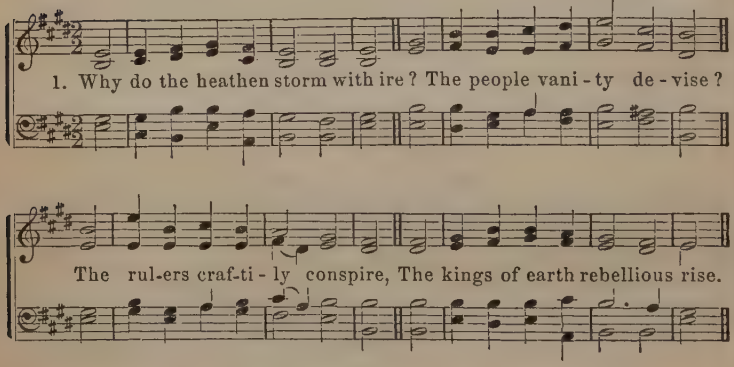
8 Therefore, kings, be wise, give ear;
Hearken, judges of the earth;
Learn to serve the Lord with fear,
Mingle trembling with your mirth.

9 Fear his wrath, and kiss the Son,
Lest ye perish from the way,
When his wrath is but begun.
Blest are all that on him stay.

UXBRIDGE.

PSALM 2. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 Against the Lord they lift their hands,
Against him and his Christ they say,
"Asunder let us break their bands,
And from us cast their cords away."

3 He that in heaven sits shall laugh,
Jehovah shall deride them all;
Then as he speaks in burning wrath,
Dismay and dread shall on them fall.

4 "Yet notwithstanding I ordain,"
Thus shall he speak his sov'reign will,
"He my anointed King shall reign,
On Zion, my own holy hill."

5 Thus spake to me the Holy One,
I utter now the Lord's decree,
"Thou art proclaimed my only Son,
This day have I begotten thee.

6 "Ask for inheritance of me,
And I will make the heathen thine,
And for possession, give to thee
The earth to its remotest line.

7 "An iron sceptre thou shalt sway,
And with it break and crush them all,
Even like the potter's brittle clay,
Thou shalt them dash in pieces small."

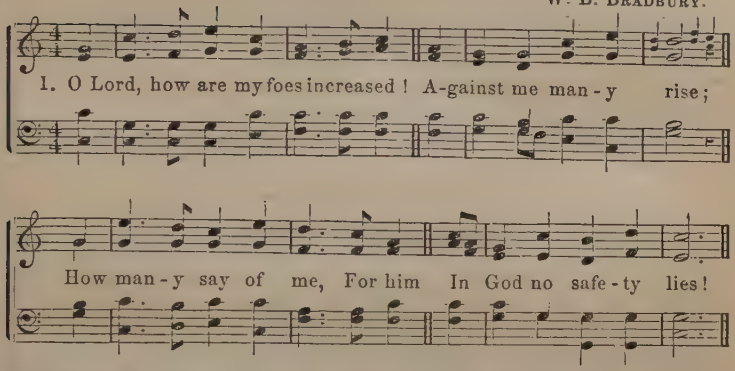
8 And now, ye kings, be wise and hear;
Be warned, ye judges of the earth;
See that ye serve the Lord with fear,
And mingle trembling with your mirth.

9 Unto the Son your homage pay,
Lest, when his wrath begins to flame,
Ye fall and perish from the way.
Blest all confiding in his name.

BROWN.

PSALM 3. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Yet thou my shield and glory art,
Thou liftest up my head;
I cried, and from his holy hill,
The Lord me answer made.

3 I laid me down and slept, I waked,
For God protected me,
I will not fear though thousands ten
Arrayed against me be.

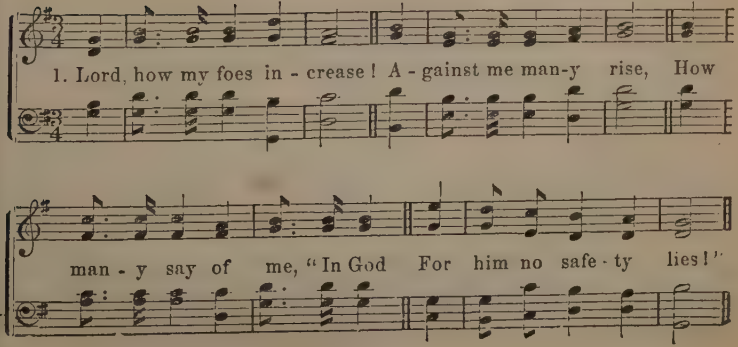
4 Arise, O Lord, save me, my God,
Thou smitten hast my foes;
The face and teeth of wicked men
Are broken by thy blows.

5 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
In him his saints are blest;
Thy blessing, Lord, for evermore
Shall on thy people rest.

MINNIE.

PSALM 3. S. M.

ARR. BY R. B. R.



2 My shield and glory, Lord,
Thou liftest up my head.
I cried, and from his holy hill
The Lord me answer made.

3 I lay and slept, I woke,
Kept by Jehovah's care;
Though myriads compass me around,
Their hosts I will not fear.

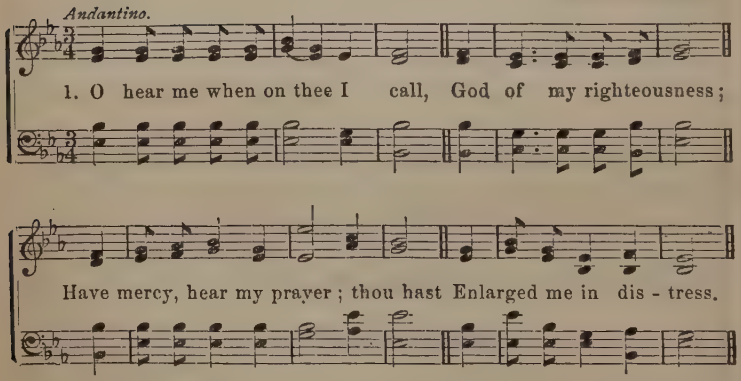
4 Rise, Lord, save me, my God;
The cheeks of all my foes
Thou smitten hast: the wicked's teeth
Are broken by thy blows.

5 Salvation to the Lord
Alone doth appertain:
Upon thy people evermore
Thy blessing shall remain.

ELIZABETHTOWN.

PSALM 4. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



2 Ye sons of men, how long will ye
My glory turn to shame!
How long shall vanity and lies
Your willing service claim!

3 But know that for himself the Lord
The godly man doth choose:
The Lord, when I upon him call,
To hear will not refuse.

4 Fear, and sin not, talk with your heart
On bed, and silent be;
Present the gifts of righteousness,
And in the Lord trust ye

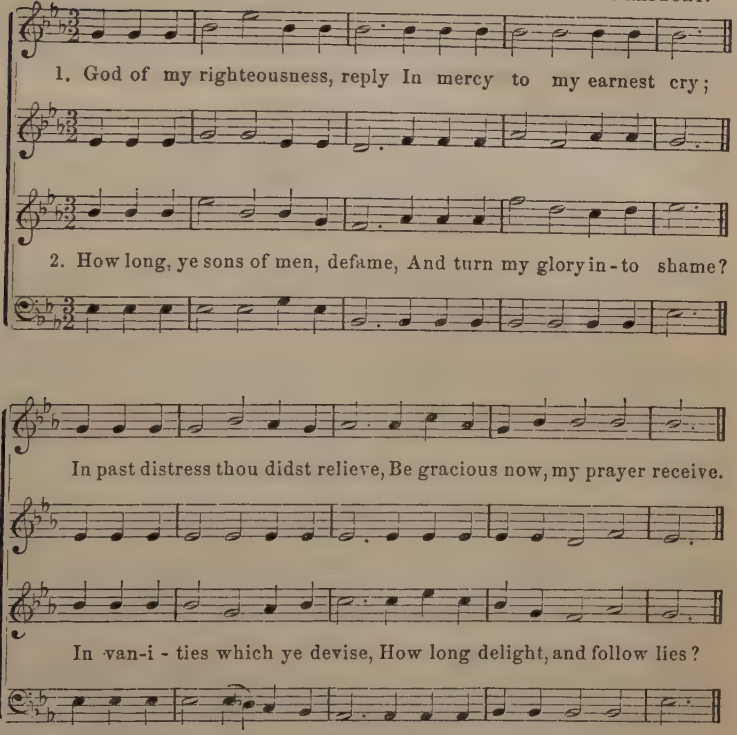
5 O who will show us any good?
Is that which many say;
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us, we pray.

6 Upon my heart bestowed by thee
More gladness I have found:
Than they in times when corn and wine
Did most with them abound.

7 I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take;
Because thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make.

PSALM 4. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



3 Yet know that ever for his own
The Lord doth choose the godly one;
And when to him my prayers ascend,
The Lord will graciously attend.

4 Then stand in awe, from sin depart;
And hold communion with your heart
When on your bed reclined at rest,
And still the risings of your breast.

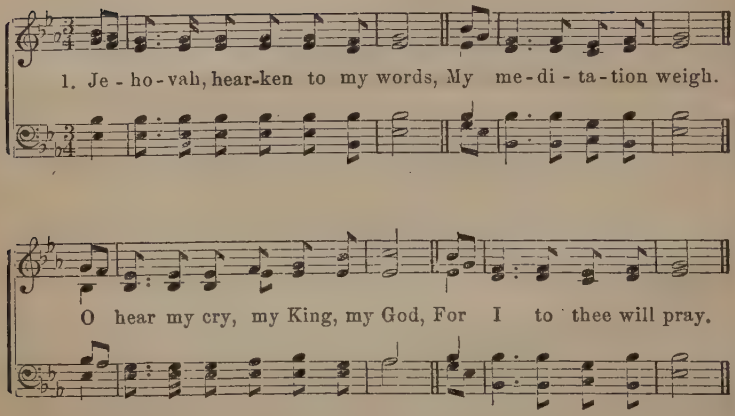
5 In sacrifice of righteousness
Your homage to the Lord express;
And ever let your heart rely
With confidence on God Most High.

6 O who will show us any good?
Exclaims the restless multitude;
But lift on us, O God of grace,
The cheering brightness of thy face.

7 More joy from thee has filled my heart
Than all their corn and wine impart.
I lay me down to peaceful sleep,
For thou wilt me in safety keep.

PSALM 5. C. M.

GEO. F. ROOT. By permission.



2 Lord, thou shalt early hear my voice;
I early will direct
My prayer to thee, and looking up,
An answer will expect.

3 For thou art not a God that doth
In wickedness delight;
No evil shall abide with thee,
Nor fools stand in thy sight.

4 All evil-doers thou dost hate,
Destroyed shall liars be;
The bloody and deceitful man
Shall be abhorred by thee.

5 But I thy temple will approach
In thy abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear
Within thy holy place.

6 Because of watchful foes, O Lord,
Direct me by thy grace;
And in thy righteousness thy way
Make plain before my face.

7 For in their mouth there is no truth,
Their inward thoughts are vile;
Their throat is like an open grave,
Their tongue is full of guile.

8 O God, destroy them; let them fall
By plans which they devise;
Them for their many sins cast out,
For they against thee rise.

9 Let all who trust in thee be glad,
In shouts their praise proclaim;
Thou savest them; let all rejoice
Who love thy holy name.

10 For, to the righteous man, O Lord,
Thou wilt thy blessing yield;
With favour thou wilt compass him
About as with a shield.

PSALM 5. 7s.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. O Je - ho - vah, hear my words, And my me-di - ta - tion weigh;
Hear my cry, my King, my God, For to thee, O Lord, I'll pray.
D. C. In the morning, Lord, to thee I will lift my wait-ing eyes.

D. C.

2. In the morning, Lord, my voice Thou shalt hear in suppliant cries;

3 Thou, Jehovah, art a God
Who in sin cannot delight;
Evil shall not dwell with thee,
Nor shall fools stand in thy sight.

4 Evil-doers thou dost hate,
Liars all destroyed shall be;
Men of blood and of deceit
Ever are abhorred by thee.

5 But in thy abundant grace
To thy house will I draw near;
To thy holy temple, Lord,
I will look, and bow in fear.

6 Lead me in thy righteousness;
Evermore my steps maintain;
And because of watchful foes,
Make thy way before me plain.

7 In their mouth there is no truth,
All their heart is full of wrong,
Like an open grave their throat;
And they flatter with their tongue.

8 Let transgressors be destroyed,
In their sins by thee expelled;
By their counsels let them fall,
For against thee they rebelled.

9 But let all in thee who trust,
Ever glad and joyful be;
Let them joy who love thy name,
Safely guarded, Lord, by thee.

10 For Jehovah to the just
Will abundant blessings yield,
And with favour compass him
Safely round as with a shield.

BETHA.

PSALM 6. C. M.

Affetuoso.

1. In thy great in - dig - nation, Lord, Do thou re - buke me not; Nor on me lay thy chastening hand, Nor on me lay thy chastening hand, In thy dis - pleas - ure hot.

2 Lord, I am weak, thy mercy show,
And me restore again;
O heal me, Lord, for thou dost know
My bones are filled with pain.

3 My soul is sorely vexed, but, Lord,
How long stay wilt thou make?
Return, O Lord, my soul set free,
Save for thy mercies' sake.

4 Because of thee in death there shall
No more remembrance be;
Of those that in the grave do lie
Who shall give thanks to thee?

5 I with my groaning weary am;
Through all my night of woe,
My weeping made my bed to swim,
My couch with tears to flow.

6 By reason of my vexing grief
My eye consumes away;
And through my foes, it waxes old
In failure and decay.

7 But now depart from me, all ye
That work iniquity,
Because Jehovah heard my voice
When I did mourn and cry.

8 And to my supplicating voice
The Lord did hearing give;
When I to him address my prayer,
The Lord will it receive.

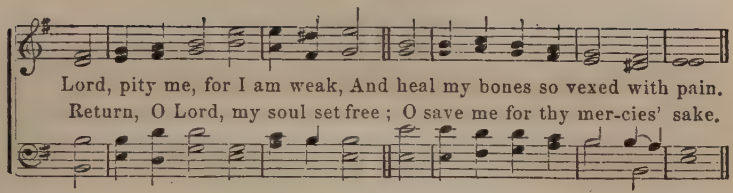
9 Let all my haters be ashamed,
And smitten with affright;
In shame let them be driven back,
And put to sudden flight.

WINDHAM.

PSALM 6. L. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. In anger, Lord, rebuke me not; In chastening, thy fierce wrath restrain;
2. My soul is also sorely vexed; But, Lord, how long stay wilt thou make?



3 For they who sleep the sleep of death,
Of thee shall no remembrance have;
And who is he that will to thee
Give praises lying in the grave?

4 I with my groaning weary am;
Through all the dreary night my bed
I made to swim, and I my couch
Have watered with the tears I shed.

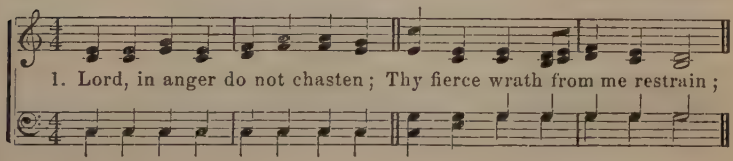
5 My eye, consumed with grief, grows dim,
Because of all my enemies;
Depart, ye wicked workers all,
For God hath heard my weeping cries.

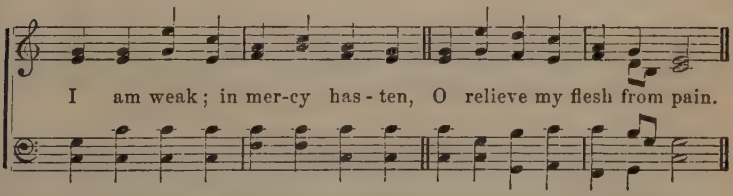
6 My supplication God hath heard,
And will receive my earnest cry;
Ashamed and vexed be all my foes,
And back in sudden terror fly.

MOUNT VERNON.

PSALM 6. 8s & 7s.

DR. L. MASON.





2 Sorrows deep my soul are grieving;
Lord, how long!—O pity take;
Lord, return, my soul relieving;
Save me for thy mercy's sake.

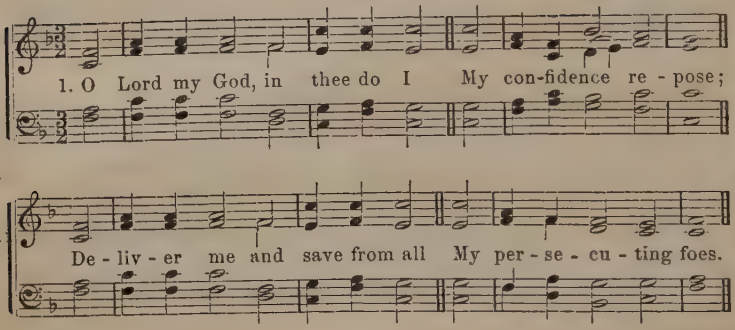
3 Thee the grave no more remembers;
Who gives thanks among the dead?
Weary groans distract my slumbers,
Tears have overflowed my bed.

4 Sorely vexed by my oppressors,
Grief like age has dimmed my eye.
Hence, and leave me, all transgressors,
For the Lord hath heard my cry.

5 God hath heard my supplication;
My petition will not spurn.
Let my foes, with sore vexation,
Back in sudden shame return.

PSALM 7. C. M.

GREGORIAN.



2 Lest like a lion fierce the foe
My soul should seize and rend,
In pieces tearing it, whilst there
Is no one to defend.

3 O Lord my God, if it be so
That I committed this;
If it be so that in my hands
Iniquity there is;

4 If I rewarded ill to him
Who was at peace with me,
(Yea, even the man that without cause
My foe was, I did free;)

5 Then let the foe pursue and take
My soul, and my life thrust
Down to the earth, and let him lay
My honor in the dust.

6 Rise in thy wrath, Lord, raise thyself,
For my foes raging be;
And to the judgment which thou hast
Commanded, wake for me.

7 The people shall assemble then,
And unto thee draw nigh;
Return thou therefore for their sakes
Unto thy place on high.

8 Jehovah shall the people judge;
My judge, Jehovah, be,
According to my righteousness,
And inward purity.

9 O let the wicked's malice cease,
But let the just abide,
For God is righteous, and by him
The heart and reins are tried.

10 In God, who saves the pure in heart,
Is my defence and stay.
God judgeth just men, but is wroth
With sinners every day.

11 Then if the sinner do not turn,
The Lord his sword will whet;
His bow he hath already bent,
And hath it ready set.

12 He also hath for him prepared
The instruments of death;
Against the persecutors he
Ordained his arrows hath.

13 Behold, he with iniquity
Doth travail as in birth;
He also mischief hath conceived,
And falsehood shall bring forth.

14 He made a pit, and digged it deep,
Another there to take;
But now is prostrate in the ditch
Which he himself did make.

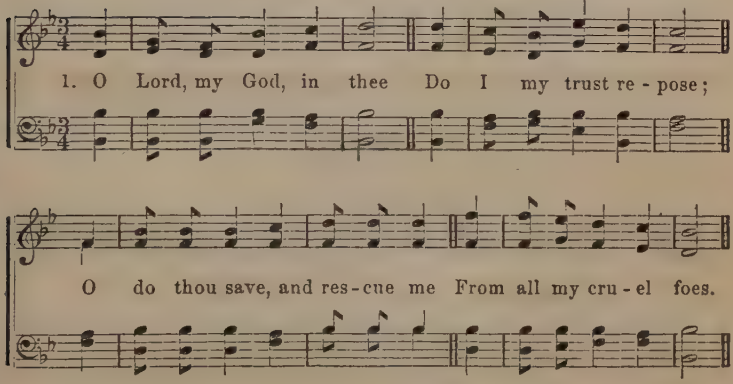
15 His mischief on his guilty head
In justice shall come down;
His lawless deeds in vengeance fall
On his devoted crown.

16 According to his righteousness
The Lord I'll magnify,
And will sing praises to the name
Of God, who is Most High.

LISBON.

PSALM 7. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



2 Lest they my soul should tear,
And like a lion rend,
When no deliverer is near
To rescue and defend.

3 Lord, if thy searching eye
This crime in me hath seen;
If on my hand the guilt do lie
Of this most grievous sin:

4 If evil I repaid
To one with me at peace,
(Yea, I my causeless foe did aid,
And freely did release;)

5 Then let the foe in strife
Pursue me as his prey,
Tread down upon the earth my life,
In dust my honor lay.

6 In wrath lift up thy hand;
My foes are filled with rage;
Awake, and as thou didst command,
On my behalf engage.

7 So saints with one accord
Around thee shall draw nigh:
And therefore for their sakes, O Lord,
Do thou return on high.

8 Thou, Lord, shalt judge all flesh;
In judgment take my part,
According to my righteousness,
And purity of heart.

9 Let sin no longer be,
Whilst God the just sustains,
For God is righteous, and doth see,
And try the heart and reins.

10 God saves the pure in heart;
He shields me in my way;
In judgment takes the just man's part,
Hates sinners every day.

11 If they do not repent,
His sword he sharpened hath,
His bow is ready made, and bent
To execute his wrath.

12 To smite with deadly blows,
His weapons he hath framed;
Against all persecuting foes
His arrows he hath aimed.

13 The foe hath labored long
In vain and wicked things;
In heart he mischief plans and wrong
And falsehood forth he brings.

14 A secret pit he made,
Where others might be snared;
He prostrate in that pit is laid
Which his own hands prepared.

15 The mischiefs he designed
Shall on his head come down;
His violence reward shall find,
Returned on his own crown.

16 For all his righteousness,
The Lord I'll magnify;
His name will I forever bless,
The name of God Most High.

HINTON.

PSALM 7. 11s. GERMAN.

1. Je - ho - vah, my God, on thy help I de-pend; From all those who
D. S. When no one is

End. *D. S.*

persecute, save and defend; Lest he like a lion, in rage tear my soul,
near me his rage to control.

2 My God, O Jehovah, if I have done this,
Or if in my hands this iniquity is;
If him I have wronged who with me was at peace;
(My foe without cause, I did even release;)

3 My soul let the enemy seize for his prey,
My life and my honor in dust let him lay.
Arise, Lord, in anger, thy help interpose,
Arise, thou, because of the rage of my foes.

4 Awake, that my cause may by thee be sustained,
Awake to the judgment which thou hast ordained,
And then shall the people around thee draw nigh;
For sake of them, therefore, return thou on high.

5 All nations of men shall be judged by the Lord;
To me, O Jehovah, just judgment afford,
According as righteous in life I have been,
And ever integrity cherished within.

6 Establish the just, and let evil depart,
For God who is just tries the reins and the heart.
In God for defence I have placed all my trust;
He saveth the upright, and judgeth the just.

7 The Lord with the wicked is wroth every day;
His sword, if they turn not, is sharpened to slay;
His bow is now bent, and his arrows are aimed;
His weapons of death for oppressors are framed.

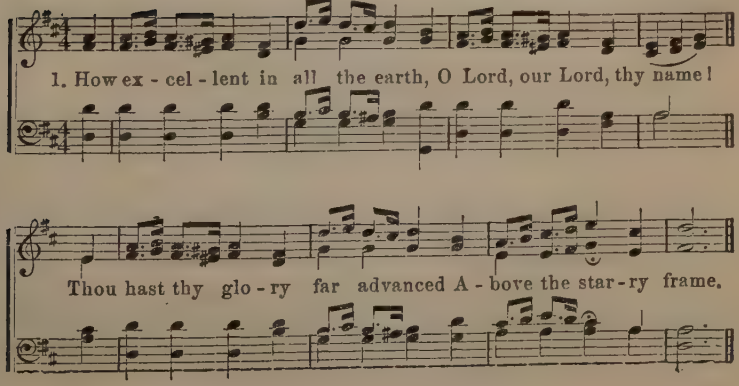
8 Behold, he in wickedness labors with pain;
He mischief conceives, but he brings forth in vain.
He made a deep pit, other men to ensnare,
But fell in the ditch which himself did prepare.

9 On him shall his mischievous plots return home,
His violent deeds on his own head shall come:
To God, for his righteousness, praises I'll sing;
I'll sing to the name of Jehovah our King.

RIVER BANK.

PSALM 8. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 From mouths of babes and sucklings thou,
O Lord, didst strength ordain,
Because of foes, that so thou mightst
Thy vengeful foes restrain.

3 When to the heavens I look up,
Which thy own fingers framed,
Unto the moon and to the stars,
Which were by thee ordained;

4 Then say I, What is man, that he
Remembered is by thee?
Or what the son of man, that thou
So kind to him shouldst be?

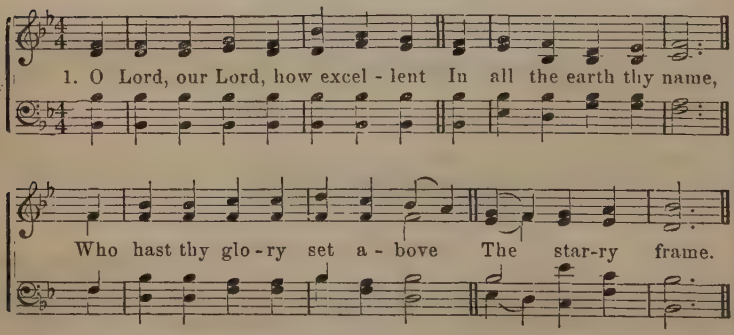
5 For thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made,
A crown of matchless glory thou
Hast placed upon his head.

6 Appointed lord of all thy works,
Beneath him thou didst lay
All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts
That in the field do stray;

7 The fowls of air, and fish of sea,
All passing through the same.
How excellent in all the earth,
O Lord, our Lord, thy name!

IBERIA.

PSALM 8. 8, 6 & 4. G. F. R. By per.



2 From infants' and from sucklings' mouths
Is strength by thee ordained,
That so th' avenger may be quelled,
The foe restrained.

3 When I behold thy spacious heavens,
The work of thy own hand,
The moon and stars in order set
By thy command:

4 O what is man that thou shouldst him
In kind remembrance bear?
Or what the son of man that thou
For him shouldst care?

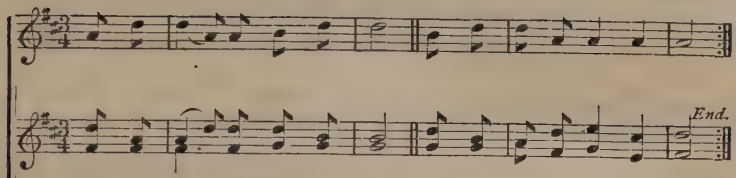
5 For thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made;
With honor and with glory thou
Hast crowned his head.

6 Lord of thy works thou hast him made;
All under him must yield,
All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts
Which roam the field.

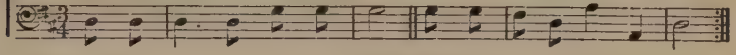
7 Fowls of the air, fish of the sea,
All that pass through the same;
O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,
How great thy name.

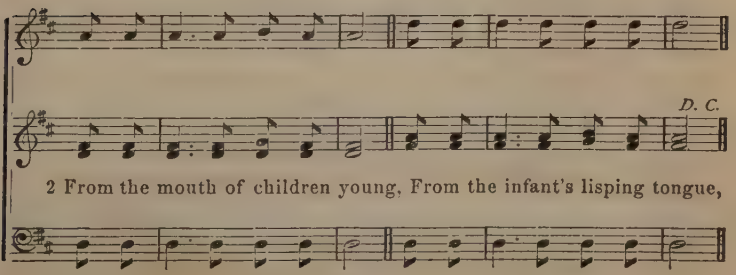
PSALM 8. 7s.

DR. L. MASON.



1. Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast frame, How exalted is thy name!
Who hast set thy glo - ry bright Far above the heavens height.
D. C. Matchless strength thou hast ordained, Thus, thy vengeful foes restrained.





2 From the mouth of children young, From the infant's lisping tongue,

3 When thy heavens I survey,
Which thy fingers' work display,
When the moon and stars I see
Ordered all by thy decree:

4 What is man that in thy mind
He a constant place should find?
What the son of man that he
Should be visited by thee?

5 Thou his station didst ordain
Just below the angel train;
Glory thou hast o'er him shed,
And with honor crowned his head.

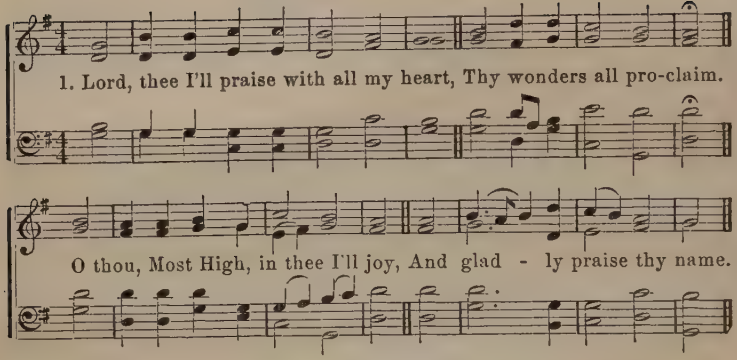
6 Thou hast given him command
O'er the creatures of thy hand;
And beneath his feet hast laid
All the works which thou hast made;

7 Flocks and cattle, every tribe,
Beasts that in the field abide,
Birds that through the heavens roam,
Fish that make the sea their home;

8 Every living thing that strays
Through the ocean's secret ways.
Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast frame,
How exalted is thy name!

PETERBORO'.

PSALM 9. C. M.



2 When back my foes were turned, they fell,
And perished at thy sight:
My right and cause thou hast maintained;
Enthroned didst judge aright.

3 The nations all thou hast rebuked,
The wicked overthrown;
Thou hast put out their names, that they
May never more be known.

4 O enemy, destructions have
An end perpetual:
Thou cities hast destroyed, and lost
Is their memorial.

5 The Lord forever shall endure,
For judgment sets his throne;
In righteousness to judge the world,
And justice give each one.

6 God also will a refuge be
For those who are oppressed;
A refuge will he ever prove
For those that are distressed.

7 And they who know thy name, in thee
Their confidence will place;
For thou hast not forsaken them
Who truly seek thy face.

8 O sing ye praises to the Lord,
Who dwells on Zion Mount;
Among the people everywhere
His mighty deeds recount.

9 When he inquireth after blood,
He then remembers them;
The humble he will not forget
Who call upon his name.

10 Lord, pity me; behold the grief
Which I from foes sustain;
O thou, who from the gates of death
Dost raise me up again.

11 That I, in Zion's daughters' gates,
May all thy praise relate;
And that I ever may rejoice
In thy salvation great.

12 The heathen are sunk in the pit
Which they themselves prepared;
And in the net which they have hid
Their own feet fast are snared.

13 The Lord is by the judgment known
Which he himself hath wrought:
The sinners' hands do make the snares
With which themselves are caught.

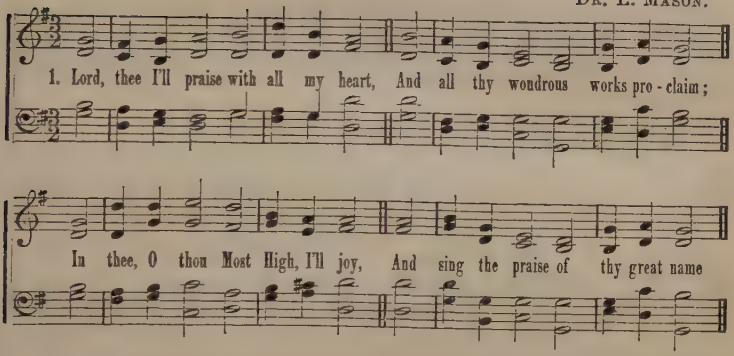
14 They who are wicked, into hell
Shall driven be with shame;
And all the nations that forget
The Lord's most holy name.

15 The Lord will not forever be
Unmindful of the poor;
Nor shall the hope of needy ones
Be lost for evermore.

16 Arise, Lord, let not man prevail;
Judge heathen in thy sight:
That they may know themselves but men,
The nations, Lord, affright.

PSALM 9. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 When back my enemies were turned.
They fell and perished at thy sight.
Thou hast maintained my right and cause,
And on thy throne sat judging right.

3 The nations, Lord, thou hast rebuked,
The wicked thou hast overthrown;
Their very names are blotted out,
That they may never more be known.

4 Their ruin thou hast made complete;
Their cities thou hast laid in heaps;
With them their name has passed away,
Their mem'ry in oblivion sleeps.

5 The Lord forever shall endure,
He hath for judgment set his throne,
In righteousness to judge the world,
And justice give to every one.

6 Jehovah shall a refuge prove,
A refuge strong for poor oppressed,
A safe retreat, where weary souls
In troublous times may find a rest.

7 And they, O Lord, that know thy name,
Their confidence in thee will place;
For thou, Jehovah, never hast
Forsaken them that seek thy face.

8 Sing praises to the Lord most high,
To him that doth in Zion dwell;
Declare his mighty deeds abroad,
His deeds among all people tell.

9 When he inquiry makes for blood,
He calls to mind the murderer's deed;
Nor will forget the humble saints,
Who cry to him in time of need.

10 O Lord, have mercy, and regard
The grief which I from foes sustain;
O thou, who from the gates of death
Dost raise me up to life again;

11 That I, in Zion's daughters' gates,
May sing thy praise with cheerful voice:
In that salvation thou dost bring,
Redeemed from death I will rejoice.

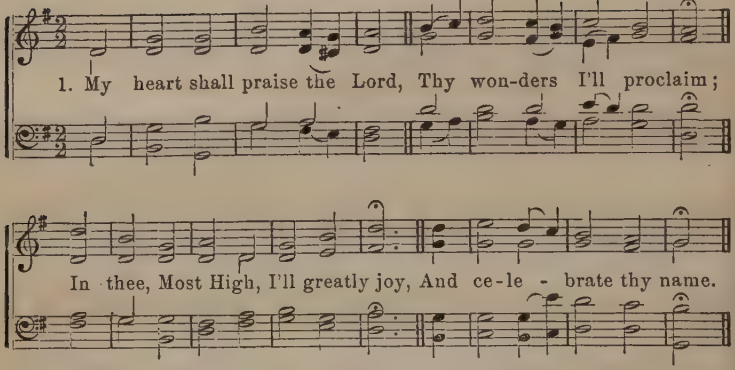
12 The heathen in that pit are sunk
Which they had wickedly prepared;
Their net was cunningly concealed,
And in it are their own feet snared.

13 The Lord is by the judgment known
Which he in righteousness has wrought;
The hands of sinners make the snares,
The snares with which themselves are caught.

14 The wicked turned to hell shall be,
And nations that forget the Lord:
The needy shall not be forgot,
Nor poor men lose their hoped reward.

15 Arise, and let not man prevail;
O Lord, judge heathen in thy sight;
That they may know themselves but men,
The nations of the world affright.

PSALM 9. S. M. HANDEL.



2 Lord, when my foes turn back,
They perish at thy sight;
Thou hast maintained my righteous cause,
Enthroned, thou judgest right.

3 Thou heathen hast rebuked,
The wicked overthrown;
And blotted out their very name;
It shall no more be known.

4 The foe in ruin lies,
Made desolate and waste;
His cities all hast thou destroyed,
Their memory erased.

5 But God shall ever reign,
His throne eternal stands;
He'll judge the world in righteousness,
And rule by just commands.

6 A refuge God will be,
For those whom foes oppress;
A tower of strength he ever proves
In seasons of distress.

7 And they that know thy name,
In thee their trust will place;
For thou hast not forsaken them
That truly seek thy face.

8 Sing praise to Zion's God,
And all his works declare;
When he inquireth after blood,
He makes the meek his care.

9 Lord, see what I endure
From foes that do me hate,
Have mercy, thou, who liftest me
From death's devouring gate.

10 That I in Zion's gate
May utter all thy praise;
And may, in thy salvation great,
A song of gladness raise.

11 The heathen nations sink
In pits which they prepared;
And in the nets which they have hid,
Their own feet fast are snared.

12 The Lord Most High is known
By judgments he hath wrought;
For sinners' hands have made the snares
By which their feet are caught.

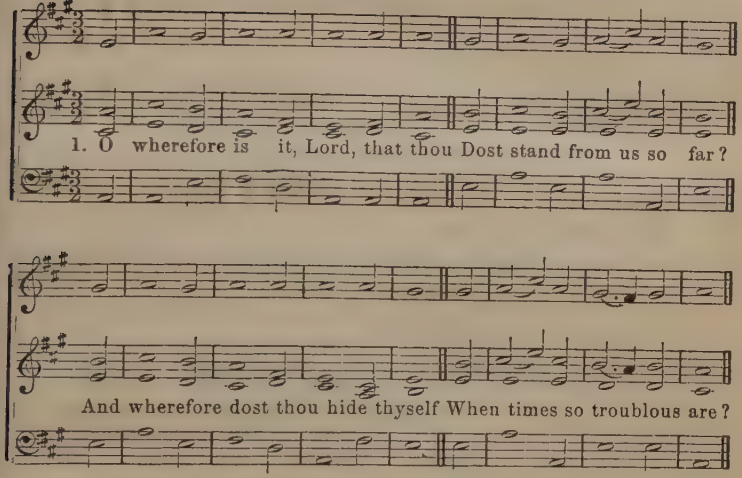
13 The wicked into hell
Shall yet be turned with shame;
And all the nations that forget
The Lord's most holy name.

14 The Lord will not forget
The needy when they cry;
Nor always disappoint the poor,
Who on his word rely.

15 Rise, let not man prevail,
Judge heathen in thy sight;
That they may know themselves but men,
The nations, Lord, affright.

PSALM 10. C. M.

R. Simpson. Scotch.



2 The wicked in their pride pursue,
And make the poor their prey:
Let them be taken in the snares
Which they for others lay.

3 The wicked of his heart's desire
Doth talk with boasting great;
He blesseth him that's covetous,
Whom yet the Lord doth hate.

4 The wicked, through his pride of face,
On God will never call;
And in the counsels of his heart
The Lord is not at all.

5 His ways at all times grievous are;
Thy judgments from his sight
Are far removed: at all his foes
He puffeth with despite.

6 Within his heart he thus hath said,
I never moved shall be;
And no adversity at all
Shall ever come to me.

7 With cursing, fraud, and foul deceit,
His mouth is always filled;
While vanity and mischief lie
Beneath his tongue concealed.

8 He closely sits in villages;
He slays the innocent:
Against the poor that pass him by
His cruel eyes are bent.

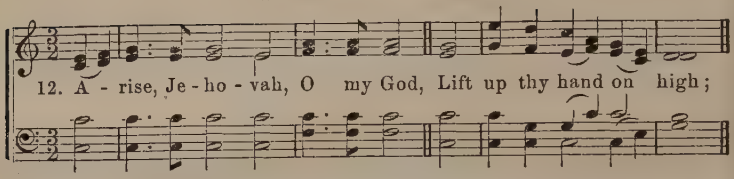
9 He, lion-like, lurks in his den;
He waits the poor to take;
And when he draws him in his net,
His prey he doth him make.

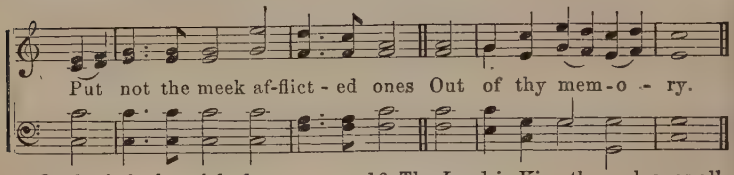
10 Himself he humbleth very low,
He croucheth down withal,
That so a multitude of poor
May by his strong ones fall.

11 He thus hath said within his heart,
The Lord hath quite forgot;
He hides his countenance, and he
Forever sees it not.

HEBER.

PSALM 10. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.





13 O why is it the wicked man
Thus doth the Lord despise?
Because that God will it require
He in his heart denies.

14 Thou hast it seen; for thou their spite
And mischief wilt repay:
The poor commits himself to thee;
Thou art the orphan's stay.

15 The arm break of the wicked man,
And of the evil one;
Do thou seek out his wickedness,
Until thou findest none.

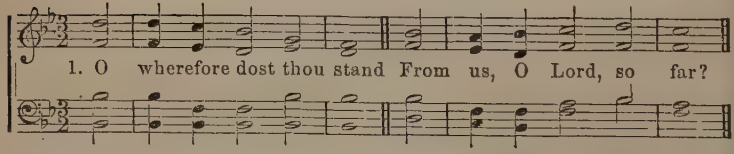
16 The Lord is King through ages all,
His throne shall ever stand;
The heathen people utterly
Are perished from his land.

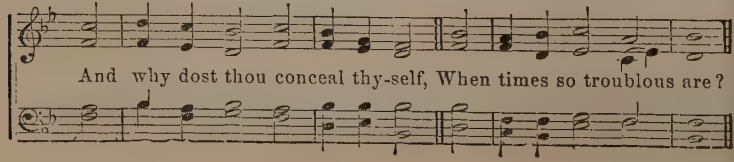
17 O Lord, of those that humble ar
Thou the desire didst hear;
Thou wilt prepare their heart, and th ou
To hear wilt bend thy ear.

18 To judge the fatherless, and those
Beneath oppression sore;
That man, who is but sprung of earth,
May them oppress no more.

STATE STREET.

PSALM 10. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.





2 The wicked in his pride
Doth persecute the poor;
The evil things which they devised,
The same let them endure.

3 He of his soul's desire
Doth talk with boasting great;
He blesses him that's covetous,
Whom yet the Lord doth hate.

4 The wicked seeks not God,
Restrained through pride of face;
In all his thoughts the thought of God
Hath in his heart no place.

5 His ways still grievous are,
And far above his sight
Thy judgments are; at all his foes
He puffs with scornful spite.

6 He in his heart hath said,
"I never moved shall be,
And I from all adversity
Forever shall be free."

7 With cursing, fraud, deceit,
His mouth is ever filled;
Whilst vanity and mischief lie
Beneath his tongue concealed.

8 In villages he lurks,
And slays the innocent;
His eyes are set against the poor,
On secret mischief bent.

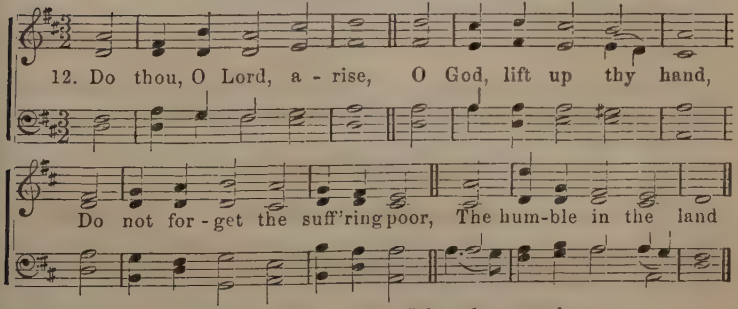
9 Concealed he lies in wait,
Like lion in his lair;
He takes the poor and needy one
Entangled in his snare.

10 Himself he humbleth low,
He croucheth down withal,
That so a multitude of poor
May by his strong ones fall.

11 He says within his heart,
"The Lord hath quite forgot;
He turns away his countenance,
His eye beholds it not."

DOVER.

PSALM 10. S. M.



13 Why doth the wicked man
The mighty God despise?
Because that thou wilt it require,
He in his heart denies.

14 But thou hast seen, thou wilt
Their wrongs and spite repay;
The poor commits himself to thee,
Thou art the orphan's stay.

15 Break thou the wicked's arm,
Subdue the evil one;
And search out all his wickedness
Until thou findest none.

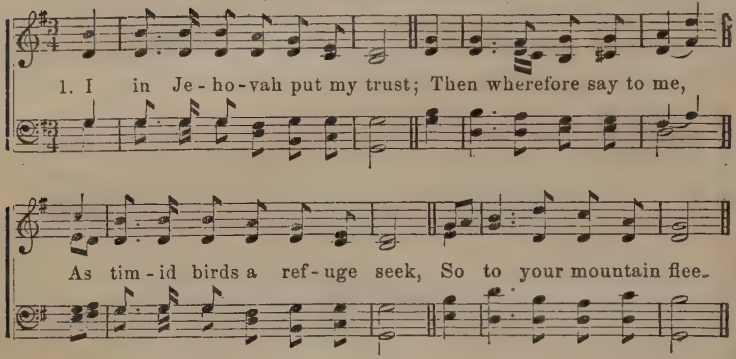
16 Jehovah ever reigns,
And firm his throne shall stand.
The heathen nations are destroyed
Forever from his land.

17 Of those that humble are,
Thou, Lord, hast heard the prayer;
Thou also wilt prepare their heart,
And still incline thine ear;

18 To judge the fatherless,
And those by men distressed,
That they by man that is of earth
May be no more oppressed.

LA MIRA.

PSALM 11. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



2 For, lo! the wicked bend the bow,
On string their arrow fit,
That those who upright are in heart
In secret they may hit.

3 For if foundations be destroyed,
What hath the righteous done?
Jehovah in his temple is,
In heaven is his throne.

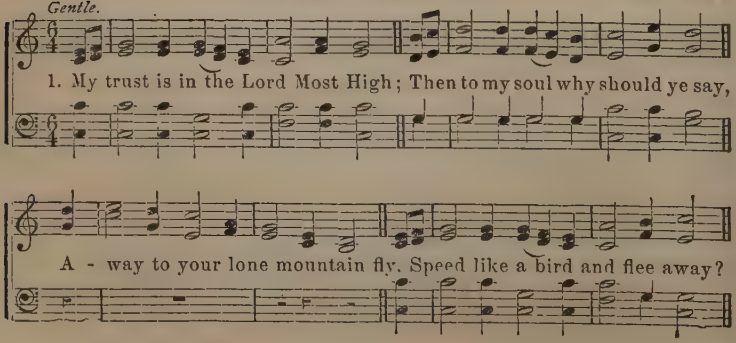
4 His eyes do see, his eyelids try
Men's sons. The just he proves;
But his soul hates the wicked man,
And him that violence loves.

5 Snares, fire, and brimstone, raging storms,
On sinners he shall rain;
This, as the portion of their cup,
Shall unto them pertain.

6 Because the Lord most righteous doth
In righteousness delight;
And with a pleasant countenance
Beholdeth the upright.

RETREAT.

PSALM 11. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



2 For, lo! the wicked bend the bow,
With skilful hand they aim the dart;
Their arrows through the darkness go,
To pierce the man of upright heart.

3 If the foundations be o'erthrown,
Of what avail the righteous race?
The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne,
And reigns within his holy place.

4 His eyes behold, his eyelids scan
The sons of men, the just he tries.
His soul doth hate the wicked man,
And bold transgressors doth despise

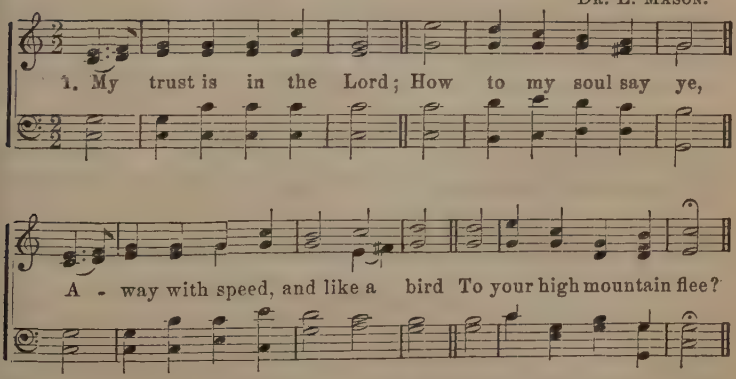
5 Snares, fire and brimstone, round their path,
On wicked men the Lord shall rain;
Dark tempests filled with burning wrath,
Their cup's full portion shall remain.

6 The Lord is just in all his ways,
And righteousness is his delight;
To upright men his grace displays,
And gives them favor in his sight.

LABAN.

PSALM 11. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



2 Lo, sinners bend the bow;
On string they fit the dart,
That they unseen may shoot at those
Who upright are in heart.

3 What can the righteous do?
What can for them avail,
If the foundations be destroyed
And all they built on fail?

4 The Lord in Zion dwells,
The Lord's throne is on high:
His eyes behold the sons of men;
Yea, them his eyelids try.

5 The Lord the righteous tries;
But those that wicked be,
And him who loveth violence
In soul abhorreth he.

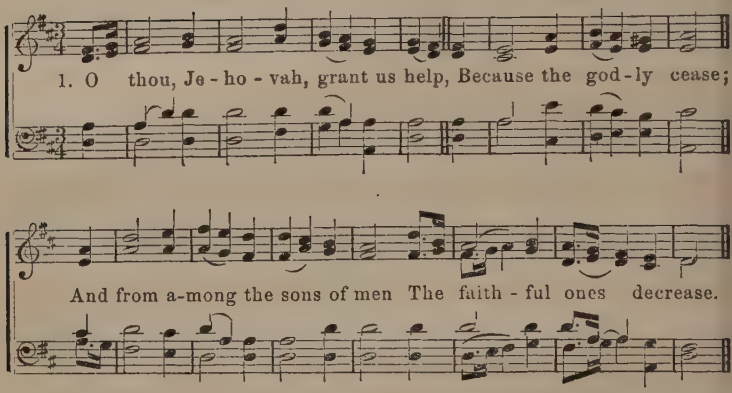
6 Fire, brimstone, snares, fierce storms,
On sinners he shall rain;
This is the portion of their cup,
The cup which they shall drain.

7 Because the righteous Lord
Delights in righteousness;
And with his gracious countenance
The upright he will bless.

HOWARD.

PSALM 12. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.



2 For with his neighbor every one
Doth utter vanity:
They with a double heart do speak,
And lips of flattery.

3 God shall cut off all flattering lips,
Tongues that speak proudly thus,
We'll with our tongue prevail, our lips
Are ours; who's lord o'er us?

4 For poor oppressed, and for the sighs
Of needy, I will rise,
Saith God, and him in safety set
From such as him despise.

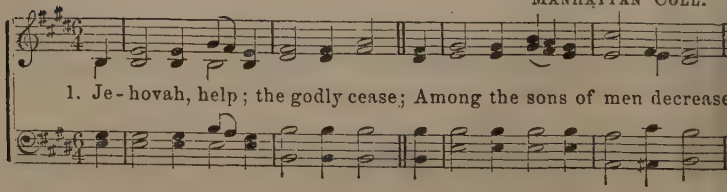
5 Jehovah's words are words most pure,
They are like silver tried
In earthen furnace, seven times
That hath been purified.

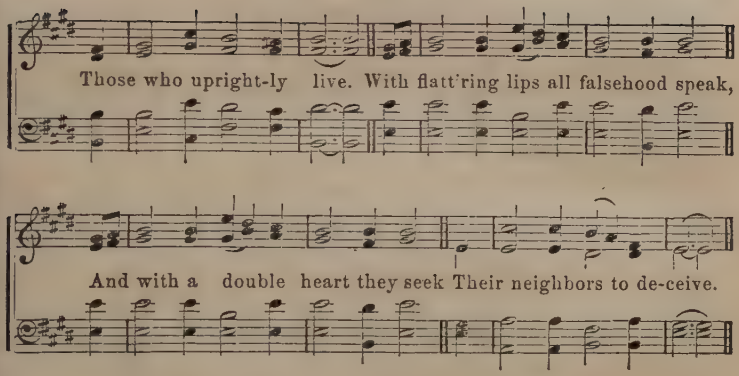
6 O Lord, thou shalt them keep and save
Forever from this race.
On each side walk the wicked, when
Vile men are high in place.

BREMEN.

PSALM 12. C. P. M.

MANHATTAN COLL.





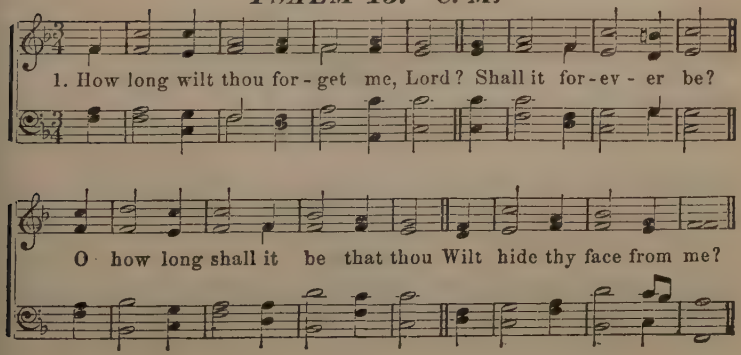
2 The Lord shall flattering lips destroy,
And tongues that boastful words employ;
That say with one accord,
"Our tongues shall in our cause be strong,
Our lips to us alone belong;
Who over us is lord?"

3 "For those that are oppressed indeed
For all the poor that sigh in need,
Lo, now will I arise;"
Thus saith Jehovah in his grace,
"And them I will in safety place
From such as them despise."

4 God's words are pure as silver tried,
In furnace sev'n times purified.
Thou from this race, O God,
Shalt keep thy servants evermore.
When vilest men are raised to power,
The wicked walk abroad.

MEAR.

PSALM 13. C. M.



2 How long take counsel in my soul,
Still sad in heart, shall I?
How long exalted over me
Shall be my enemy?

3 O Lord my God, consider well,
And answer to me make;
My eyes enlighten, lest the sleep
Of death me overtake.

4 Lest that my enemy should say,
Against him I prevailed;
And those who trouble me rejoice
When I am moved and failed.

5 But I have all my confidence
Upon thy mercy set;
My heart within me shall rejoice
In thy salvation great.

6 I will unto Jehovah sing
His praises cheerfully,
Because he hath his bounty shown
To me abundantly.

WEBB.

PSALM 13. 7s & 6s.

G. J. Webb.

1. How long wilt thou for - get me? Shall it for - ev - er be?

O Lord, how long neglect me, And hide thy face from me?
D. S. How long shall foes ex - ult - ing, Sub - ject me to their sway?

2. How long my soul take coun-sel? Thus sad in heart each day,

3 O Lord, my God, consider,
And hear my earnest cries;
Lest I in death should slumber,
Enlighten thou my eyes;

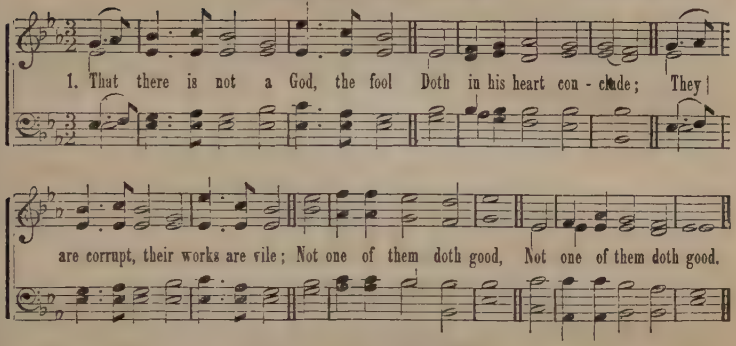
4 Lest foes be heard exclaiming
Against him we prevailed;
And they that vex my spirit,
Rejoice when I have failed.

5 But on thy tender mercy
I ever have relied;
With joy in thy salvation
My heart shall still confide.

6 And I with voice of singing,
Will praise the Lord alone,
Because to me his favor
He hath so largely shown.

PSALM 14. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 Upon the sons of men the Lord
From heaven looked abroad,
To see if any one were wise,
And seeking after God.

3 They altogether filthy are,
They all aside are gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
No, not so much as one.

4 These workers of iniquity
Do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
And on God do not call?

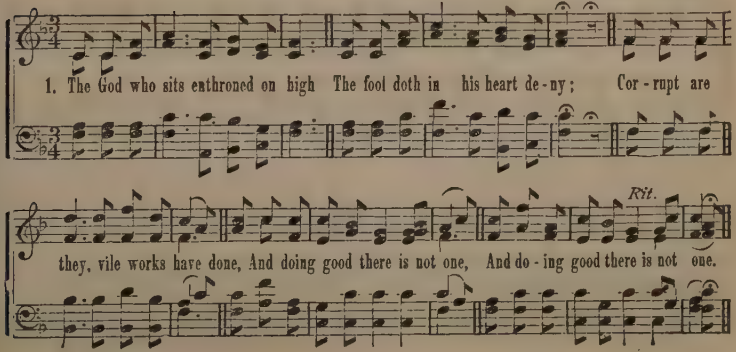
5 There feared they much; for God is with
The whole race of the just.
You shame the counsel of the poor,
Because God is his trust.

6 Let Isr'el's help from Zion come;
When back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
And Israel shall sing.

ANVERN.

PSALM 14. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 From heaven with searching eye the Lord
Did all the sons of men regard;
To see if any understood,
If any one were seeking God.

3 From righteous ways they all depart;
All are corrupt and vile in heart;
Among them doing good is none,
Among them all, not even one.

4 Has knowledge from the wicked fled,
That they my people eat as bread?
That they delight in works of shame,
And call not on Jehovah's name.

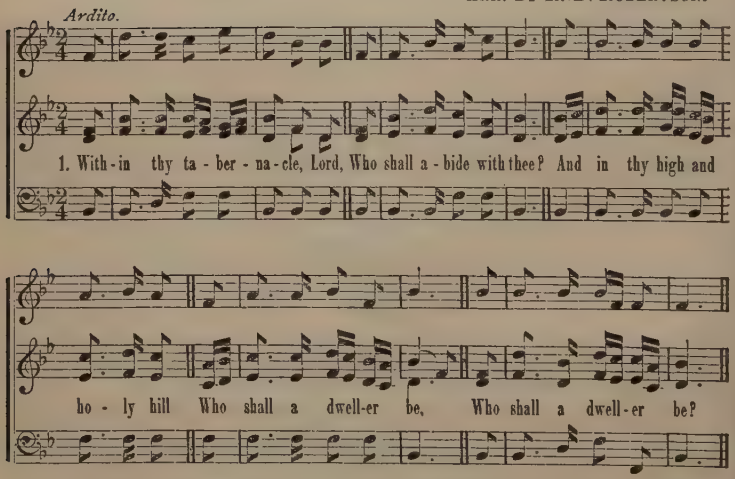
5 There fearful terror on them fell;
For God doth with the righteous dwell;
The poor man's counsel you despise,
Because in God his refuge lies.

6 May Israel's help from Zion come;
When God shall bring his captives home,
Then Jacob greatly shall rejoice,
And Israel shout with gladsome voice.

CLARK.

PSALM 15. C. M.

ARR. BY R. B. ROBERTSON.



2 The man who walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express.

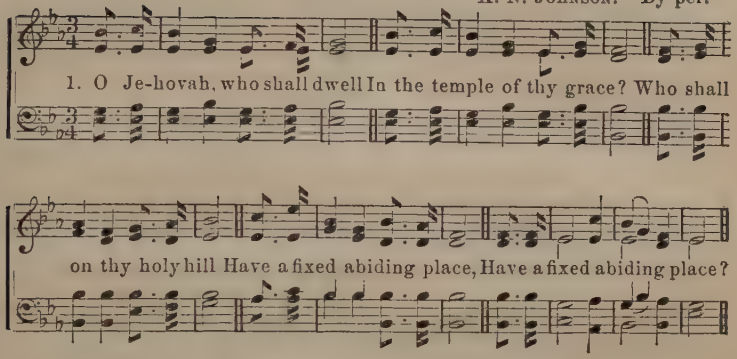
3 Who neither slanders with his tongue,
Nor to his friend doth hurt;
Nor yet against his neighbor doth
Take up an ill report.

4 In whose eyes vile men are despised;
But those that God do fear
He honoreth; and changeth not,
Though to his hurt he swear.

5 His coin puts not to usury,
Nor take a bribe will he
Against the guiltless. Who doth thus,
Unmoved shall ever be.

PSALM 15. 7s.

A. N. JOHNSON. By per.



2 He who walks in righteousness,
All his actions just and clear;
He whose words the truth express,
Spoken from a heart sincere;

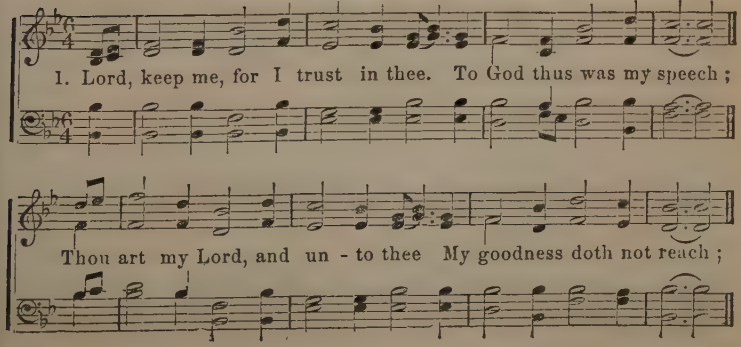
3 He who ne'er with slandering tongue
Utters malice and deceit;
Who will ne'er his neighbor wrong,
Nor a slanderous tale repeat;

4 Who the impious will spurn,
Honor those that fear the Lord;
Though he to his loss have sworn,
Will not break his plighted word;

5 Who no usury will claim,
Nor with bribes pollute his hand;
He who thus his life shall frame,
Shall unmoved forever stand.

CROSS AND CROWN.

PSALM 16. C. M.



2 To saints on earth, the excellent,
Where my delight is placed.
Their sorrows shall be multiplied
To other gods that haste.

3 Of their drink-offerings of blood
I will no offering make;
Yea, neither I their very names
Up in my lips will take.

4 Of that inheritance and cup
Which unto me pertain,
The Lord Most High the portion is;
My lot thou dost maintain.

5 To me most happily the lines
In pleasant places fell;
The heritage which I received
In beauty doth excel.

6 I bless the Lord, because he doth
By counsel me conduct;
And in the seasons of the night
My reins do me instruct.

7 Before me still the Lord I set;
Since it is so that he
Doth ever stand at my right hand,
I never moved shall be.

8 Because of this my heart is glad,
And joy shall be expressed
Ev'n by my glory; and my flesh
In confidence shall rest.

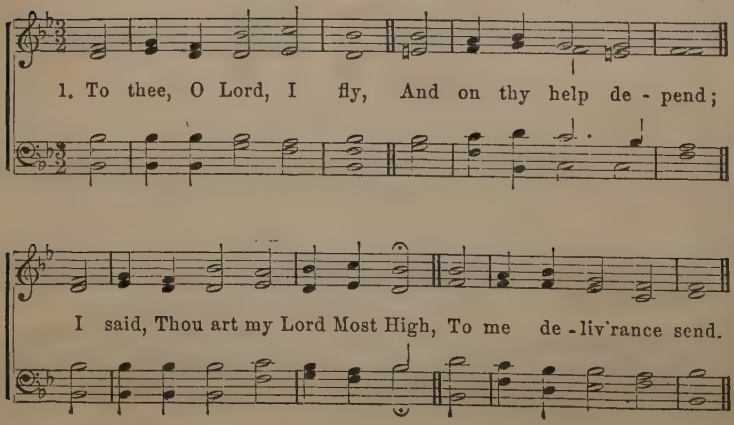
9 Because within the grave my soul
Shall not be left by thee:
Corruption thou wilt not permit
Thy Holy One to see.

10 Thou wilt me show the path of life;
Of joys there is full store
Before thy face; at thy right hand
Are pleasures evermore.

OLMUTZ.

PSALM 16. S. M.

ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.



2 Not unto thee my worth,
It reaches not that height,
To saints, the noble ones of earth,
With whom is my delight.

3 Their sorrows shall be great
That other gods adore,
Their very names I'll not repeat,
Nor their blood-offerings pour.

4 A heritage for me
Jehovah will remain;
The portion of my cup is he,
My lot he shall maintain.

5 The lot to me that fell
Is beautiful and fair;
The heritage in which I dwell,
None can with it compare.

6 I'll praise God while I live,
His counsel guides me right;
My reins to me instruction give,
In seasons of the night.

7 The Lord before me still
I set, and trust his love;
At my right hand he guards from ill,
And nothing shall me move.

8 Now gladness fills my soul,
And joy shall be expressed;
My glory shall his name extol,
My flesh in hope shall rest.

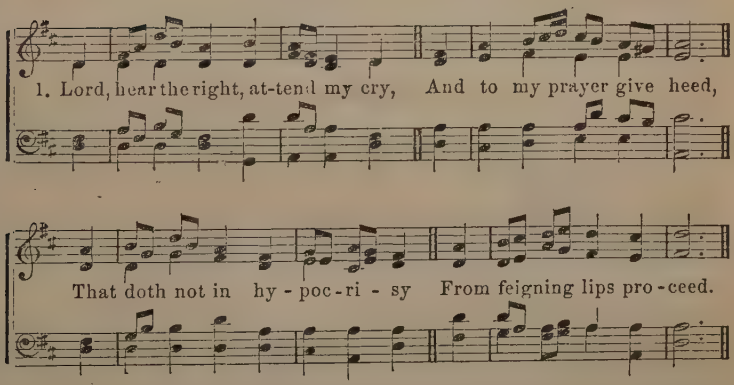
9 My soul in death's dark pit
Shall not be left by thee;
Corruption thou wilt not permit
Thy Holy One to see.

10 Life's path thou wilt me show,
To thy right hand me guide,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And boundless joys abide.

WARWICK.

PSALM 17. C. M.

STANLEY.



2 And from before thy presence forth
My judgment do thou send;
And unto things that equal are
O let thy eyes attend.

3 Thou hast my heart proved, and by night
Didst visit, and me try,
Yet nothing find, for that my mouth
Shall not sin purposed I.

4 As for men's works, I, by the word
Which from thy lips doth flow,
Have kept myself out of the paths
In which destroyers go.

5 Hold up my goings, Lord, me guide
In paths that are divine,
That so my footsteps may not slide
Out of those ways of thine.

6 Upon thee I have called, O God,
Because thou wilt me hear:
That thou mayst hearken to my speech,
To me incline thy ear.

7 Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,
Thou, who by thy right hand
Dost save all those who trust in thee
From such as them withstand.

8 As th' apple of the eye me keep;
In thy wings' shade me hide
From wicked men and deadly foes
Who rage on every side.

9 In their own fat they are enclosed;
Their mouth speaks loftily.
Our steps they compassed, and to earth
They bowing, set their eye;

10 Even like a lion fierce and strong,
And greedy of his prey,
Or lion young, which lurking doth
In secret places stay.

11 Arise, and disappoint my foe,
And cast him down, O Lord;
Save thou my soul from wicked men,
From men who are thy sword.

12 From men who are thy hand, O Lord,
From wordly men me save,
Who only in this present life
Their part and portion have.

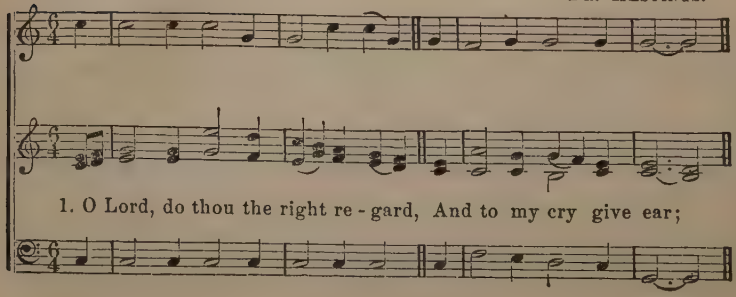
13 They with thy hidden wealth are filled,
And many children have;
The rest of their abundant wealth
They to their children leave.

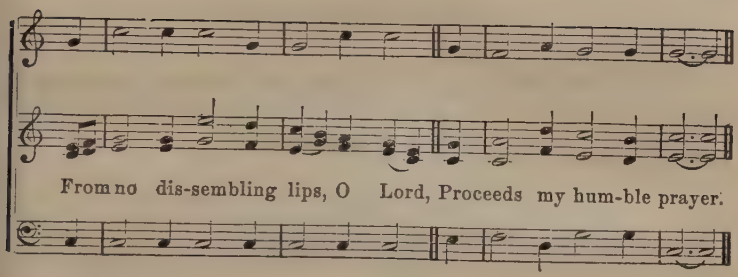
14 But as for me, I thy own face
In righteousness shall see;
And with thy likeness when I wake
I satisfied shall be.

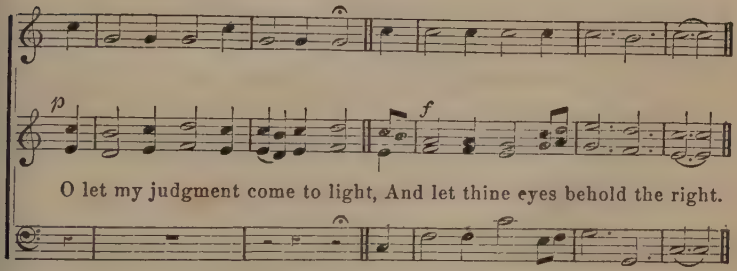
CALM.

PSALM 17. C. H. M.

DR. HASTINGS.







2 When thou dost prove and try my heart,
And nightly visit me,
To search me in the inmost part,
And all my thoughts to see,
Thou nought in me shalt find amiss,
For never shall my mouth transgress.

3 As for the works of men, O Lord,
Who seek my overthrow,
I have preserved me by thy word
From paths wherein they go.
Hold up my goings in thy way,
And then my footsteps shall not stray.

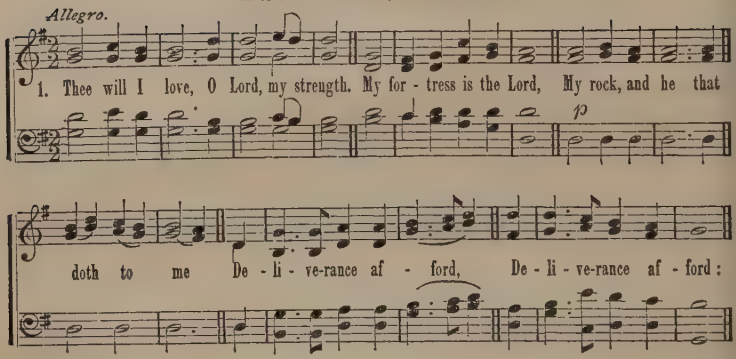
4 I call on thee, for thou wilt hear,
And answer when I pray;
O God, to me incline thy ear,
Thy wond'rous love display.
Those trusting thee, thy strong right hand
Defends from those who them withstand.

5 Keep as the apple of the eye,
In thy wings' shade me close;
Bid my oppressors from me fly,
Preserve from deadly foes.
Enclosed in fat. and filled with pride,
They watch our steps on every side.

6 They, like a lion craving food,
Crouch down and fix their eye;
As lions young that thirst for blood,
In secret places lie.
Arise, withstand, cast down, O Lord,
Save from the wicked man, thy sword.

7 From men, thy hand, Lord, save thou me;
This world is all their care;
With wealth and children filled by thee,
Their wealth their offspring share.
In righteousness thy face I'll see,
Blest when I wake to be like thee.

PSALM 18. C. M.



2 My God, my strength, whom I will trust,
A buckler unto me,
The horn of my salvation, too,
And my high tower is he.

3 The Lord is worthy to be praised,
Upon his name I'll call;
And he from all my enemies
Preserve me safely shall.

4 Death's pangs surrounded me, ill men
Like floods made me afraid;
Hell's sorrows compassed me about;
Death's snares were on me laid.

5 In my distress I called on God,
Cry to my God did I;
He from his temple heard my voice,
To his ears came my cry.

6 The earth affrighted then did shake,
Upon it trembling seized;
The hills' foundations moved and shook,
Because he was displeased.

7 Then from his nostrils rose a smoke,
And from his mouth there came
Devouring fire, and coals by it
Were kindled into flame.

8 The heavens also he bowed down,
And thence he did descend,
Whilst thickest clouds of darkness did
Beneath his feet attend.

9 And he upon a cherub rode,
Upon it he did fly;
Yea, on the swift wings of the wind
His flight was from on high.

10 He darkness made his secret place;
Around him gathered were
For his pavilion, waters dark
And clouds that fill the air.

11 And at the brightness of that light
Which was before his eye,
His thick clouds passed away, hailstones
And coals of fire did fly.

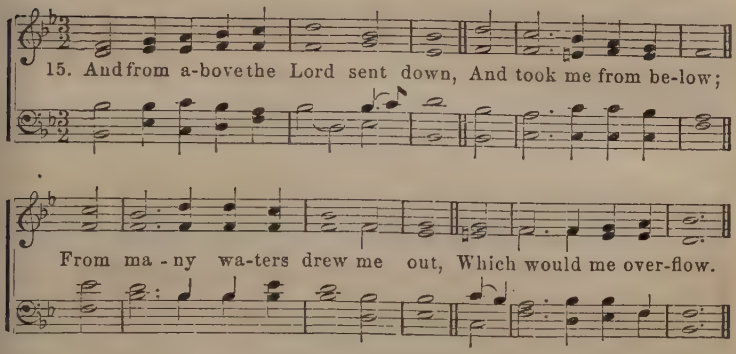
12 Jehovah also in the heavens
Did thunder in his ire;
And there the Highest gave his voice,
Hailstones and coals of fire.

13 He sent his arrows forth, and they
Were scattered far and near;
His lightnings also he shot out,
And they confounded were.

14 The waters' channels then were seen,
The world's foundations vast
At thy rebuke discovered were,
And at thy nostrils' blast.

PSALM 18, v. 15. C. M.

H. K. Oliver.



16 He me relieved from my strong foes,
And such as did me hate;
Because he saw that they for me
Too strong were, and too great.

17 They rose against me in the day
Of my calamity;
But even then the Lord himself
A stay was unto me.

18 He to a place where liberty
And room was hath me brought;
Because he took delight in me,
He my deliv'rance wrought.

19 According to my righteousness
He did me recompense,
He me repaid according to
My hands' pure innocence.

20 For I have kept Jehovah's ways,
From God turned not aside;
Before me still his judgments are,
His statutes are my guide.

21 Sincere and upright in my heart
Before his face was I;
And watchfully I kept myself
From my iniquity.

22 According to my righteousness
The Lord did me requite,
According as my hands were clean
Before his searching sight.

23 Thou wilt thy tender mercy show
To those who mercy love;
Thou also with the upright man
Thyself wilt upright prove.

24 To those who walk in purity
Thyself thou pure wilt show;
And froward thou wilt prove to those
In froward ways that go.

25 For thou wilt the afflicted save
In grief that low do lie:
But wilt bring down the countenance
Of them whose looks are high.

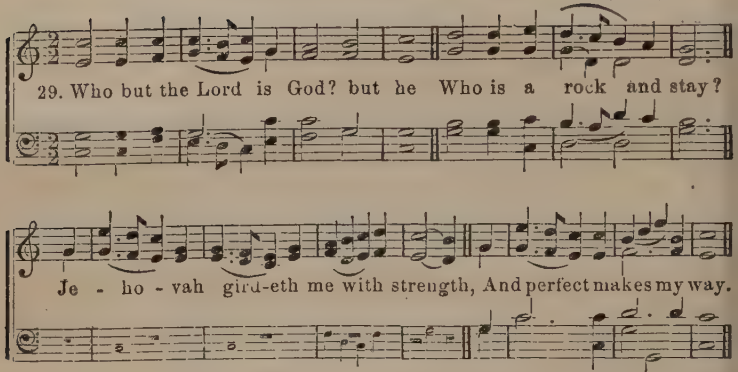
26 The Lord will light my candle so,
That it shall shine full bright;
The Lord my God will also make
My darkness to be light.

27 By thee through troops of men I break,
And them discomfit all;
And, by my God assisting me,
I overleap a wall.

28 All perfect is the way of God;
Jehovah's word is tried;
He is a buckler unto all
Who do in him confide.

PSALM 18, v. 29. C. M.

S. B. POND.



30 He set me on my places high,
Like hinds' feet mine did make:
My hands he taught to war, my arms
A bow of steel did break.

31 The shield of thy salvation thou
Upon me didst bestow;
Thy right hand held me up, and great
Thy kindness made me grow.

32 And in my way thou hast enlarged
My footsteps under me,
That I go safely, and my feet
Are kept from sliding free.

33 My enemies I have pursued,
And them did overtake;
Nor turned again till I of them
An utter end did make.

34 I wounded them, they could not rise,
They at my feet did fall.
Thou girdedst me with strength for war;
My foes thou broughtst down all.

35 And thou hast given me the necks
Of such as are my foes;
That I might them destroy who do
With hatred me oppose.

36 They in their trouble cried for help,
But there was none to save;
Yea, they upon Jehovah called,
But he no answer gave.

37 Then did I beat them small as dust
Before the wind that flies;
And I did cast them out like filth
Upon the street that lies.

38 Thou mad'st me free from people's strife,
The heathen's head to be;
A people whom I have not known
Shall service do to me.

39 At hearing they shall yield to me,
My will they shall obey:
From their enclosures, struck with fear,
Shall strangers fade away.

40 God lives, blest be my rock, and praised
Let God my Saviour be.
God doth avenge me, and subdues
The people under me.

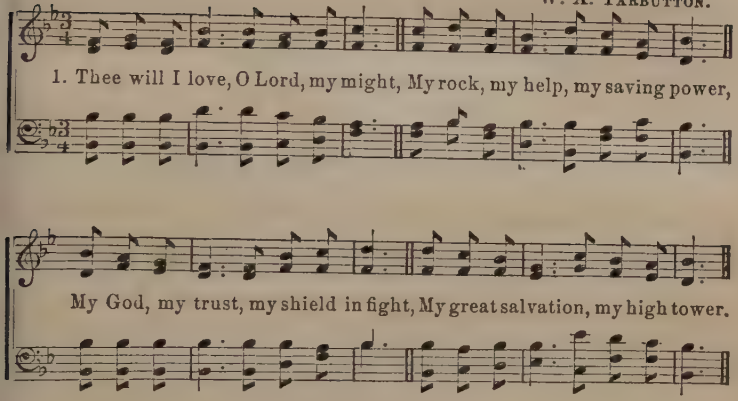
41 He saves me from my enemies;
Yea, thou hast lifted me
Above my foes; and from the man
Of vi'lence set me free.

42 I therefore will to thee, O Lord,
In songs my thanks proclaim;
And I among the heathen will
Sing praises to thy name.

43 He great deliv'rance gives his king;
He mercy doth extend
To David, his anointed one,
And his seed without end.

PSALM 18. L. M.

W. A. TARBUTTON.



2 I to Jehovah lift my prayer,
To whose great name all praise we owe;
So shall I by his watchful care
Be safely guarded from my foe.

3 By floods of wicked men distressed,
With deadly sorrows compassed round;
My soul with pains of hell oppressed,
And in death's iron fetters bound.

4 Distressed. I called upon the Lord,
And to my God addressed my prayer;
My voice he from his temple heard,
My cry ascended to his ear.

5 When God in his fierce anger came,
The everlasting hills did quake;
The trembling earth throughout its frame.
Did from its deep foundations shake.

6 Dark clouds of smoke, dread signs of ire
Up from Jehovah's nostrils came;
His mouth sent forth devouring fire,
And coals were kindled into flame.

7 He bowed the heavens, his high abode,
Descending 'mid the gloom of night;
He on a cherub swiftly rode,
And on the wings of wind his flight.

8 Dark watery mists in thick array
And lowering clouds his presence vail,
But at his brightness pass away,
And burst in storms of fire and hail.

9 Then through the heaven with lightning riven,
Jehovah thundered in his ire;
The voice of God Most High was given
'Mid storms of hail and coals of fire.

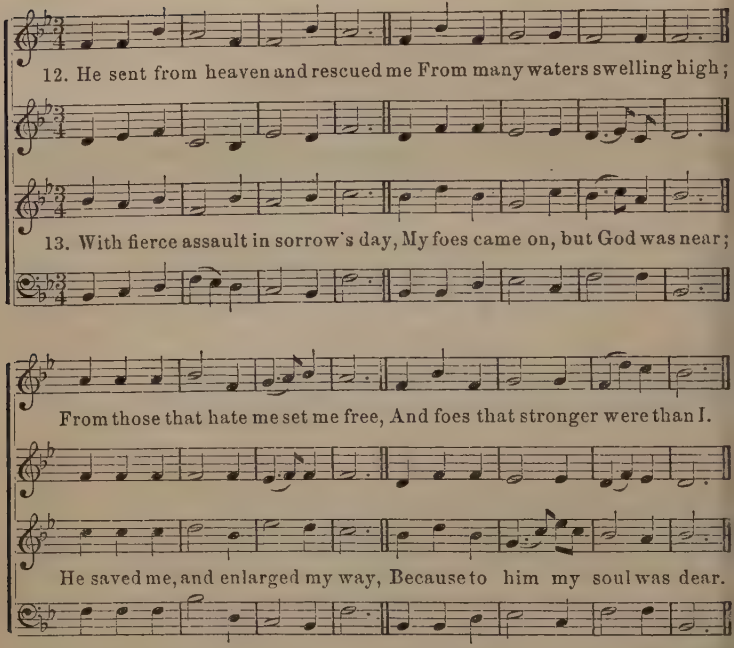
10 His deadly shafts around he threw,
His foes dispersed in wild retreat;
Like burning darts his lightnings flew,
Consuming them in sore defeat.

11 The waters' channels were disclosed,
Laid bare the world's foundations vast;
By thy rebuke, O Lord, exposed,
And by thy nostrils' angry blast.

MENDON.

PSALM 18, v. 12-20. *L. M.*

GERMAN.



14 As I in life have righteous been,
Jehovah will his grace afford;
According as my hands are clean,
He'll give to me a just reward.

15 Jehovah's ways I kept aright,
And from my God did not depart;
I kept his judgments in my sight,
And all his statutes in my heart.

16 Sincere beneath his searching sight,
I kept from each besetting sin;
So he my goodness doth requite,
According as my hands are clean.

17 To gracious men thou gracious art,
And pure to such as purely live,
Upright to men of upright heart,
But with the froward thou wilt strive.

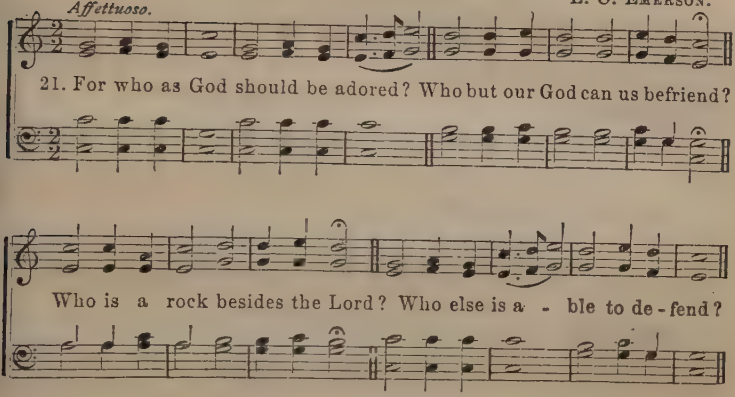
18 For thou the troubled soul wilt save,
High looks wilt humble in thy might.
A lamp to me Jehovah gave,
And turned my darkness into light.

19 I on his mighty arm relied,
And over troops of foes prevailed;
And with my God upon my side,
Their lofty walls I fearless scaled.

20 The way of God perfection shows,
Jehovah's holy word is tried;
He is a buckler unto those
Who in his mighty power confide.

PSALM 18, v. 21-33. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



22 My loins with strength th' Almighty binds.
My way makes perfect by his hand;
My feet he makes as swift as hinds',
On my high places makes me stand.

23 By him well trained in arts of war,
My arms the bow of steel shall break;
Thy hand and shield my safety are,
And great thy kindness shall me make.

24 Thou hast made room where I did go.
Kept safe my feet whilst I pursued,
And pressed upon the flying foe,
Nor turned till they were all subdued.

25 I smote them, they could rise no more;
They fell down helpless at my feet.
Thou didst me gird with strength for war;
Through thee my triumph was complete.

26 The lives of all my deadly foes
To be destroyed to me were given;
They called, but none to save them rose;
In vain they cried for help to heaven.

27 Then small as rising dust which flies
Before the wind, I did them beat;
I cast them forth like dirt which lies
Down-trodden in the miry street.

28 From strife thou hast secured my throne
O'er heathen made me head to be;
A people which I have not known
Shall render service unto me.

29 They shall obey soon as they hear;
The sons of strangers shall submit;
Yea, strangers' sons shall fade with fear,
Who in their strong enclosures sit.

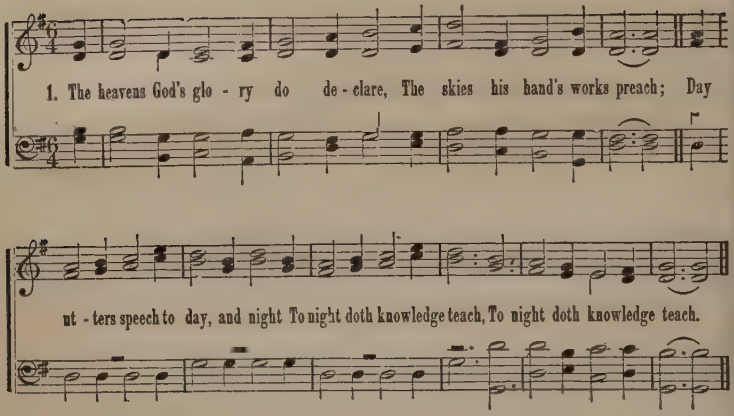
30 Jehovah lives, let him be praised,
My rock, on whom alone I rest;
And highly let God's name be raised,
Who me with his salvation blessed.

31 The mighty God avenges me,
Hath nations under me subdued,
From all my foes hath set me free,
And saved from all that me withstood.

32 From men of violence and blood
Thou didst to me deliv'rance bring;
So thanks to thee I'll give, O God,
Thy praise among the nations sing.

33 He to his king deliv'rance sends,
To his anointed shows his grace;
His mercy evermore extends
To David and his promised race.

PSALM 19. C. M.



2 No language utter they, nor speech,
No voice of theirs is heard;
Yet through the world their line goes forth,
To ends of earth their word.

3 There for the sun he pitched a tent,
Who comes with beaming face
As bridgroom comes, and giant-like
With joy begins his race

4 His circuit is from heaven's end,
And back to it again;
And there is nothing from his heat
That hidden doth remain.

5 God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

6 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

7 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And ever doth endure;
The judgments of the Lord are truth,
And righteousness most pure.

8 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold
To be desired are;
Than honey, honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.

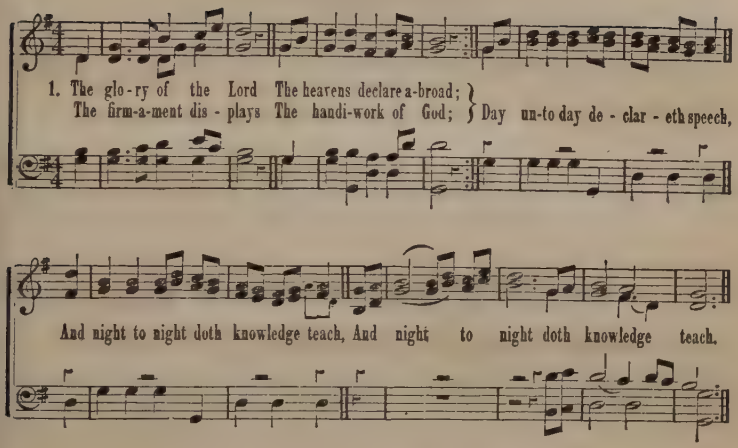
9 Moreover, they thy servant warn
How he his life should frame:
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

10 Who can his errors understand?
From secret faults me cleanse:
Thy servant also keep thou back
From all presumptuous sins.

11 And do not suffer them to have
Dominion over me;
I shall be righteous then, and from
The great transgression free.

12 The words which from my mouth proceed,
The thoughts sent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for thou my strength
And my Redeemer art.

PSALM 19. H. M.



2 Aloud they do not speak,
They utter forth no word,
Nor into language break;
Their voice is never heard.
Their line through all the earth extends,
Their words to earth's remotest ends.

3 In them he for the sun
Hath set a dwelling-place;
Rejoicing as a man
Of strength, to run a race;
He, bridegroom-like in his array,
Comes from his chamber, bringing day.

4 His daily going forth
Is from the end of heaven:
The firmament to him
Is for his circuit given—
His circuit reaches to its ends,
And everywhere his heat extends.

5 God's perfect law converts
The soul in sin that lies;
His testimony sure
Doth make the simple wise;
His statutes just delight the heart;
His holy precepts light impart.

6 The fear of God is clean,
And ever doth endure;
His judgments all are truth,
And righteousness most pure.
To be desired are they far more
Than finest gold in richest store.

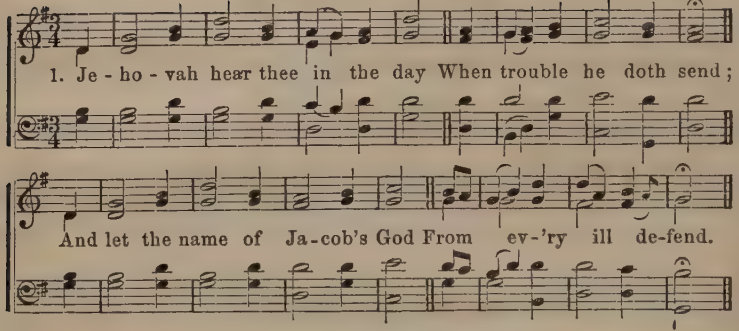
7 God's judgments to the taste
More sweet than honey are,
Than honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.
With counsel they thy servant guard;
In keeping them is great reward.

8 Who can his errors know?
From secret faults me cleanse;
Thy servant keep thou back
From all presumptuous sins.
O let them not my way control,
Nor gain dominion o'er my soul.

9 Then in thy righteous way
My life shall upright be;
I shall be innocent—
From great transgression free.
Accept my words, and thoughts of heart;
Lord, thou my strength and Saviour art.

PSALM 20. C. M.

J. Griggs.



2 O let him send his help to thee
Out from his holy place;
Let him from Zion, his own hill,
Sustain thee by his grace.

3 Let him remember all thy gifts,
Accept thy sacrifice;
Grant thee thy heart's wish, and fulfil
Thy thoughts and counsel wise.

4 In thy salvation we will joy,
In our God's name we will
Display our banners; and the Lord
Thy prayers all fulfil.

5 Now know I God his King doth save;
He from his holy heaven
Will hear him, with the saving strength
By his own right hand given.

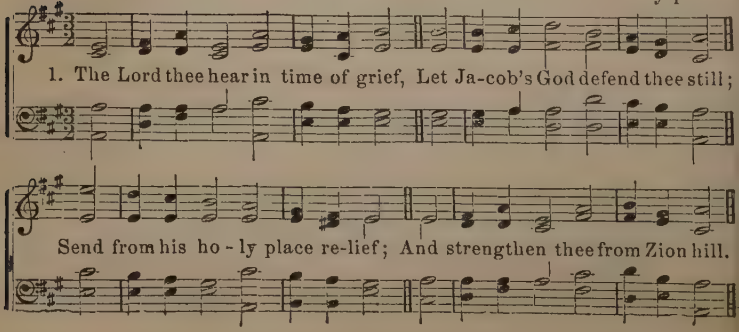
6 In chariots some put confidence,
On horses some rely,
But we remember will the name
Of God, our God Most High.

7 We rise, and upright stand, when they
Are made to bow, and fall.
Deliver, Lord, and let the King
Us hear, when we do call.

GALESBURG.

PSALM 20. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 May he thy sacrifice regard,
And all thy off'rings bear in mind;
Thy heart's desire to thee accord,
Fulfilling all thou hast designed.

3 In thy salvation we'll rejoice,
In our God's name our banners rear;
The Lord Jehovah hear thy voice,
And evermore fulfil thy prayer.

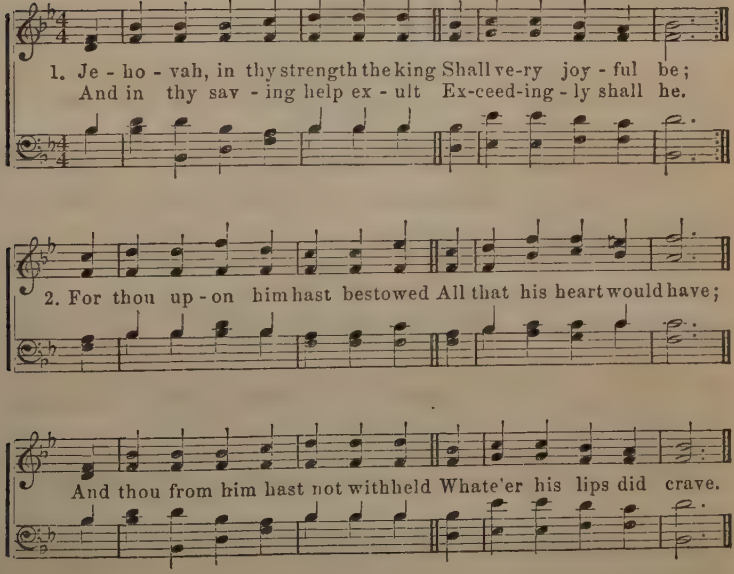
4 I know Jehovah doth defend,
And save his own anointed King;
He will from heaven an answer send;
His right hand saving power shall bring.

5 In chariots some put confidence,
And others on their steeds rely;
But we remember for defence
The name of God, our God Most High.

6 Now we arise, and upright stand,
Whilst they brought down, in rain fall.
Lord, save us by thy mighty hand.
The King us hear when we do call.

CHAMPS ELYSEES.

PSALM 21. C. M.



3 Thou wilt him bless with timely gifts,
Of goodness manifold;
And thou wilt set upon his head
A crown of purest gold.

4 And when of thee he life desired,
Thou life to him didst give,
Even such a length of days, that he
Forevermore should live.

5 In that salvation wrought by thee
His glory is made great;
Yea, honor great and majesty
Thou hast upon him set.

6 For thou, O Lord, forevermore
Most blessèd hast him made;
And with thy countenance thou hast
Made him exceeding glad.

7 Because the king his confidence
Upon the Lord doth place;
And God Most High will him preserve
In his abundant grace.

8 Thy hand shall all those men find out
That en'mies are to thee,
And thy right hand discover those
Of thee that haters be.

9 Like furnace hot thou shalt them make,
When kindled is thy ire;
God shall them swallow in his wrath,
Devour them shall the fire.

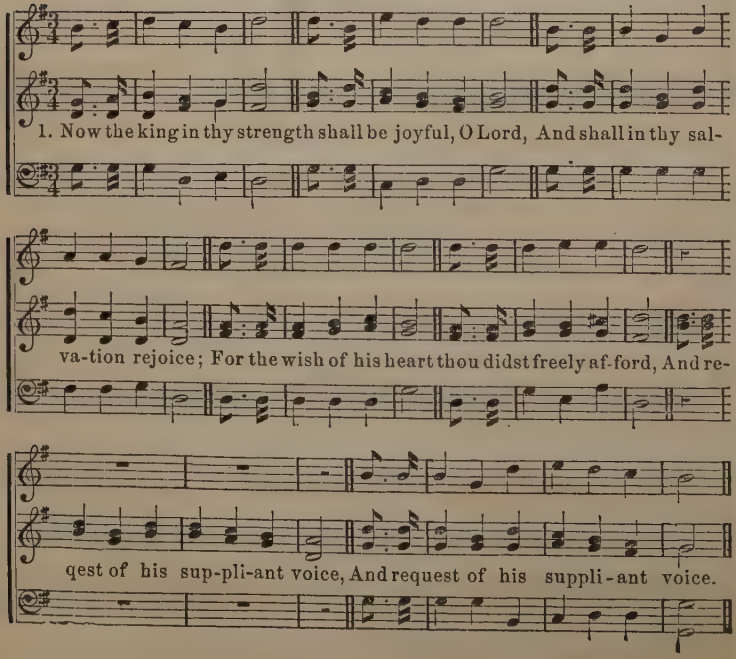
10 Their fruit from earth thou shalt destroy,
Their seed from men among;
Because in fruitless malice they
Did mischief plot and wrong.

11 For thou shalt make them turn their back,
When arrows thou shalt place
Upon thy strings, and ready make
To fly against their face.

12 In thy great power and strength, O Lord,
Do thou exalted be;
So shall we sing with joyful hearts,
Thy power praise shall we.

ROWLEY.

PSALM 21. 12s & 9s.



2 All the blessings he craved thou didst graciously give,
With the purest of gold he is crowned;
When he asked of thee life, thou hast made him to live
While the ages shall circle around.

3 Through salvation from thee, has his fame spread abroad,
Thou didst glory and honor impart;
Thou hast made him most blessèd forever, O God,
And thy presence has gladdened his heart.

4 For the king, in the name of Jehovah Most High
Did unwavering confidence place;
On the name of Jehovah he still will rely,
And shall stand evermore in his grace.

5 Thou wilt stretch forth thy hand on the head of thy foes,
On thy haters a right hand of power;
Then thy wrath shall around them like furnace flames close;
Yea, the fire of God's wrath shall devour.

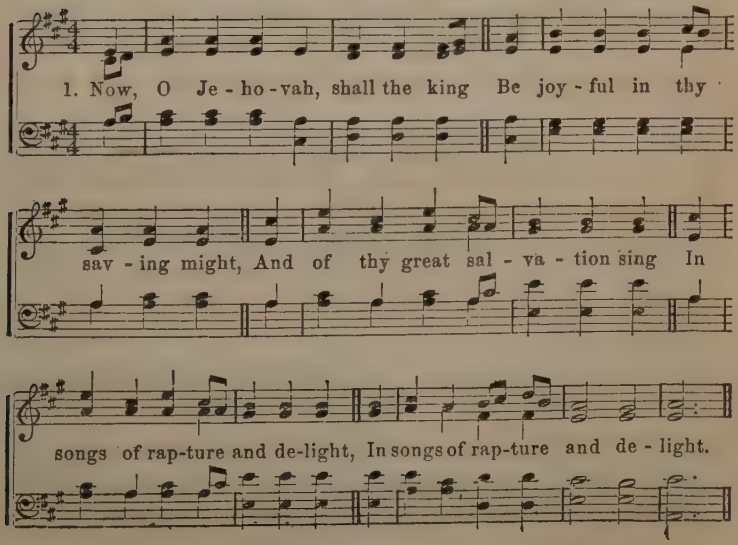
6 From the earth shall their race be consumed and destroyed,
And their offspring forever shall fail;
By the evil they plotted, the schemes they employed,
They shall never against thee prevail.

7 But their back thou wilt make them to turn in swift flight,
When thy arrows are aimed at their face.
Be thou, O Jehovah, exalted in might,
We will sing of thy power and grace.

MORNING.

PSALM 21. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 His heart's desire, his lip's request,
Thy gracious hand did not withhold;
With all thy goodness he is blessed,
And wears a crown of purest gold.

3 He asked for life, thou didst decree
For him an endless length of days;
And through salvation wrought by thee,
How great his majesty and praise.

4 Afar his glory is displayed,
With highest honor he is crowned;
Thou hast the king a blessing made
While endless ages circle round.

5 Blessed with the favor thou hast shown,
And gladdened with thy beaming face,
In God Most High he trusts alone,
And stands forever in his grace.

6 On all that hate thee, all thy foes,
Thy hand shall be outstretched in power;
Like flames thy wrath shall round them close,
And God's consuming rage devour.

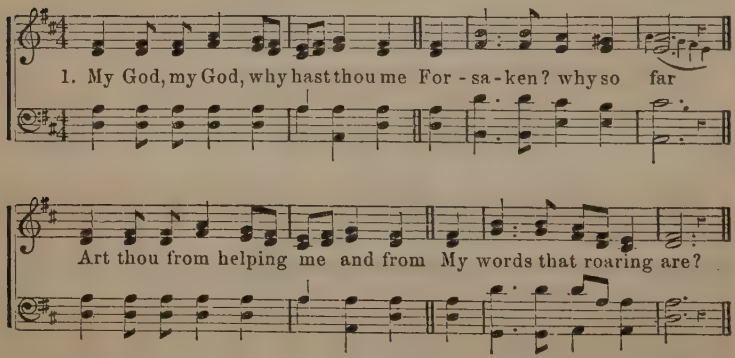
7 From earth their race shall be destroyed,
Their lineage never more be known;
Their schemes and plottings all are void,
Their counsels utterly o'erthrown.

8 Thou at their face thy shafts shall aim,
And turn them back in sudden flight.
O Lord, in strength exalt thy name,
And we will celebrate thy might.

NAOMI.

PSALM 22. C. 1

DR. L. MASON.



2 All day, my God, to thee I cry,
Yet am not heard by thee;
And in the season of the night
I cannot silent be.

3 But thou art holy, thou that dost
Inhabit Isr'el's praise.
In thee our fathers hoped, they hoped,
And thou didst them release.

4 And when to thee they sent their cry,
To them deliv'rance came;
In thee they placed their confidence,
And were not put to shame.

5 But as for me, a worm I am,
And as no man am prized:
Reproach of men I am, and by
The people am despised.

6 All that me see laugh me to scorn;
Shoot out the lip do they;
At me they also shake their head,
And, mocking, thus they say,

7 He trusted on the Lord, that he
Would free him by his might;
Let him deliver him, since he
Had in him such delight.

8 But thou art he who gave me birth,
From thee I being had;
And I upon my mother's breast
By thee to hope was made.

9 And I was cast upon thy care,
Ev'n from the birth till now;
And from my early childhood, Lord,
My God and guide art thou.

10 Be not far off, for grief is near,
And none to help is found.
Bulls many compass me, strong bulls
Of Bashan me surround.

11 Their mouths they opened wide on me,
Upon me gape did they,
Ev'n like a lion ravening,
And roaring for his prey.

12 As water I'm poured out; my bones
All out of joint do part:
Amidst my bowels as the wax
So melted is my heart.

13 My strength is like the potsherd dried,
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And even to the dust of death
By thee reduced I was.

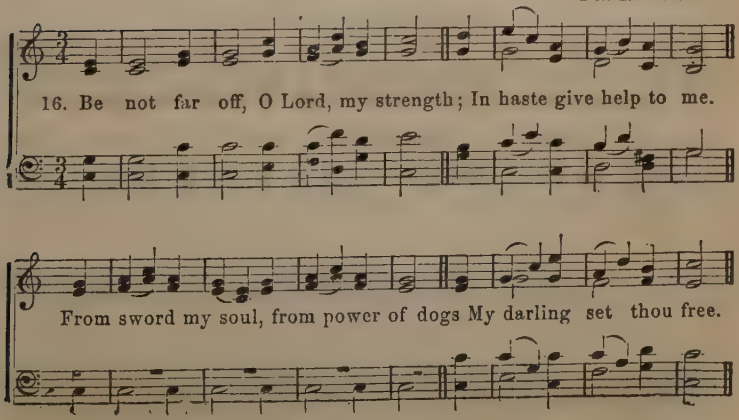
14 For dogs have compassed me about,
The wicked, that did meet
In their assembly, me inclosed;
They pierced my hands and feet.

15 I all my bones can count; my foes
Upon me look and stare.
Upon my vesture lots they cast,
And clothes among them share.

CHIMES.

PSALM 22, v. 16-27. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



17 Lord, from the roaring lion's mouth
Do thou my life defend:
For from the horns of unicorns
An answer thou didst send.

18 Then to my brethren I'll declare
The glory of thy name;
Amidst the congregation I
Thy praises will proclaim.

19 Praise ye the Lord, who do him fear;
Him glorify all ye
The seed of Jacob; fear him all
That Isr'el's children be.

20 For he despised not nor abhorred
Th' afflicted's misery;
Nor from him hid his face, but heard
When he to him did cry.

21 Within the congregation great
My praise shall be of thee;
My vows before them that him fear
Shall be performed by me.

22 The meek shall eat, and shall be filled;
They also praise shall give
To God the Lord who do him seek;
Your heart shall ever live.

23 All ends of earth remember shall,
And turn to God the Lord:
By all the kindreds of the earth
His name shall be adored.

24 Because the kingdom evermore
To God Most High pertains;
And o'er the nations of the earth
As governor he reigns.

25 Earth's fat ones eat, and worship shall:
All who to dust descend
Shall bow to him; and no one can
His soul from death defend.

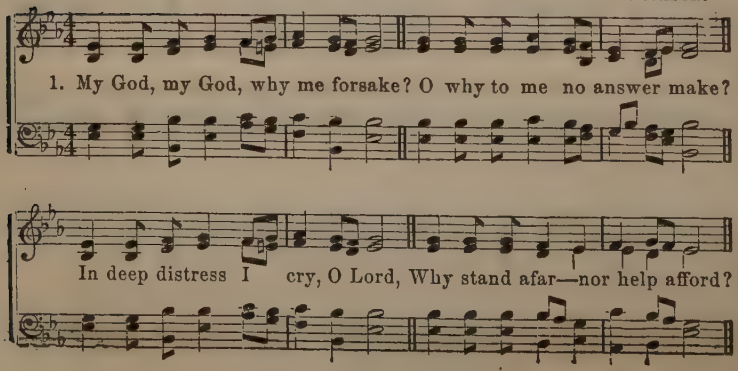
26 A seed shall service do to him;
It to Jehovah shall
A generation counted be
Ev'n unto ages all.

27 And they shall come, and shall declare
His truth and righteousness
To people that shall yet be born,
And that he hath done this.

HAMBURG.

PSALM 22. L. M.

ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.



2 All day my God I cry in vain,
Nor can I in the night refrain:
But thou art holy, who dost dwell
Amid the songs of Israel.

3 Our fathers put their trust in thee,
They trusted and thou didst them free;
To thee they cried, deliv'rance came;
They hoped, and were not put to shame.

4 But I a worm, as no man prized,
Reproached of men, by all despised;
All shake the head, they mock and gaze,
Each scornful lip contempt betrays.

5 "He trusts in God; let God defend
And save him, since he is his friend."
Thou mad'st me first the light to see,
In infant years to hope in thee.

6 From birth dependent on thy power,
Thou art my God from childhood's hour;
Be not far off: for trouble nears,
And none to give me help appears.

7 My cruel foes around me throng,
Like bulls of Bashan fierce and strong;
They open wide their mouths to slay,
Like lions roaring on their prey.

8 Like water poured so sinks my frame;
As wax is melted in the flame,
So in me melts my aching heart,
And all my bones asunder part.

9 Dried like the potter's worthless clay,
My strength is all consumed away;
My tongue and jaws all parched adhere,
I to the dust of death draw near.

10 Like dogs the wicked round me meet;
They pierce my hands, they pierce my feet;
I all my bones in number know;
They look and stare to mock my woe.

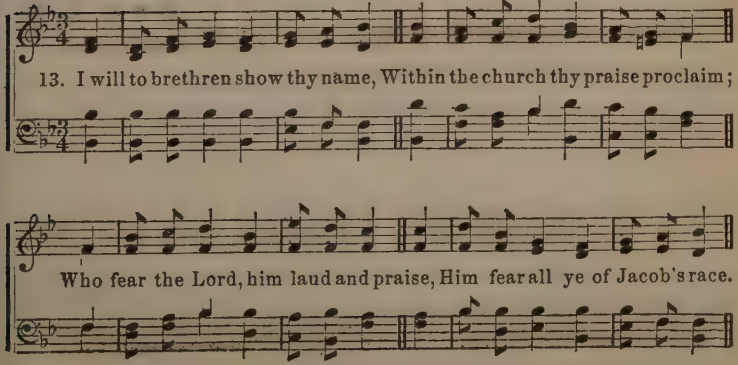
11 My clothes among them they divide,
And on my robe by lot decide.
But be not far from me, O Lord,
Haste, O my strength, and help afford.

12 From piercing sword deliver me,
My loving one from dogs set free;
From lion's mouth thy help I crave,
From unicorns thou didst me save.

HEBRON.

PSALM 22, v. 13-19. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



14 For he despised not nor abhorred
Those who in trouble sought the Lord;
He never turns his face away,
But hears the humble when they pray.

15 To thee in praise, I'll lift my song,
Amid the great assembled throng;
Where those that fear Jehovah bow,
I will perform my sacred vow.

16 The meek shall eat till satisfied,
The food thy liberal hands provide.
Who seek the Lord, shall him adore;
Your heart shall live for evermore.

17 Earth's utmost bounds shall hear and turn;
All tribes and realms thy worship learn;
For God the Lord all empire owns,
And rules above all earthly thrones.

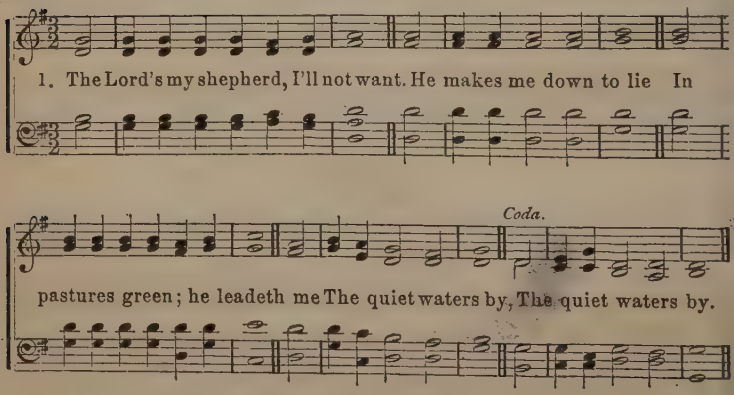
18 All rich ones on the earth shall eat,
And bowing worship at his feet;
And all who to the dust descend;
None can his soul from death defend.

19 A seed shall rise to serve the Lord,
That race as his he will regard;
They'll come and tell to sire and son;
The righteous deeds the Lord hath done.

HARVEY'S CHANT.

PSALM 23. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

PSALM 23. 7s & 6s.

G. J. Webb.

1. The Lord my Shepherd feeds me, And I no want shall know;

He in green pastures leads me, By streams which gently flow.

D. S. For his name's sake he guides me In paths of right-eous-ness.

2. He doth, when ill be - tides me, Re - store me from dis - tress;

3 Thy rod and staff shall cheer me,
When passing death's dark vale;
Thou, Lord, wilt still be near me,
And I shall fear no ill.

4 My food thou dost appoint me,
Prepared before my foes;
With oil thou dost anoint me;
My cup of bliss o'erflows.

5 Thy goodness shall not leave me,
Thy mercy still shall guide,
Till God's house shall receive me,
Forever to abide.

ZEPHYR.

PSALM 23. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.

1. My Shepherd is the Lord Most High, And all my wants shall be supplied;

In pastures green he makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide.

2 He in his mercy doth restore
My soul when sinking in distress;
For his name's sake he evermore
Leads me in paths of righteousness.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Ev'n there no evil will I fear,
Because thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.

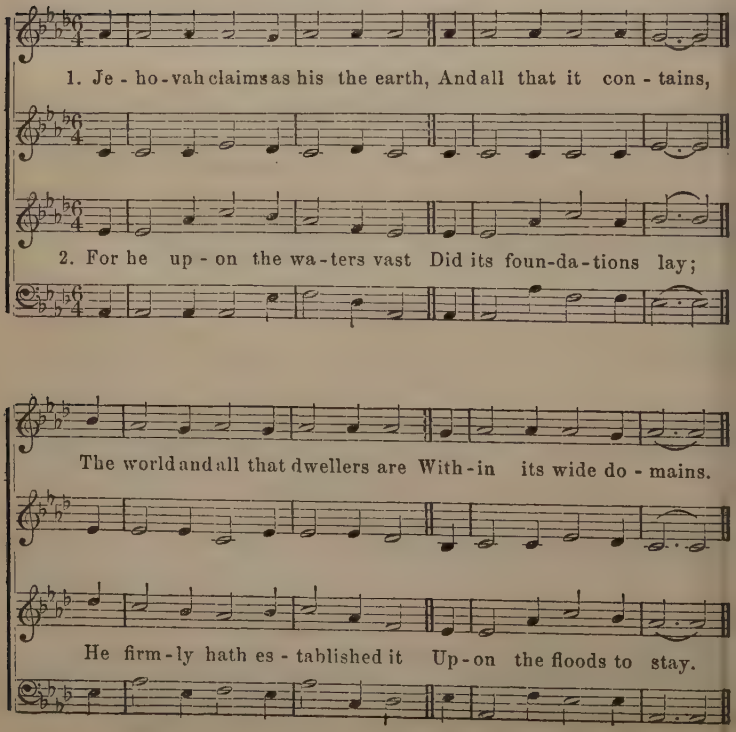
4 For me a table thou hast spread,
Prepared before the face of foes;
With oil thou dost anoint my head;
My cup is filled and overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy shall not cease
Through all my days to follow me;
And in God's house my dwelling place
With him forevermore shall be.

EVAN.

PSALM 24. C. M.

HAVERGAL.



3 Who is the man that shall ascend
Into the hill of God?
Or who within his holy place
Shall have a firm abode?

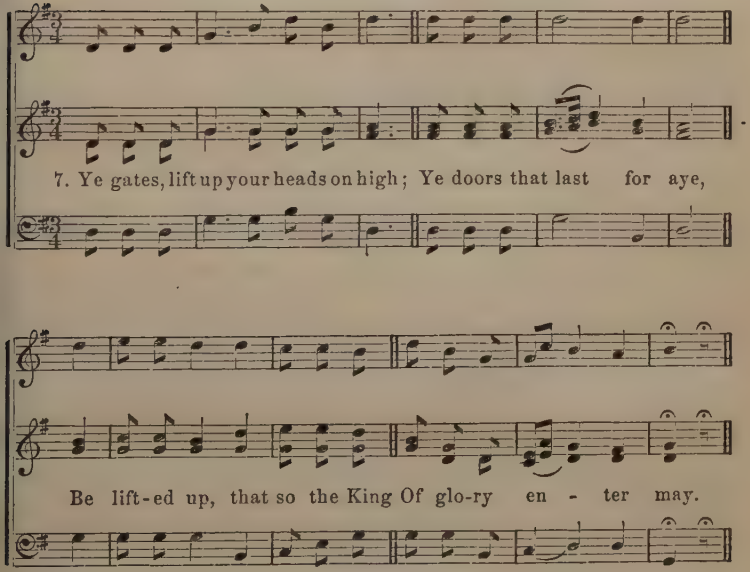
4 Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
And unto vanity
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

5 This is the man who from the Lord
The blessing shall receive,
And righteousness to him will God
His great Redeemer give.

6 Lo, this the generation is
That after him inquire,
O Jacob, who do seek thy face
With their whole heart's desire.

SPARTA.

PSALM 24, v. 7–10. C. M.

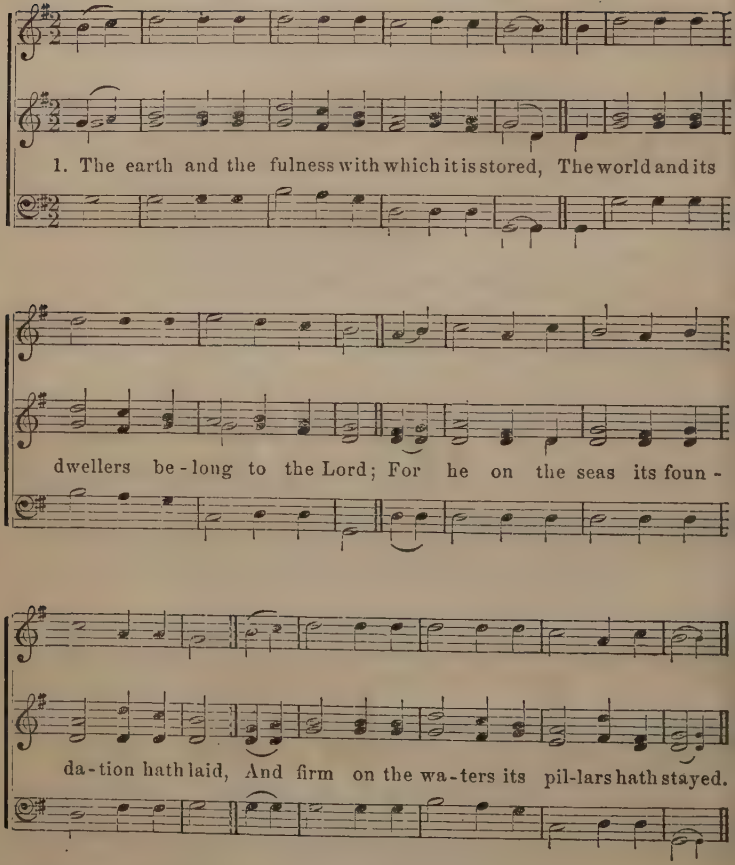


8 But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this;
E'en that same Lord, that great in might,
And strong in battle is.

9 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors, that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.

10 But who is he that is the King
Of glory? Who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but he
The King of glory is.

PSALM 24. 11s.

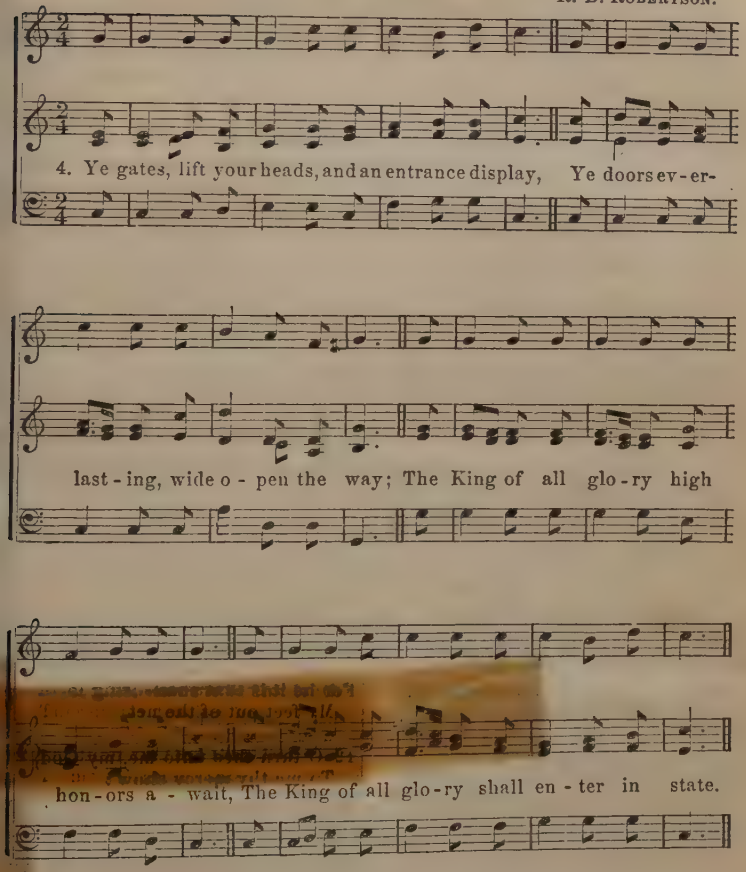


2 What man shall the hill of Jehovah ascend?
And who in the place of his holiness stand?
The man of pure heart, and of hands without stain,
Who swears not to falsehood, nor loves what is vain.

3 He shall from Jehovah the blessing receive,
The God of salvation shall righteousness give;
For this is the people, yea, this is the race,
The Israel true who are seeking thy face.

PSALM 24, v. 4-6. 11s.

R. B. ROBERTSON.

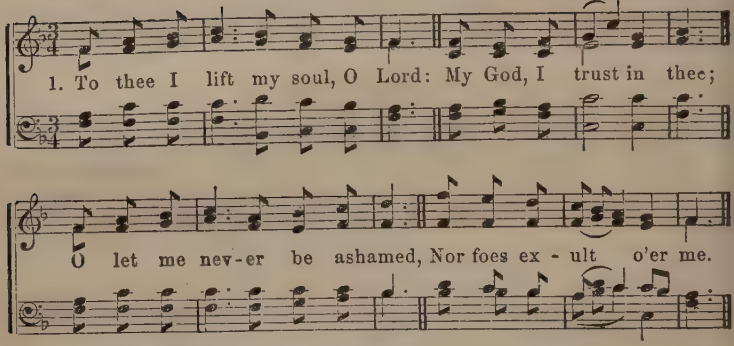


5 What King of all glory is this that ye sing?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the conquering King.
Ye gates, lift your heads, and an entrance display,
Ye doors everlasting, wide open the way.

6 The King of all glory high honors await,
The King of all glory shall enter in state.
What King of all glory is this that ye sing?
Jehovah of hosts, he of glory is King.

PSALM 25. C. M.

R. S. T.



2 O Lord, let none be put to shame
Upon thee who attend;
But make all those to be ashamed
Who causelessly offend.

3 Thy ways, Lord, show; teach me thy paths;
Lead me in truth, teach me;
For of my safety thou art God;
All day I wait on thee.

4 Thy mercies that most tender are,
To mind, O Lord, recall,
And loving-kindnesses, for they
Have been through ages all.

5 Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins remembered be;
In mercy, for thy goodness' sake,
O Lord, remember me.

6 Jehovah good and upright is,
The way he'll sinners show;
The meek in judgment he will guide,
And make his path to know.

7 The whole paths of the Lord our God
Are truth and mercy sure
To such as keep his covenant,
And testimonies pure.

8 Now, for thy own name's sake, O Lord,
I humbly thee entreat
To pardon my iniquity,
For it is very great.

9 What man fears God? him shall he teach
The way that he shall choose:
His soul shall dwell at ease; his seed
The earth, as heirs, shall use.

10 Jehovah's secret is with those
That fear his holy name;
And he his gracious covenant
Will manifest to them.

11 My waiting eyes upon the Lord
Continually are set;
For he it is that shall bring forth
My feet out of the net.

12 O turn thee unto me, my God,
To me thy mercy show;
Because by solitude and grief
I am brought very low.

13 The sorrows of my heart increase;
Me from distress relieve:
See my affliction and my pain,
And all my sins forgive.

14 Consider thou my enemies,
Because they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
Which they against me bear.

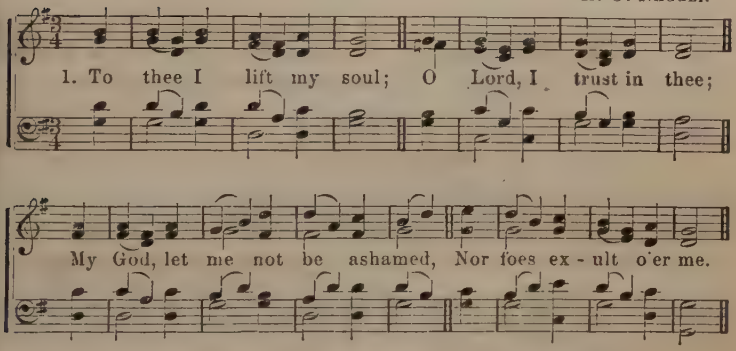
15 O Lord, in safety keep my soul;
Do thou deliver me;
And let me not be put to shame,
Because I trust in thee.

16 Let rectitude and truth me keep,
For on thee I attend.
Redemption, Lord, to Israel
From all his troubles send.

DENNIS.

PSALM 25. S. M.

H. G. NAGELI.



2 Let none who wait on thee
Be put to shame at all;
But those who causelessly transgress,
On them the shame shall fall.

3 Show me thy ways, O Lord;
Thy paths, O teach thou me;
And do thou lead me in thy truth
Therein my teacher be:

For thou art God that dost
To me salvation send;
And waiting for thee all the day,
Upon thee I attend.

5 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
To mind do thou recall,
And loving-kindnesses, for they
Have been through ages all.

6 My sins and faults of youth
Do thou, O Lord, forget;
In tender mercy think of me,
And for thy goodness great.

7 God good and upright is;
The way he'll sinners show.
The meek in judgment he will guide,
And make his path to know.

8 The whole paths of the Lord
Are truth and mercy sure
To such as keep his covenant,
And testimonies pure.

9 Now for thy own name's sake,
O Lord, I thee entreat
To pardon my iniquity,
For it is very great.

10 What man is he that fears
The Lord, and doth him serve?
Him shall he teach the way that he
Shall choose, and still observe.

11 His soul shall dwell at ease;
And his posterity
Shall flourish still, and of the earth
Inheritors shall be.

12 With those that fear him, is
The secret of the Lord:
The knowledge of his covenant
He will to them afford.

13 My eyes upon the Lord
Continually are set;
For he it is that shall bring forth
My feet out of the net.

14 O turn to me thy face,
To me thy mercy show,
For I am very desolate,
I am brought very low.

15 My heart's griefs are increased;
Me from distress relieve:
See my affliction and my pain,
And all my sins forgive.

16 Consider thou my foes,
Because they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
Which they against me bear.

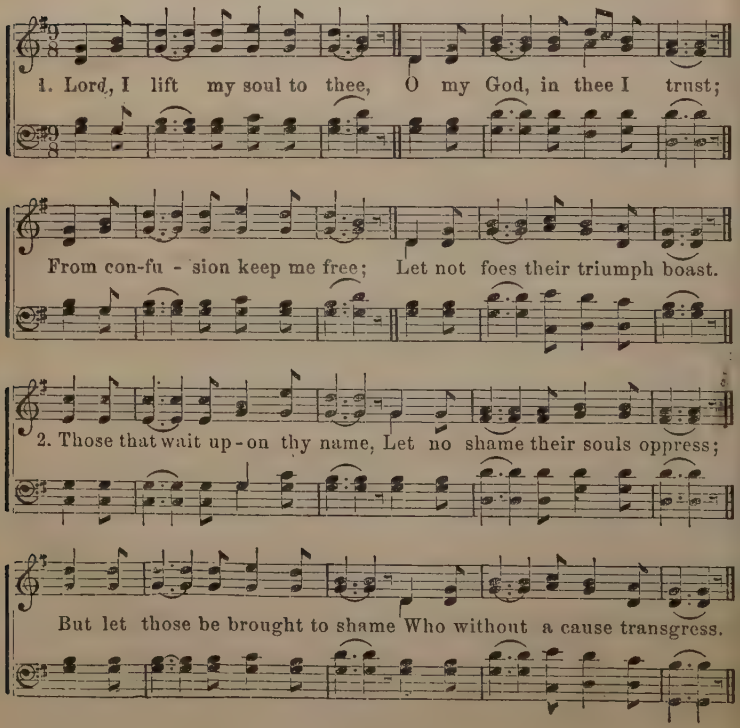
17 O do thou keep my soul,
Do thou deliver me;
And never let me be ashamed,
Because I trust in thee.

18 Let truth and right me keep,
For on thee I attend.
Redemption, Lord, to Israel
From all his troubles send.

VAIL.

PSALM 25. 7s.

J. M. Evans.



3 Lord, to me thy ways make known,
Lead in truth, and teach thou me;
Thou my Saviour art alone;
All the day I wait on thee.

4 Lord, remember in thy grace
All thy mercies manifold,
And thy loving-kindnesses,
They have been from days of old.

5 All my sins of youth forget,
Nor my trespasses record;
Think of me in mercy great
For thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

6 God is good and just indeed,
He his way will sinners show;
Will the meek in judgment lead,
Making them his way to know.

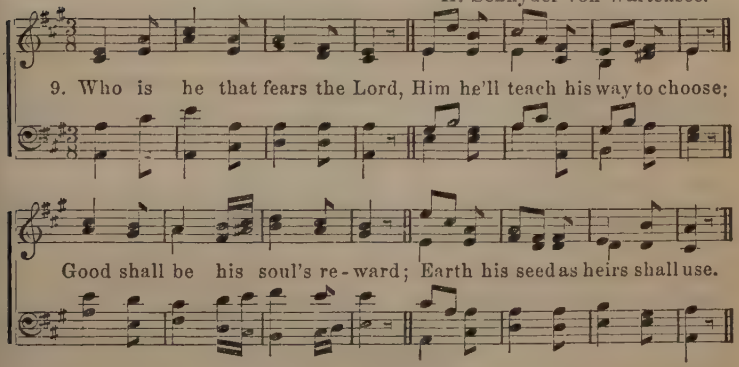
7 All the paths of God the Lord
Grace and truth to those will prove
Who his covenant regard,
Who his testimonies love.

8 For the glory of thy name,
O Jehovah, I entreat,
Me from all my guilt redeem,
For my sin is very great.

HORTON.

PSALM 25, v. 9–16. 7s.

X. Schnyder von Wartensee.



10 Those that reverence his name
Shall Jehovah's secret know;
In his sovereign grace to them
He his covenant will show.

11 Toward God continually
I my waiting eyes have set;
For the Lord my feet will free,
He will pluck them from the net.

12 O my God, to me return,
Unto me thy mercy show;
I in deep affliction mourn,
Desolate and very low.

13 Griefs of heart are very great;
Me from all distress relieve;
Look on my afflicted state,
All my trespasses forgive.

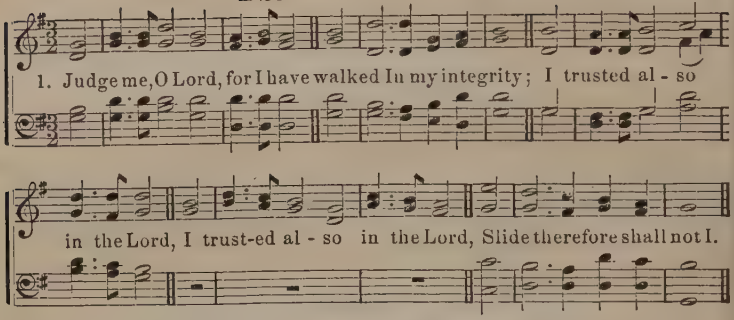
14 O, consider well my foes,
For in number they are great;
Me they wickedly oppose,
Hating me with cruel hate.

15 Let my soul be kept by thee;
Rescue me from all my foes;
From confusion keep me free,
I in thee my trust repose.

16 Truth and right shall me defend,
For on thee I ever wait:
Ransom, Lord, to Israel send,
Him redeem from every strait.

WOODLAND.

PSALM 26. C. M. N. D. Gould.



2 Examine me, and do me prove;
Try heart and reins, O God;
For thy love is before my eyes,
Thy truth's paths I have trod.

3 With persons vain I have not sat,
Nor with dissemblers gone;
Th' assembly of ill men I hate;
To sit with such I shun.

4 My hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thy holy altar go,
And compass it will I.

5 That I, with voice of thankfulness,
May publish and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works,
Which great and wondrous are.

6 The habitation of thy house,
Lord, I have loved it well;
Yea, in that place I take delight,
Where doth thy honor dwell.

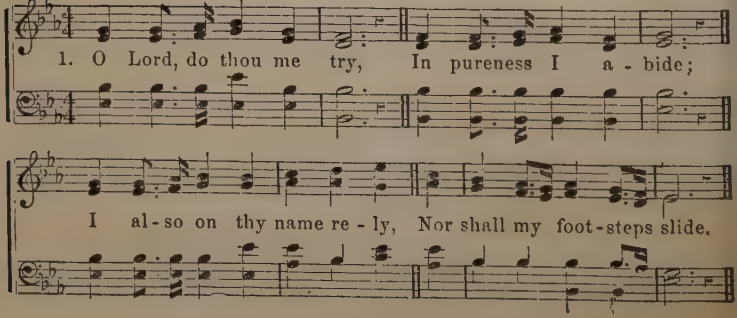
7 From sinners and from men of blood,
My soul and life relieve;
Upon whose hands are stains of crime,
Whose right hands bribes receive.

8 But as for me I will walk on
In my integrity:
Do thou redeem me, and, O Lord,
Be merciful to me.

9 My foot upon an even place
Now stands with stedfastness;
And where his saints assembled are,
Jehovah I will bless.

STEUBEN.

PSALM 26. S. M. A. N. Johnson. By per.



2 Examine me, and prove,
Try thou my reins and heart;
Before my eyes I set thy love,
From truth did not depart.

3 I sat not with the vain,
Nor with the false will meet;
I shunned the throng of wicked men,
With such I will not sit.

4 My hands I'll cleanse, O God,
So to thy altar go.
With voice of thanks proclaim abroad,
And all thy wonder show.

5 I in thy house delight,
Where is thy honor seen:
My soul, my life, do not unite
With wicked, bloody men.

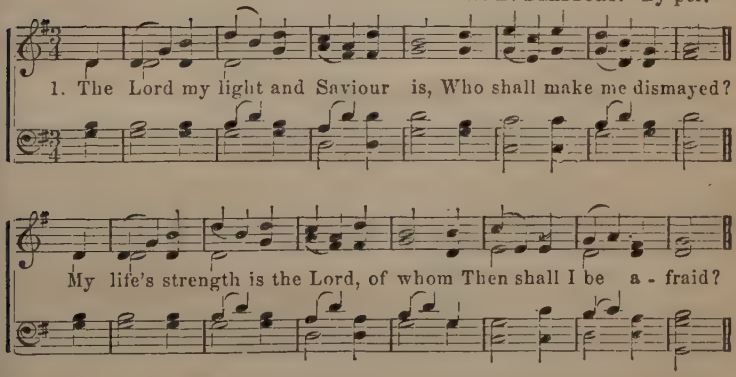
6 Their hands with crimes they fill,
Their right hands bribes retain;
But I in all my way shall still
Integrity maintain.

7 Redeem me from distress,
Thy grace to me afford
I stand upon an even place;
With saints I'll bless the Lord.

PEORIA.

PSALM 27. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 For when my enemies and foes,
Most wicked persons all,
Against me rose to eat my flesh,
They stumbled and did fall.

3 Against me though a host encamp,
My heart yet fearless is;
Though war against me rise, I will
Be confident in this.

4 One thing I of the Lord desired,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within God's house remain;

5 That I the beauty of the Lord
Behold may and admire,
And that I in his holy place
May reverently inquire.

6 For he in his pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of his tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

7 And even at this present time,
My head shall lifted be
Above all those that are my foes
And round encompass me.

8 I therefore to his holy house
Will joyful off'rings bring;
Jehovah I will praise, yea I
To him will praises sing.

9 O Lord, give ear when with my voice
I cry aloud to thee;
Upon me also mercy have,
And do thou answer me.

10 When thou didst say, Seek ye my face,
My heart did thus reply:
Thy face, O Lord, above all things
Forever seek will I.

11 Far from me hide not thou thy face;
Put not away from thee
Thy servant in thy wrath; thou hast
A helper been to me.

12 O God my Saviour, leave me not,
And never me forsake:
Though parents both should me desert,
Jehovah will me take.

13 O Lord, instruct me in thy way,
Do thou my leader be,
Make plain my path, because of those
That hatred bear to me.

14 Nor give me to my foes' desire,
For witnesses that lie
Against me risen are, and such
As breathe out cruelty.

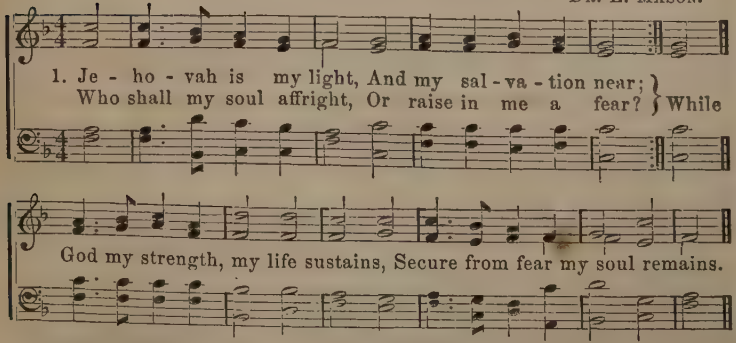
15 I should have perished had I not
Believed that I would see
Jehovah's goodness in the land
Of them that living be.

16 Wait on the Lord, and be thou strong,
And he shall strength afford;
Thy heart with strength he will confirm.
O wait upon the Lord.

ZEBULON.

PSALM 27. H. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 When wicked men in power,
Came on with all my foes,
Impatient to devour,
They stumbled, fell, nor rose:
Though warring hosts beset me round,
Still shall my confidence abound.

3 One thing I seek through grace,
For this to God I pray:
That in his holy place
I evermore may stay,
To see the beauty of the Lord,
And in his temple seek his word.

4 In times of trouble I
In his pavilion hide;
Safe in his tent I lie,
And on a rock abide.
Above my foes he lifts my head,
And I delight his praise to spread.

5 Lord, hear me when I pray
In mercy answer me;
Soon as I heard thee say,
"Seek ye my face," to thee
With pleasure did my heart reply,
Thy face, Jehovah, seek will I.

6 In wrath put not away
Thy servant from thy face;
Oft hast thou been my stay,
O leave not, God of grace.
Should both my parents me forsake,
The Lord my soul his care will make.

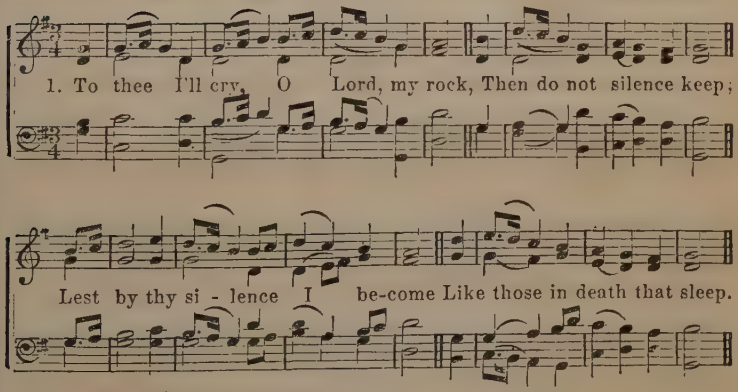
7 Teach me, O Lord, thy way,
Make plain to me my path;
Because of foes, I pray,
Give me not to their wrath.
False witnesses against me rise,
Who breathe out cruelty and lies

8 Unless my trust had been,
When threatened by their spite,
Thy goodness to have seen,
I should have fainted quite.
Wait on the Lord, be firm of heart,
Yea, wait, and he shall strength impart.

ST. MARTINS.

PSALM 28. C. M.

WM. TANSER.



2 The voice of my petitions hear
When unto thee I cry;
When to thy holy oracle
I lift my hands on high.

3 With sinners draw me not away
That work iniquity;
They peace to neighbors speak, while in
Their hearts doth mischief lie.

4 Give them according to their deeds,
And ills they have essayed;
As doings of their hands deserve,
Be it to them repaid.

5 God shall not build, but them destroy,
Who would not understand
His mighty works, nor yet regard
The doings of his hand.

6 Forever blessèd be the Lord,
For graciously he heard
My supplications, and my prayers
He kindly did regard.

7 The Lord's my strength and shield; my heart
Upon him did rely;
I have been helped, and hence my heart
Doth joy exceedingly.

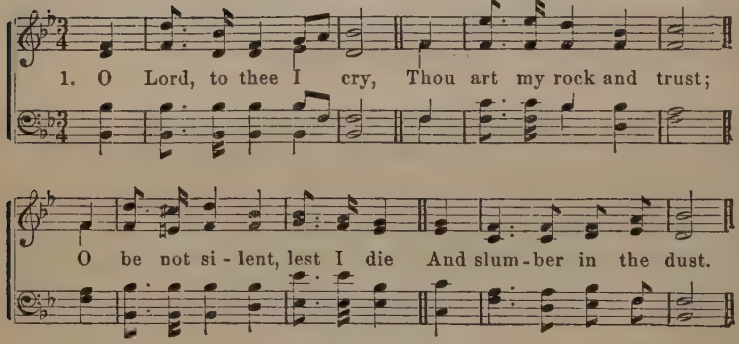
8 And with my song I will him praise.
Their strength is God alone:
He also is the saving strength
Of his anointed one.

9 O thy own people do thou save,
Bless thy inheritance;
Them also do thou feed, and them
For evermore advance.

FREEPORT.

PSALM 28. S. M.

ARR. BY R. B. ROBERTSON.



2 O hear my earnest cry,
Thy favor I entreat;
Hear, while I lift imploring hands
Before thy mercy-seat.

3 O draw me not away
With men who live in sin;
Who to their neighbors speak of peace
While malice lurks within.

4 Repay them for their deeds
And vile attempts, O Lord;
And for the doings of their hands
Return a just reward.

5 Because they disregard
The works the Lord hath done,
By him they shall not be upbuilt,
But utterly o'erthrown.

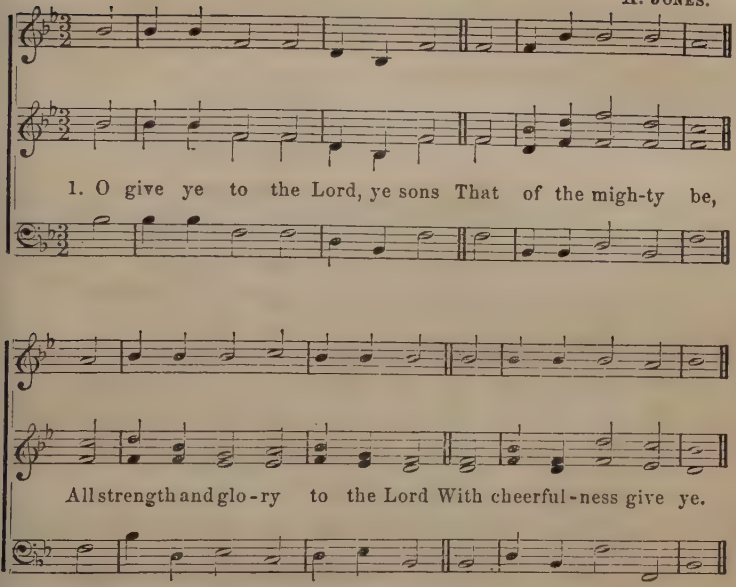
6 Now blessèd be the Lord,
He heard me when I cried;
Jehovah is my strength and shield
On him my heart relied.

7 I help from him obtained,
And therefore give him praise;
And while my heart exults with joy,
My song to him I raise.

8 God is his people's strength,
And his Messiah's power;
Save, bless, and feed thy heritage,
Exalt them evermore.

PSALM 29. C. M.

A. JONES.



2 The glory to Jehovah give
Which to his name is due;
And beautified in holiness,
Before Jehovah bow.

3 Jehovah's voice is on the deep;
The God of majesty
Doth thunder, and on multitudes
Of waters sitteth he.

4 A voice of mighty power comes
Out from the Lord Most High;
The voice of that great Lord is full
Of glorious majesty.

5 The voice of the Eternal doth
Asunder cedars tear;
Yea, God the Lord doth cedars break
That Lebanon doth bear.

6 He makes them like a calf to skip,
Ev'n that great Lebanon,
And, like to a young unicorn
The mountain Sirion.

7 God's voice divides the flames of fire;
The desert it doth shake:
The Lord doth make the wilderness
Of Kadesh all to quake.

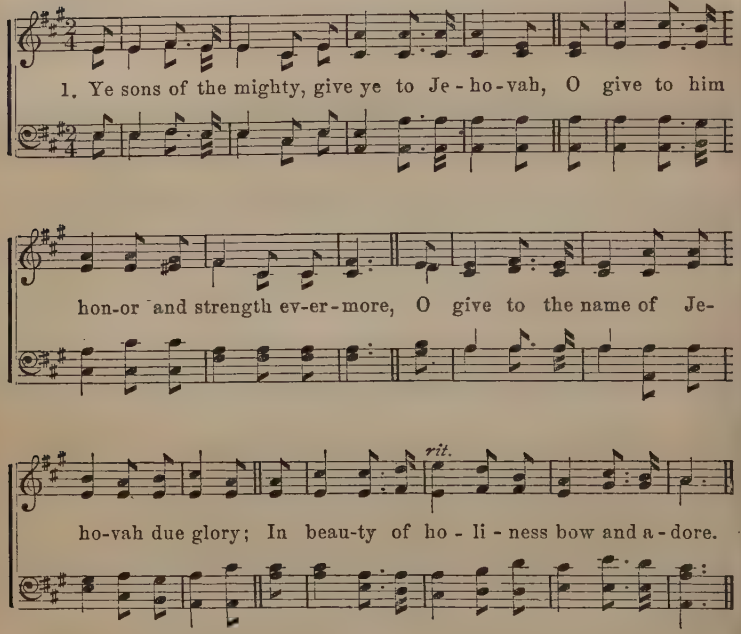
8 Jehovah's voice makes hinds to calve,
It strips the forest bare:
And in his temple all unite
His glory to declare.

9 Jehovah sits upon the floods,
His throne shall never cease.
The Lord will give his people strength,
And bless them all with peace.

LEBANON.

PSALM 29. 12s & 11s.

R. B. Robertson.



2 The voice of Jehovah comes over the waters;
His voice o'er the vast and deep ocean is heard:
The God of all glory is speaking in thunder;
How mighty, how awful the voice of the Lord!

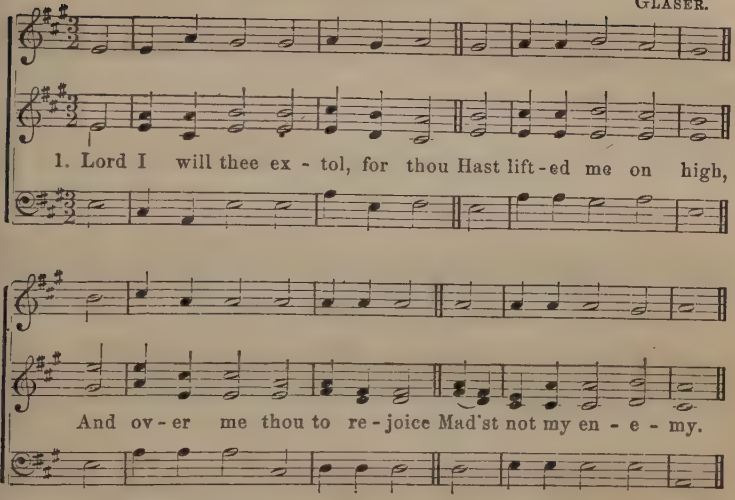
3 The voice of Jehovah is breaking the cedars;
The cedars which Lebanon's summit adorn;
Yea, Lebanon, Sirion, too, he is making
To leap like a calf, or the young unicorn.

4 The voice of Jehovah the burning flame severs,
It makes the hinds calve, and the forest lays bare;
It shakes the great desert, the desert of Kadesh;
All join in his temple his praise to declare.

5 Upon the great waters Jehovah is seated,
A King whose dominion is never to cease.
Jehovah with power will strengthen his people;
Jehovah will bless all his people with peace.

PSALM 30. C. M.

GLASER.



2 O thou who art the Lord my God,
I in distress to thee,
With loud cries lifted up my voice,
And thou hast healed me.

3 O Lord, my soul thou hast brought up,
And rescued from the grave;
That I to death should not go down,
Alive thou didst me save.

4 O ye that are his holy ones,
Sing praises to the Lord,
And thanks to him express, when ye
His holiness record.

5 For but a moment lasts his wrath;
Life in his favor lies:
Though weeping for a night endure,
At morn doth joy arise.

6 In my prosperity I said,
That nothing shall me move.
O Lord, thou hast my mountain made
To stand strong by thy love.

7 But when that thou, O gracious God,
Didst hide thy face from me,
Then quickly was my prosperous state
Turned into misery.

8 To thee, O Lord, in my distress,
With earnest cries I prayed,
And humbly unto God Most High
My supplication made.

9 What profit is there in my blood,
When I to death go down?
Shall unto thee the dust give praise?
Shall it thy truth make known?

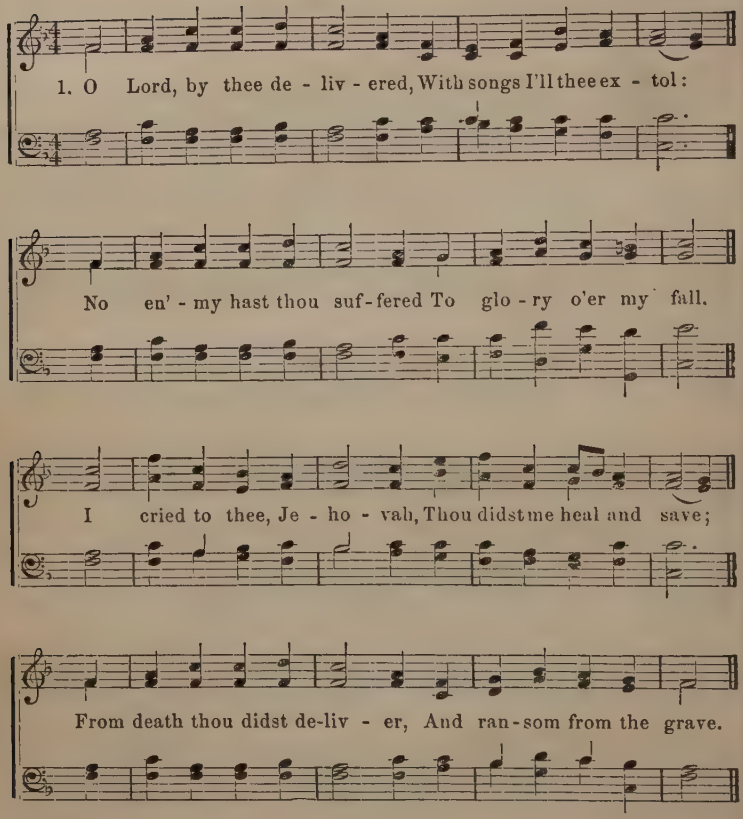
10 In mercy hear, and help me, Lord;
From sackcloth thou didst free;
My grief to dancing thou hast turned,
With gladness girded me;

11 That sing thy praise my glory may,
And never silent be.
O Lord my God, for evermore
I will give thanks to thee.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

PSALM 30. 7s & 6s.

DR. L. MASON.



2 His holiness, remember,
  Ye saints give thanks and praise;
A moment lasts his anger,
  His favor crowns our days.
For sorrow, like a pilgrim,
  May sojourn for a night,
But joy the heart shall gladden,
  When dawns the morning light

3 In prosperous days I boasted,
  That nothing shall me move;
Lord, thou hast made my mountain
  Stand firmly by thy love.
But soon I was afflicted,
  For thou didst hide thy face;
And then to thee, Jehovah,
  Arose my cry for grace.

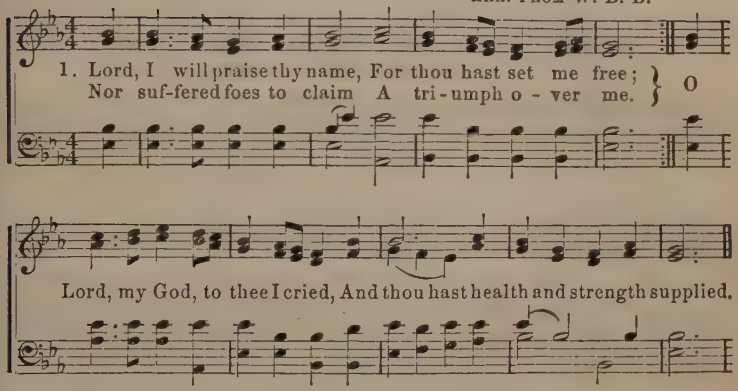
4 What can my blood avail thee
When in the grave I dwell?
Shall dust repeat thy praises?
Thy truth and glory tell?
O Lord, on me have mercy,
And my petition hear;
That thou mayst be my helper
In mercy, Lord, appear.

5 And now to joyous dancing
My sorrow thou hast turned;
And girded me with gladness,
Who had in sackcloth mourned;
That unto thee my glory
May ceaseless praise accord.
Forever I will render
Thanksgiving to the Lord.

CLARKSVILLE.

PSALM 30. H. M.

ARR. FROM W. B. B.



2 Thou hast my soul restored,
When I was near the grave;
And from the pit, O Lord,
Alive thou didst me save.
O ye his saints, sing to the Lord,
With thanks his holiness record.

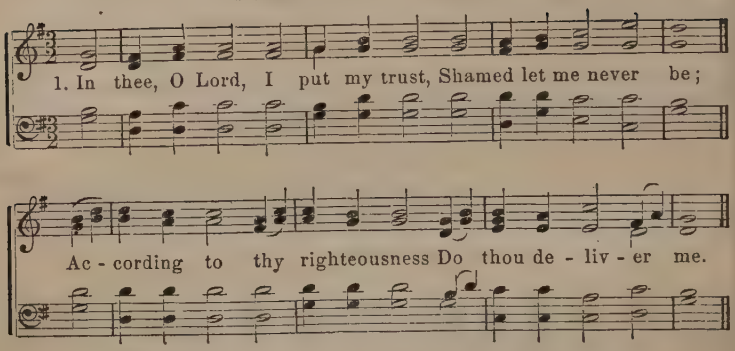
3 His anger soon is past,
Life in his favor lies;
Weeping a night may last,
At morn shall joy arise:
In my prosperity secure,
I said, my peace shall still endure.

4 Jehovah, by thy grace
My mountain standeth strong;
Thou hast withdrawn thy face,
And troubles round me throng.
To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries;
To God my supplications rise.

5 What shall my blood avail,
When to the grave I go?
Shall dust thy praises tell?
Thy truth to others show?
Hear me, O Lord, and mercy send,
My God, to me thy help extend.

6 My mourning now is past,
And songs my lips employ;
My sackcloth from me cast,
And I am girt with joy.
So shall my tongue through life adore,
And praise my God for evermore.

PSALM 31. C. M.



2 Bow down thine ear to me, with speed
Send me deliverance:
To save me, my strong rock be thou,
And house of my defence.

3 Because thou art my rock, and thee
I for my fortress take;
Do thou me therefore lead and guide,
Ev'n for thine own name's sake.

4 Because thou art my strength, O Lord,
Me rescue from the net,
Which they in subtilty for me
So secretly have set.

5 I to thy hands my soul commit,
For thou alone art he,
O thou, Jehovah, God of truth,
Who hast redeemèd me.

6 Who lying vanities observe,
I ever have abhorred;
But as for me, my confidence
Is fixed upon the Lord.

7 I'll in thy mercy gladly joy,
For thou hast seen my grief;
In troubles thou hast known my soul,
And sent to me relief.

8 Thou also hast not shut me up
Within the en'my's hand;
But in a wide place have my feet
By thee been made to stand.

9 Because I am in trouble, Lord,
Have mercy, send relief;
My eye, my very flesh, and soul,
Are all consumed with grief.

10 My life is all with sorrow spent;
My years with sighs and groans:
My sin has caused my strength to fail,
And wasted are my bones.

11 A scorn was I to all my foes,
To friends I was a fear,
And specially reproached of them
Who were my neighbors near.

12 And when they saw me walk abroad,
They from my presence fled;
I like a broken vessel am,
Forgotten like the dead.

13 For slanders I of many heard;
Fear compassed me, while they
Against me did consult, and plot
To take my life away.

14 But as for me, O Lord, my trust
Upon thee I have laid;
And I to thee, Thou art my God,
Have confidently said.

15 My times are wholly in thy hand,
Do thou deliver me
From hands of those that enemies
And persecutors be.

16 Thy countenance to shine do thou
Upon thy servant make;
And thy salvation give to me,
For thy great mercy's sake.

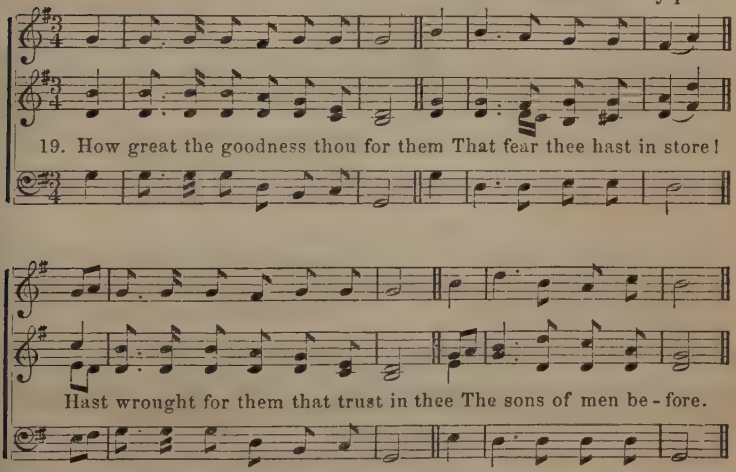
17 Let me not be ashamed, O Lord,
For on thee called I have;
Let sinners be ashamed, let them
Be silent in the grave

18 To silence put the lying lips,
That things reproachful say,
And charges false, in pride and scorn,
Upon the righteous lay.

LA MIRA.

PSALM 31, v. 19-24. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



20 In secret of thy presence thou
Shalt hide them from man's pride:
From strife of tongues thou closely shalt,
As in a tent, them hide.

21 All praise and thanks be to the Lord,
For he hath magnified
His wondrous love to me within
A city fortified.

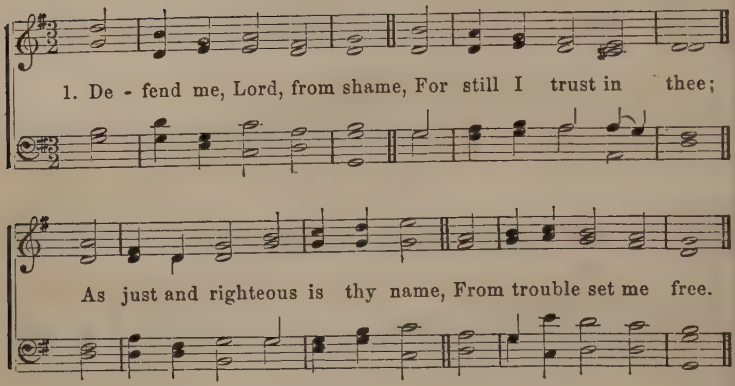
22 For from thine eyes cut off I am,
I in my haste had said;
Yet thou didst hear my voice when I
My supplication made.

23 O love the Lord, all ye his saints;
The Lord the faithful guards;
And he the proud and haughty ones
Abundantly rewards.

24 Good courage have, and he his strength
Within your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
Upon the Lord depend.

PSALM 31. S. M.

PART I. LINLEY.



2 Bow down to me thine ear,
Deliver me with speed;
Be thou my rock and fortress near,
My help in time of need.

3 Thee for my rock I take,
My fortress and my stay;
Do thou me lead for thy name's sake,
And guide me in thy way.

4 Lord thou dost strength impart;
Then free me from the snare
Which foes for me, with wicked art,
Did secretly prepare.

5 In confidence to thee,
My spirit I commend;
Jehovah, God of truth, to me
Thou didst redemption send.

6 I hate the false and vain,
My trust is in the Lord;
And still my heart in joyous strains
Thy mercy will record.

7 Lord, thou hast seen my woes,
My soul in trouble known;
Nor shut me in the hand of foes,
But freedom to me shown.

8 In mercy send relief,
For troubles now prevail;
My eye is dim, consumed with grief,
My flesh and spirit fail.

9 My life in grief is past,
My weary years in groans,
For sin my strength is failing fast,
Decayed are all my bones.

10 Reproached by every foe,
And more, by neighbors near;
Through fear, my friends no friendship show,
They flee when I appear.

11 Forgotten like the dead,
And spurned as broken ware;
I hear the frequent slander spread;
On every side is fear.

12 They join in dark accord,
They plot my blood to shed:
I trusted have on thee, O Lord,
"Thou art my God," I said.

13 My times are wholly thine,
From cruel foes me take:
Thy face make on thy servant shine,
Save for thy mercy's sake.

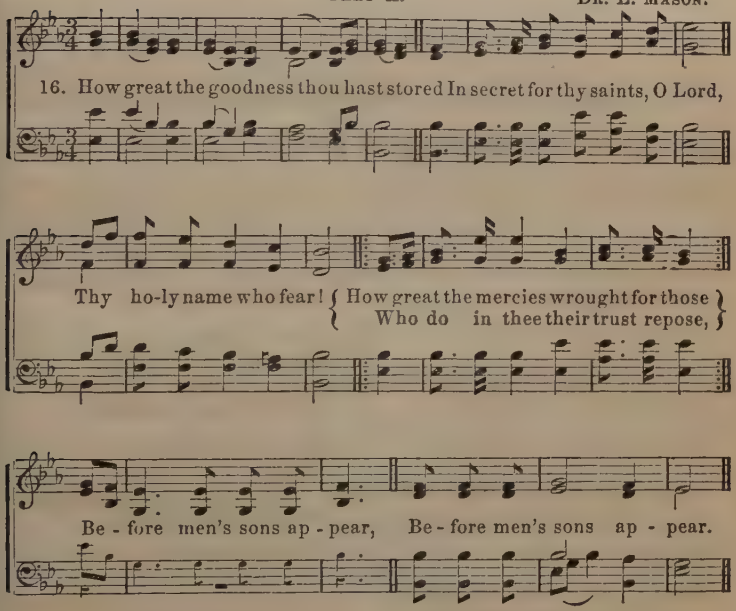
14 From shame, O Lord, defend,
For I to thee have cried;
Let foes be shamed, to death descend,
And, silent, there abide.

15 Do thou their tongues restrain,
Who false reports do seek;
And grievous things with proud disdain
Against the righteous speak.

ARIEL.

PSALM 31, v. 16-19. C. P. M.

PART II. DR. L. MASON.



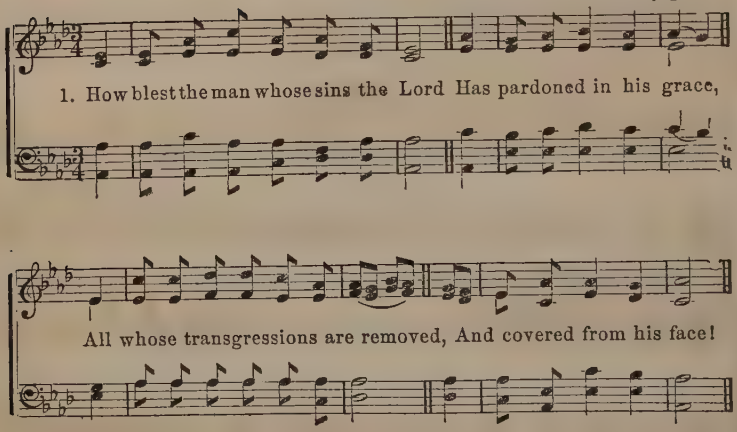
17 Thou in the secret of thy face,
Shalt find for them a hiding place
From proud oppressor's wrongs;
A safe retreat for them prepare,
And keep them in a covert there,
Secure from strife of tongues.

18 O let Jehovah blessèd be,
Who showed his wondrous love to me
In city fortified;
"Cut off from thee," I said in fear,
Yet thou my suppliant voice didst hear,
When unto thee I cried.

19 O love the Lord all that him serve,
For he the faithful shall preserve,
And all the proud reward.
Be of good courage; he with strength
Will fill your steadfast hearts at length,
All ye who trust the Lord.

PSALM 32. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 How blest the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin ;
And in whose spirit is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein !

3 When I from speaking had refrained,
And silent was my tongue,
My bones waxed old, and were consumed
Through roaring all day long.

4 Because upon me night and day
Thy hand did heavy lie;
So that my moisture has been turned
To summer's drought thereby.

5 My sin I have confessed, my guilt
Have not concealed from thee ;
I said, "My faults I will confess,"
And thou forgavest me.

6 For this shall every godly one
His prayer direct to thee ;
In such a time he shall thee seek,
As found thou mayest be.

7 Surely, when floods of waters great
Do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
Nor once come near to him.

8 Thou art my hiding place, thou shalt
From trouble keep me free ;
With songs of my deliverance
Thou shalt encompass me.

9 I will instruct thee, and thee teach
The way in which to go ;
And, with my eye upon thee set,
I will direction show.

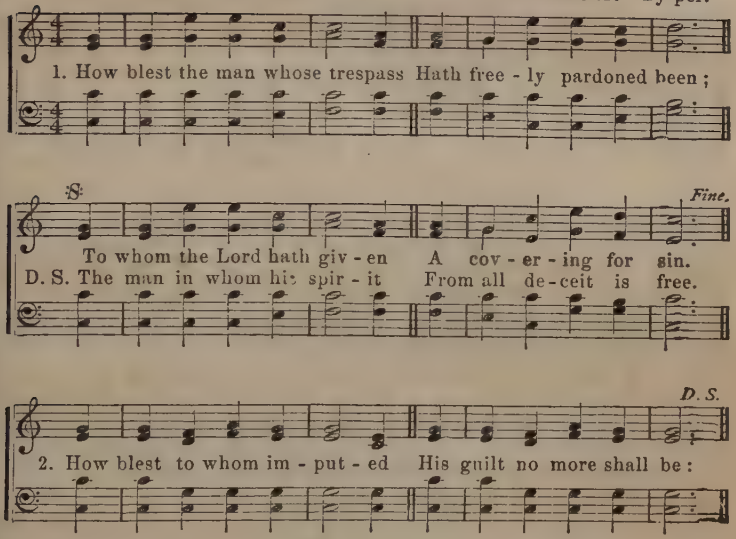
10 Then be not like the horse or mule,
Which do not understand ;
Whose mouth, lest they come near to thee,
A bridle must command.

11 The sorrows of the wicked man
Exceedingly abound ;
But him who trusts upon the Lord
Shall mercy compass round.

12 Ye righteous in the Lord be glad,
In him do ye rejoice :
All ye that upright are in heart,
For joy lift up your voice.

PSALM 32. 7s & 6s.

I. B. Woodbury. By per.



3 My bones waxed old through silence:
Through mourning night and day;
My flesh was dried like summer,
Thy hand so heavy lay.

4 My trespass I acknowledged,
Nor hid my sin from thee;
I said, I'll make confession;
Then thou forgavest me.

5 For this shall all the godly
In prayer to thee abound;
In seasons they shall seek thee
When thou art to be found.

6 Great floods of water surely
To them shall not come nigh:
To thee, O Lord, my refuge
And hiding place, I fly.

7 From troubles that surround me
Thou shalt my soul keep free;
With songs of thy salvation
Thou shalt encompass me.

8 I will instruct and teach thee,
And lest thou turn aside,
I'll in the way direct thee,
My eye shall be thy guide.

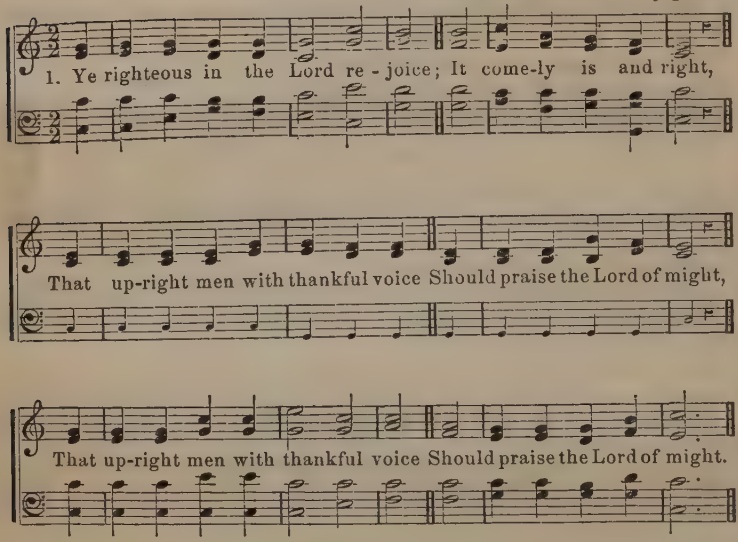
9 Nor horse nor mule resemble,
Which do not understand;
Whose mouths the bit and bridle
Must hold in safe command.

10 The sorrows of the wicked
In number shall abound;
But those that trust Jehovah
His grace shall compass round.

11 Ye righteous in Jehovah
Be glad, in him rejoice;
All that in heart are upright,
For joy lift up your voice.

PSALM 33. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Praise God with harp, and unto him
Sing with the psaltery;
Upon a ten-stringed instrument
Make ye sweet melody.

3 A new song to him sing, and play
With loud noise skilfully;
For right is God's word, all his works
Are done in verity.

4 To judgment and to righteousness
A love he beareth still:
The loving-kindness of the Lord
The earth throughout doth fill.

5 The heavens by the word of God
Did their beginning take;
And by the breathing of his mouth
He all their hosts did make.

6 The waters of the seas he brings
Together as a heap;
And in storehouses by his power
He layeth up the deep.

7 Let earth and all that live therein
With rev'rence fear the Lord;
Let all the world's inhabitants
Dread him with one accord.

8 For he did speak the word, and done
It was without delay;
And it established firmly stood,
Whatever he did say.

9 The Lord to naught the counsel brings
Which heathen nations take;
And what the people have devised
Of no effect doth make.

10 The counsel of Jehovah stands
Forever firm and sure;
And of his heart the purposes
From age to age endure.

11 That nation blessèd is whose God
Jehovah is alone;
The people blessèd are whom he
Hath chosen for his own.

12 The Lord from heaven looks; he sees
All sons of men full well;
He from his habitation views
All on the earth who dwell.

13 He forms their hearts alike, and all
Their doings he observes.
Great hosts save not a king, much strength
No mighty man preserves.

14 A horse for safety and defence
Is a deceitful thing;
And by the greatness of his strength
Can no deliv'rance bring.

15 Behold, on those that do him fear
The Lord doth set his eye;
On those who in his mercy do
With confidence rely;

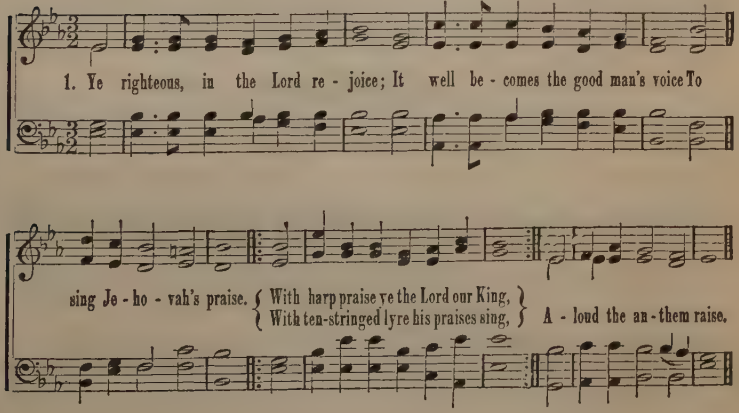
16 In famine to preserve alive,
Their soul from death to free;
Our soul doth wait upon the Lord;
Our help and shield is he.

17 Since in his holy name we trust,
Our heart shall joyful be.
Lord, let thy mercy be on us,
As we do hope in thee.

MERIBAH.

PSALM 33. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON. By per.



2 With joyful noise play loud and well.
With notes of joy the anthem swell,
And let the song be new;
For upright is Jehovah's word,
And all the doings of the Lord
Most faithful are and true.

3 In justice and in judgment right
The Lord doth ever take delight,
His goodness fills the earth.
Jehovah's word the heaven hath made;
To all the host therein arrayed
His breath hath given birth.

4 He rolled the waters heap on heap,
And stored away the mighty deep
In garners he prepared.
Let all the earth Jehovah fear,
And all within the world's wide sphere
With reverence him regard.

5 He spake the word, creation came;
He gave command, the world's fixed frame
At once to being rose.
He makes the heathen's counsel vain,
The plans the people would maintain
At will he overthrows.

6 Jehovah's counsels shall endure,
And of his heart the thoughts secure
Shall stand from age to age.
Blest realm, whose God is he alone;
Blest people whom he makes his own,
His chosen heritage.

7 Jehovah looks from heaven to earth,
And all the sons of mortal birth
His searching eye surveys:
From heaven, his dwelling-place on high,
On all who dwell beneath the sky,
Rests his omniscient gaze.

8 He forms alike their hearts each one;
The works which by their hands are done
He carefully observes.
No king is saved by mighty hosts;
'Tis not the strength the strong man boasts
That him from harm preserves.

9 'Tis vain to trust the martial steed;
Nor can he by his strength or speed
Avail in peril great.
With watchful eye the Lord is near
To those his holy name that fear,
And for his mercy wait.

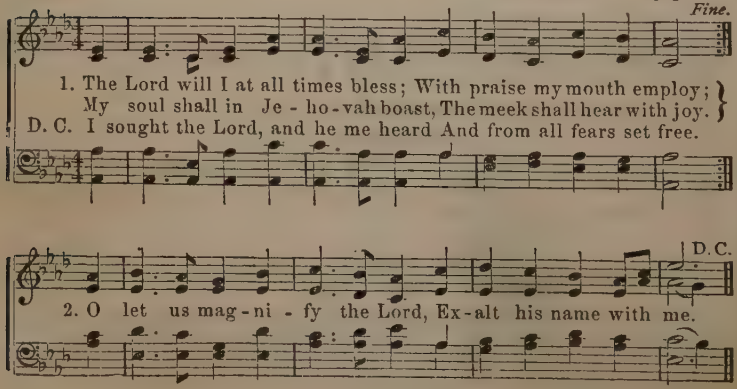
10 He's ever near to them, to save
Their soul from the devouring grave,
In famine life to yield.
Our soul in hope waits for the Lord,
And he protection will afford;
He is our help and shield.

11 In him our hearts shall joyful be,
For on his holy name have we
In confidence relied.
As we have hoped in thee alone,
Lord, let thy grace to us be shown,
On us let it abide.

MONORA.

PSALM 34. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



3 They looked to him, and lightened were;
Their faces were not shamed.
This poor man cried, God heard, and him
From all distress redeemed.

4 The angel of the Lord encamps,
And he encompasseth
All those who do him truly fear,
And them delivereth.

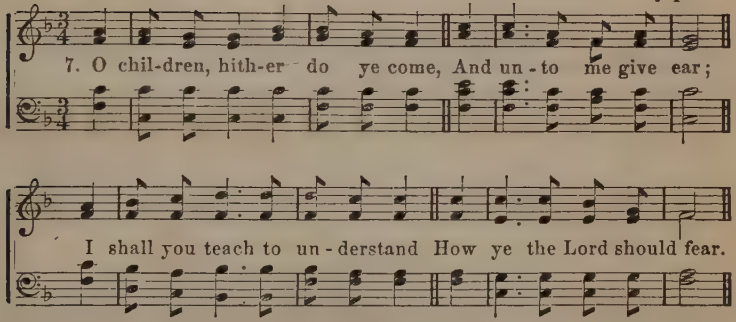
5 O taste and see that God is good;
Who trusts in him is blest.
Fear God, his saints, none that him fear
Shall be with want oppressed.

6 The lions young may hungry be,
And they may lack their food;
But they that truly seek the Lord
Shall not lack any good.

CELESTIAL.

PSALM 34, v. 7-15. C. M.

ASA HULL. By per.



8 What man is he that life desires,
To see good would live long?
Thy lips refrain from speaking guile,
And from ill words thy tongue.

9 Depart from ill, do good, seek peace,
Pursue it earnestly.
God's eyes are on the just, his ears
Are open to their cry.

10 The face of God is set against
Those that do wickedly,
That he may quite out from the earth
Cut off their memory.

11 The righteous cry unto the Lord,
He unto them gives ear;
And they out of their troubles all
By him delivered are

12 The Lord is ever nigh to them
That are of broken heart;
To those of contrite spirit he
Salvation doth impart.

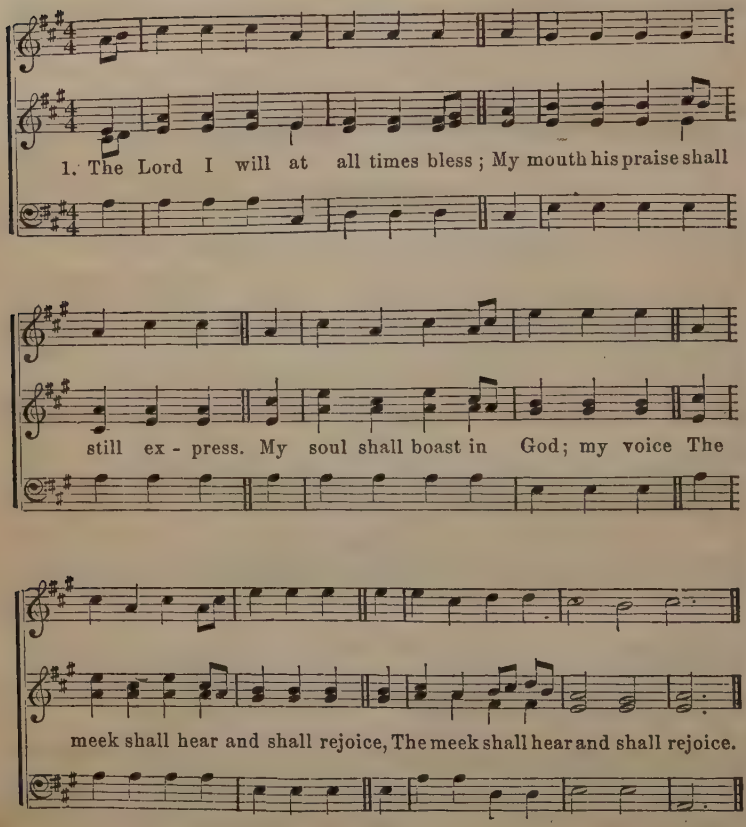
13 The troubles that afflict the just
In number many be;
But yet Jehovah from them all
Doth save and set him free.

14 He carefully his bones doth keep,
Whatever can befall,
That not so much as one of them
Can broken be at all.

15 Ill shall the wicked slay; laid waste
Shall be who hate the just.
The Lord redeems his servants' souls;
None perish that him trust.

PSALM 34. L. M.

I. B. W. By per.



2 O magnify the Lord with me,
Let us to praise his name agree.
I sought the Lord; he did me hear,
And set me free from ev'ry fear.

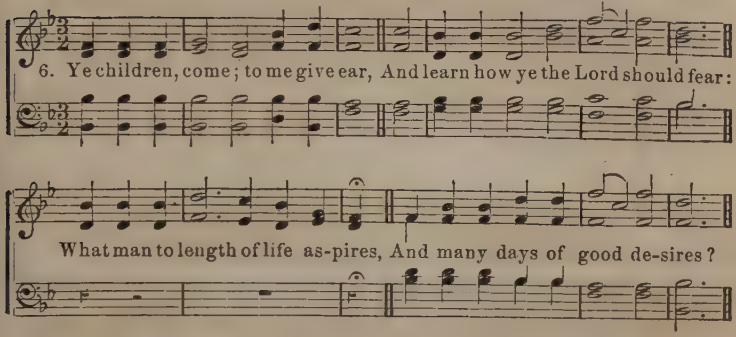
3 They looked to him and light received.
Their faces were from shame relieved.
This poor man on the Lord did call;
He heard, and saved from sorrows all.

4 His angel camps around to guard
And rescue them that fear the Lord.
See, God is good; his goodness taste,
For all that trust in him are blest.

5 Fear God, his saints; no want at all
Can such as fear the Lord befall.
Young lions pine for lack of food;
Who seek the Lord shall lack no good.

PSALM 34, v. 6–11. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



7 From evil let thy tongue abstain;
From speaking guile thy lips refrain;
From ev'ry wicked way depart;
Do good; seek peace with all thy heart.

8 Upon the just God keeps his eyes;
His ears are open to their cries:
Against the wicked sets his face,
From earth their mem'ry to erase.

9 When just men cry, Jehovah hears,
And rescues them from all their fears;
The Lord draws nigh to broken hearts;
To contrite spirits, help imparts.

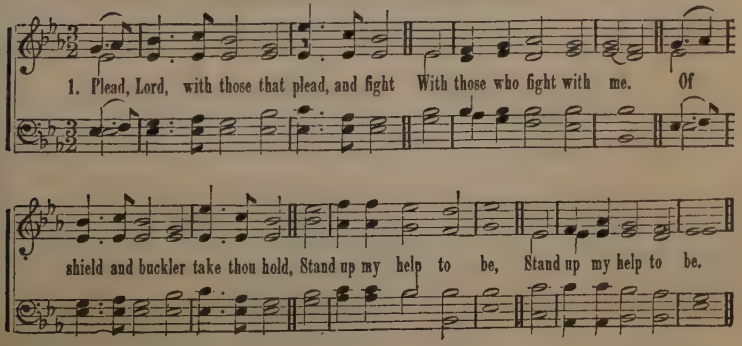
10 Though many ills the just befall,
The Lord delivers from them all;
God shall him guard from every stroke,
Nor shall a single bone be broke.

11 Ill slays the wicked; ruin waits
For him the righteous man who hates;
His servants' souls will God redeem;
None perish shall who trust in him.

FOUNTAIN.

PSALM 35. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 Draw also out the spear, O Lord;
Against them stop the way
That me pursue, and to my soul
I'm thy salvation say.

3 Let them confounded be and shamed
That for my soul have sought;
Who plot my hurt turned back be they,
And to confusion brought.

4 Let them be like the empty chaff
That flies before the wind;
And let the angel of the Lord
Pursue them close behind.

5 With darkness cover thou their way,
And let it slippery prove;
And let the angel of the Lord
Pursue them from above.

6 For they without a cause for me
In secret hid their snare;
And they a pit without a cause
Did for my soul prepare.

7 Let ruin seize him unawares;
And let himself be caught
In his own hidden net, and be
To that same ruin brought.

8 My soul in God shall joy, and glad
In his salvation be;
And all my bones shall then exclaim,
Lord, who is like to thee.

9 Thou dost the poor set free from him
That is for him too strong;
The poor and needy from the man
That spoils and does him wrong.

10 False witnesses against me rose,
And unknown charges made:
They, to the spoiling of my soul,
Me ill for good repaid.

11 But as for me, when they were sick,
In sackcloth sad I mourned;
My humbled soul did fast, my prayer
Into my bosom turned.

12 Had he my friend or brother been,
I could have done no more;
I bowed in grief as one who doth
A mother's loss deplore.

13 But in my trouble they rejoiced,
And they together met,
Yea, abjects vile together did
Themselves against me set.

14 I knew it not; they did me tear,
And quiet would not be.
With mocking hypocrites, at feasts
They gnashed their teeth at me.

15 How long, O Lord, wilt thou look on?
From ruins they intend
O save my soul, from lions young
My darling do defend.

16 Within the congregation great
I'll thank thy holy name;
And where much people gathered are
I will thy praise proclaim.

17 Let not my wrongful enemies
With pride rejoice o'er me;
Nor let them wink with scornful eye,
Who hate me causelessly.

18 For peace they do not speak at all;
But crafty plots prepare
Against all those within the land
That meek and quiet are.

19 With open mouth they 'gainst me said,
Ha, ha! our eye doth see.
Lord, thou hast seen, hold not thy peace;
Lord, be not far from me.

20 Arouse thyself, awake for me,
And judgment just afford,
E'en to my cause, O thou that art
My only God and Lord.

21 O Lord my God, do thou me judge
In thine own righteousness;
Against me let them not their joy
Triumphantly express.

22 Nor let them say within their hearts,
Ah, we would have it thus;
Nor suffer them to say, Now he
Is swallowed up by us.

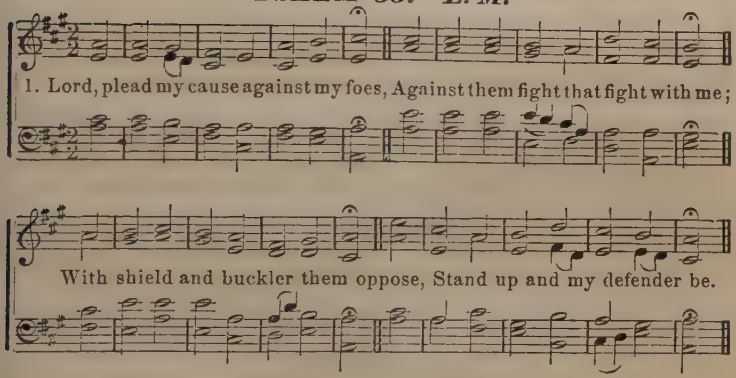
23 Shamed and confounded be they all
That at my hurt are glad;
And let those who against me boast
With shame and scorn be clad.

24 Let them who love my righteous cause
With gladness shout; nor cease
To say, The Lord be magnified,
Who loves his servants' peace.

25 Then also shall thy righteousness
Be published by my tongue;
And it, the praises due to thee,
Shall utter all day long.

OLD HUNDRED.

PSALM 35. L. M.



2 Draw out the spear, and close the way
Against the men that me oppress;
And to my soul, in mercy say,
"I am thy saviour in distress."

3 Ashamed, confounded let them be,
That to destroy my soul have sought;
Brought to confusion, let them flee,
Turned backward, who to hurt me plot.

4 Jehovah's angel, in his wrath,
Drive them like chaff before the wind;
All dark and slippery make their path,
His angel pressing hard behind.

5 Without a cause a snare they laid,
Within a pit which they prepared,
A pit which without cause they made,
In which my soul may be ensnared.

6 Let him with sudden ruin meet,
And let him struggle in the snare,
Which he had spread for other feet;
Yea, let him meet destruction there!

7 Then shall my soul in God rejoice,
In his salvation joyful be,
And all my frame shall lift its voice,
And say, Lord, who is like to thee?

8 Who is like thee, who dost defend
The needy poor against the strong;
Who to the poor dost help extend,
To save from him that would him wrong?

9 False witnesses against me stood;
Of things I knew not, charges made.
They me rewarded ill for good;
To rob my soul they ill repaid.

10 But I in mourning garb was clad,
When they in sickness suffered pain.
I made my soul with fasting sad;
My prayer to me returned again.

11 As one for friend's or brother's woes,
So I for them went sadly on;
As one for mother mourning goes,
So I with grief went bowing down.

12 But they rejoiced in my distress;
To mock, the abjects gathered were;
Unknown to me, around did press;
With ceaseless slanders did me tear.

13 With hypocrites at feasts that mock,
They with their teeth have gnashed on me.
How long, Jehovah, wilt thou look;
How long wilt thou their raging see?

14 My soul from their destructions guard;
My darling from the lions bring;
Then in the great assembly, Lord,
Among the people, praise I'll sing.

15 Let not my causeless foes, elate
With joy, o'er me triumphant cry;
Nor they who me unjustly hate,
With secret scorning wink the eye.

16 They speak not peace, but falsehoods they
Against the quiet ones devise;
Make wide their mouths at me, and say,
"Aha! we've seen it with our eyes."

17 This thou hast seen, thy silence break.
Lord, be from me not far away.
Stir up thyself, my God awake
To judgment; nor my cause delay.

18 Judge me in righteousness, O God;
Let them not triumph over me;
Nor from their hearts proclaim abroad,
"Aha! our soul's desire we see."

19 Let them who glory in my fall,
Not say, "We have him swallowed quite!"
Dishonor, shame, confound them all,
Who rise against me in their might.

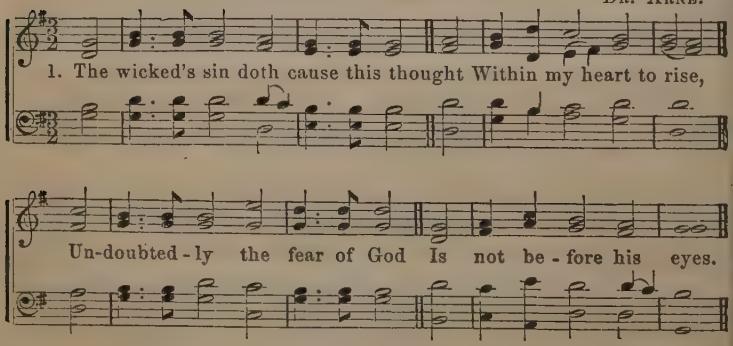
20 But let them shout, let them rejoice,
Who long to see me justified;
Yea, let them say, with ceaseless voice,
The Lord, the Lord be magnified.

21 The Lord who loves his servant's peace,
To him prosperity doth give.
My joyful tongue shall never cease
To praise thy justice while I live.

ARLINGTON.

PSALM 36. C. M.

DR. ARNE.



2 Because in his deceitful eyes
His ways are always right,
Until the vileness of his sin
Shall all be brought to light.

3 The words that from his mouth proceed
Are wickedness and lies;
He has refrained from doing good,
And ceased from being wise.

4 He mischief, lying on his bed,
Most cunningly doth plot;
He sets himself in ways not good,
And ill abhorreth not.

5 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heavens;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds;
Thy justice is like mountains great;
Thy judgments deep as floods.

6 Lord, thou preservest man and beast.
How precious is thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of thy wings
Men's sons their trust shall place.

7 They with the fatness of thy house
Shall be well satisfied;
From rivers of thy pleasures thou
Wilt drink to them provide.

8 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with thee;
And in that purest light of thine,
We clearly light shall see.

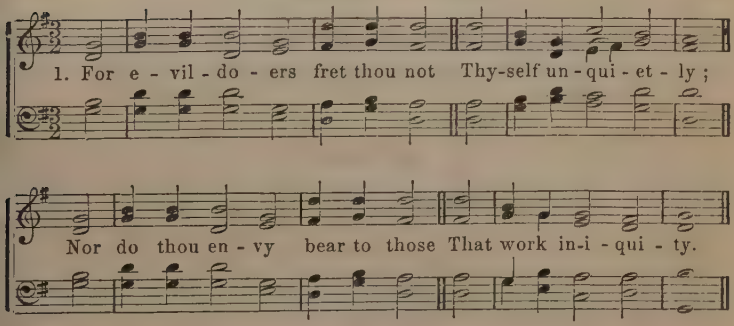
9 Thy loving-kindness unto them
Continue that thee know;
And still on men upright in heart
Thy righteousness bestow.

10 Let not the foot of cruel pride
Come, and against me stand;
And let me never be removed,
Lord, by the wicked's hand.

11 They fallen have, they ruined are,
That work iniquities:
Cast down they are, and never shall
Be able to arise.

MARLOW.

PSALM 37. C. M.



2 For even like the fading grass,
Soon be cut down shall they;
And, like the green and tender herb,
They wither shall away.

3 Set thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good;
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And verily have food.

4 Delight thyself in God; he'll give
Thy heart's desire to thee.
Thy way to God commit, him trust,
It bring to pass shall he.

5 And like the morning light he shall
Thy righteousness display;
And he thy judgment shall bring forth
Like noon-tide of the day.

6 Rest in the Lord, in patience wait,
Nor for the wicked fret,
Who prospering in his evil way,
Success in sin doth get.

7 Do thou from anger cease, and wrath
See thou forsake also;
Fret not thyself in any wise,
That evil thou shouldst do.

8 For they that evil-doers are
Shall be cut off and fall;
But they who wait upon the Lord
The earth inherit shall.

9 For yet a little while, and then
The wicked shall not be;
His place thou shalt consider well,
But it thou shalt not see.

10 But by inheritance the earth
The meek ones shall possess;
They also shall delight themselves
In an abundant peace.

11 The wicked plot and gnash their teeth,
Against the just they stand;
The Lord shall laugh at them, because
He sees their day at hand.

12 The wicked have drawn out the sword,
And bent their bow, to slay
The poor and needy, and to kill
The men of upright way.

13 But yet the sword which they have drawn
Shall enter their own heart;
Their bows which they have bent shall break,
And into pieces part.

14 A little that a just man hath
Is more and better far
Than is the wealth of many such
As lewd and wicked are.

15 For sinners' arms shall broken be;
But God the just sustains.
He knows their days, and evermore
Their heritage remains.

16 They shall not be ashamed when they
The evil times shall see;
And when the days of famine are
They satisfied shall be.

17 But wicked men and foes of God
As fat of lambs decay;
They shall consume, yea, into smoke
They shall consume away.

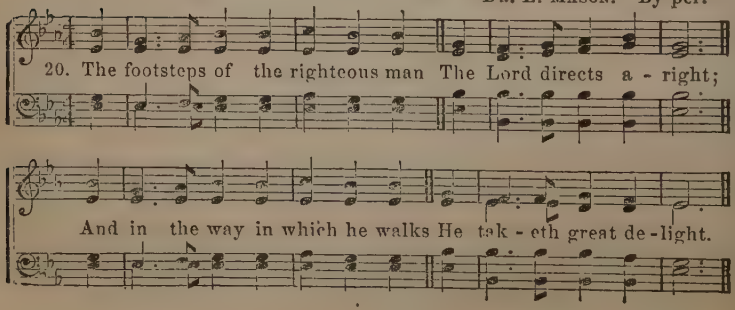
18 The wicked borrows, but the same
Again he doth not pay;
Whereas the righteous mercy shows,
And gives his own away.

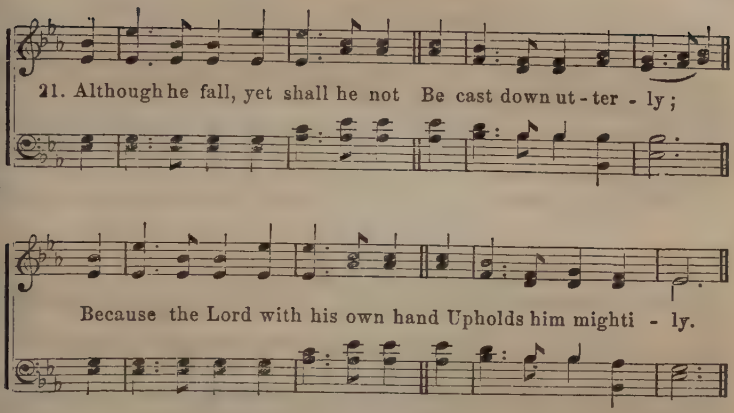
19 Because they whom the Lord doth bless
The earth as heirs shall own;
But all accursed of him shall be
Cut off and overthrown.

OSTEND.

PSALM 37, v. 20–33. C. M.

DR. L. MASON. By per.





22 I have been young, and now am old,
Yet have I never seen
The just man left, nor that his seed
For bread have beggars been.

23 He's ever merciful, and lends;
His seed is therefore blest.
Depart from evil, and do good,
And ever dwell at rest.

24 For God loves judgment, and his saints
Leaves not in any case;
They are kept ever; but cut off
Shall be the sinner's race.

25 The just inherit shall the land,
And ever in it dwell;
The just man's mouth doth wisdom speak,
His tongue doth judgment tell.

26 The law of God is in his heart,
His steps slide not away.
The wicked watcheth for the just,
And seeketh him to slay.

27 Yet him the Lord will not forsake,
Nor leave him in his hands;
The righteous will he not condemn,
When he in judgment stands.

28 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
And thee exalt shall he
To hold the land by heritage,
And sinners' ruin see.

29 I saw the wicked great in power,
Spread like a green bay-tree;
He passed, lo, he was gone, I sought,
But found he could not be.

30 Mark thou the perfect, and behold
The man of upright ways;
Because the man of holy life
In peace shall end his days.

31 But God upon transgressors shall
A common ruin send;
And when the wicked are cut off,
In woe their days shall end.

32 But the salvation of the just
Is from the Lord above;
He in the time of their distress
Their stay and strength doth prove.

33 The Lord shall help, and rescue them:
He shall them free and save
From wicked men, because in him
Their confidence they have.

PSALM 38. C. M.

R.

1. In thy great in - dig - na - tion, Lord, Do thou re-buke me not; Nor on me lay thy chastening hand, Nor on me lay thy chastening hand, In thy dis - pleas - - ure hot.

2 For in me fast thine arrows stick,
Thy hand doth press me sore;
And in my flesh there is no health
Nor soundness any more.

3 This grief I have because thy wrath
Is forth against me gone;
And in my bones there is no rest,
For sin that I have done.

4 Because gone up above my head
My great transgressions be;
And, as a weighty burden, they
Too heavy are for me.

5 My wounds are putrid and corrupt;
My folly makes it so.
I troubled am, and much bowed down;
All day I mourning go.

6 For a disease which loathsome is
So fills my loins with pain,
That in my weak and weary flesh
No soundness doth remain.

7 So feeble and infirm am I,
And broken am so sore,
That, through disquiet of my heart,
I have been made to roar.

8 O Lord, all that I do desire
Is still before thy eye;
And of my heart the secret groans
Not hidden are from thee.

9 My heart doth pant incessantly,
My strength doth quite decay;
As for my eyes, their wonted light
Is from me gone away.

10 My lovers and my friends do stand
At distance from my sore;
And they do stand aloof who were
Kinsmen and kind before.

11 Yea, they who seek my life lay snares;
And they who would me wrong
Have spoken mischief, and deceits
Imagined all day long.

12 But as one deaf, I did not hear,
I suffered all to pass;
And as a dumb man I became,
Whose mouth not opened was:

13 As one that hears not, in whose mouth
Are no reproofs at all:
For, Lord, I hope in thee, my God
Will hear me when I call.

14 Because I said, Hear me, lest they
Rejoice o'er me with pride;
And o'er me magnify themselves,
Because my foot doth slide.

15 For I am near to halt, my grief
Is still before my eye;
I will declare my sin, and grieve
For my iniquity.

16 But yet my foes are full of life,
My enemies are strong;
And they are greatly multiplied
Who hate and would me wrong.

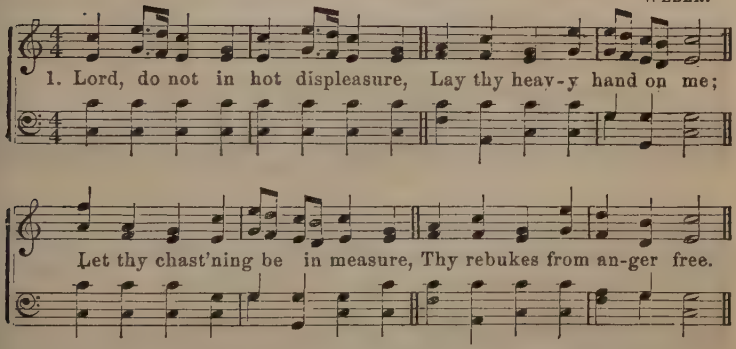
17 And they for good who render ill,
As en'mies me withstood;
They are my bitter foes because
I follow what is good.

18 Forsake me not, O Lord; my God,
Far from me never be.
O Lord, thou my salvation art,
In haste give help to me.

WILMOT.

PSALM 38. 8s & 7s.

WEBER.



2 For thy hand most sorely presses,
Fast thy arrows stick within;
Wrath my weary flesh distresses,
Gives my bones no rest for sin.

3 O'er my head like billows rushing
My transgressions risen are;
Like a burden heavy, crushing,
Greater far than I can bear.

4 Loathsome are my wounds neglected,
My own folly makes it so;
Bowed with grief, and much afflicted,
All the day I mourning go.

5 For my loins are filled with burning,
Health in me no more remains:
I am feeble, bruised, and mourning,
Groaning loud through inward pains.

6 My desires and ceaseless wailing,
Lord, unveiled before thee lie;
Pants my heart, my strength is failing,
All its light hath left mine eye.

7 Friends and lovers now are standing
At a distance from my sore;
Kinsmen once my cause befriending,
Come to visit me no more.

8 They that for my life are seeking,
Snares for me in secret lay;
Hurtful things against me speaking,
Plots devising all the day.

9 But as one that's deaf I heard not,
As one dumb no word I spake;
Silent like those that regard not,
Those whose mouths no answer make.

10 Lord, my God, in thee I'm trusting,
Thou wilt hear me when I call;
Hear, lest they against me boasting,
Joy and triumph when I fall.

11 Ready now to halt and stumble,
Griefs before me still have been;
I'll confess with spirit humble,
And be sorry for my sin.

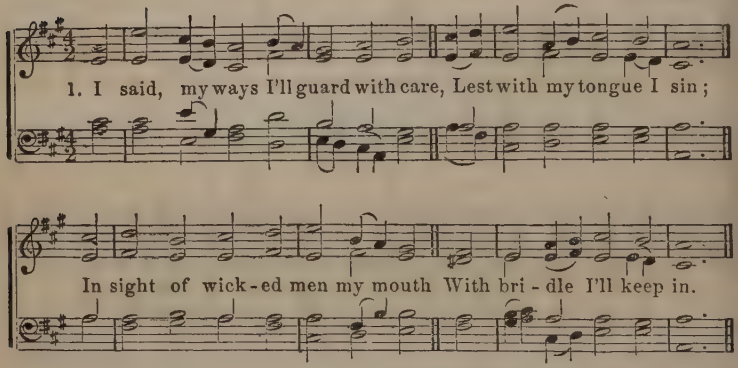
12 Great in power, life, and number,
Bitter foes have me withstood,
Evil they for kindness render,
Hating me for doing good.

13 Lord, my God, do not forsake me,
Distant from me never be;
To my Saviour I betake me;
Hasten, Lord, give help to me.

STEPHENS.

PSALM 39. C. M.

A. Jones.



2 With silence I as dumb became,
I did myself restrain
From speaking good, but then the more
Increased my inward pain.

3 My heart within me was inflamed,
And, while I musing was,
The fire was kindled, and these words
I from my tongue let pass:

4 My end, and measure of my days,
To me, Jehovah, show
What is the same, that I thereby
How frail I am may know.

5 Lo, thou hast made my days a span,
As nothing are my years;
Before thy sight, each man at best
But vanity appears:

6 Yea, each man walks in empty show;
They vex themselves in vain;
He heaps up wealth, and knoweth not
To whom it shall pertain.

7 And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
My hope is fixed on thee.
Deliver me from all my sins;
The fool's scorn make not me.

8 As dumb I opened not my mouth,
Because this work was thine.
Thy stroke remove, for by the stroke
Of thy strong hand I pine.

9 With thy rebukes thou dost correct
Man for iniquity,
And waste his beauty like a moth:
Each man is vanity.

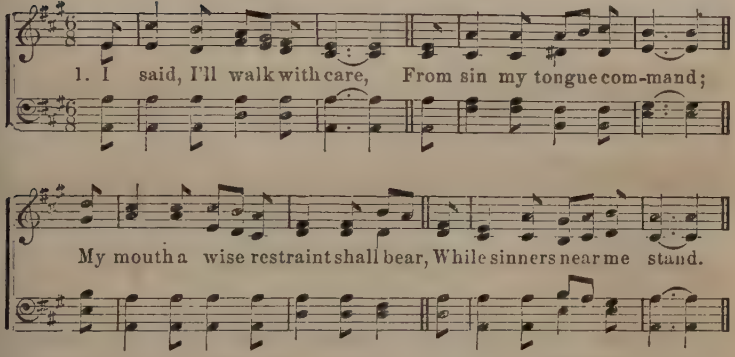
10 Lord, hear my prayer, and at my cry,
And tears not silent be:
I sojourn as my fathers all,
And stranger am with thee.

11 O spare thou me, that I my strength
Recover may again,
Before from hence I do depart,
And here no more remain.

AYLESBURY.

PSALM 39. S. M.

HARVEY CAMP.



2 As dumb, I silent stood,
From words I did refrain,
I held my peace from speaking good,
My soul was filled with pain.

3 My heart was all on fire,
With burning thoughts suppressed;
Then, with my tongue, my soul's desire
I thus to God addressed:

4 My end and length of days,
To me, O Lord, unveil;
That I may know, in all my ways,
How weak I am and frail.

5 Lord, thou hast made my years
To measure but a span;
As nought to thee my age appears;
How vain, at best, is man!

6 Man lives in empty show,
His anxious care is vain,
He hoards his wealth, and doth not know
Who shall possess his gain.

7 Now, Lord, why do I wait?
My hope is in thy name;
Blot out my sins in mercy great,
Nor let the fool me shame.

8 As dumb, I silent stand,
Because this work is thine;
Remove from me thy chastening hand,
Beneath thy stroke I pine.

9 Rebukes for sin consume,
And chasten man with pain;
Like moths they waste his beauty's bloom:
Lo, every man is vain.

10 Jehovah, hear my prayers,
And answer my request:
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

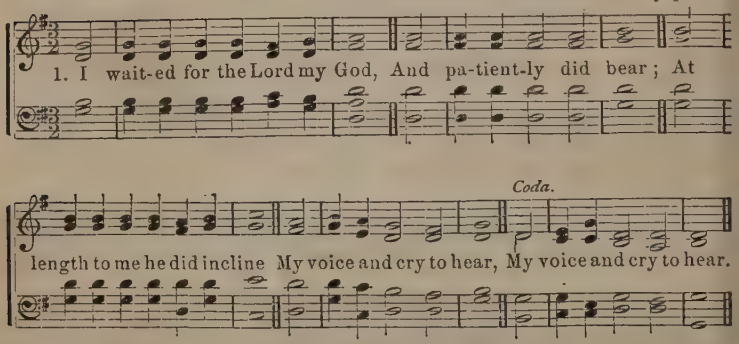
11 I am a stranger here,
Dependent on thy grace;
A pilgrim, as my fathers were,
With no abiding place.

12 Spare, Lord, and strength bestow,
My fainting soul restore,
Ere I to dust and darkness go,
And be on earth no more.

HARVEY'S CHANT.

PSALM 40. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
Upon a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessèd is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

5 O Lord my God, how many are
The wonders thou hast done?
Thy gracious thoughts to us above
All other thoughts are gone.

6 To thee no one can them express;
If I would them declare—
If I would speak of them, they more
Than can be numbered are.

7 My ears thou opened hast; and thou
No offering hast desired,
Nor sacrifice; sin-offering thou
And burnt hast not required.

8 Then to the Lord these were my words,
I come, behold and see;
Within the volume of the book,
It written is of me;

9 To do thy will I take delight,
O thou my God that art;
Yea, that most holy law of thine
I have within my heart.

10 Within the congregation great
I righteousness did preach;
Lo, thou dost know, O Lord, that I
Have not refrained my speech.

11 I never have within my heart
Concealed thy righteousness;
I thy salvation have declared,
And shown thy faithfulness:

12 Thy kindness which most loving is
I ever have revealed;
And from the congregation great
Thy truth have not concealed.

13 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from me
O do thou not restrain;
Thy loving-kindness, and thy truth,
Let them me still maintain.

14 For ills past reck'ning compass me,
And my iniquities
Such hold upon me taken have,
I cannot lift my eyes:

15 They more than hairs are on my head;
Thence is my heart dismayed.
Be pleased, O Lord, to rescue me;
Lord, hasten to my aid.

16 Let them confounded be, and shamed
Who seek my soul to kill;
Yea, let them backward driven be,
And shamed, who wish me ill.

17 And for reward of this their shame
Confounded let them be,
That in this manner scoffing say,
Aha, aha! to me.

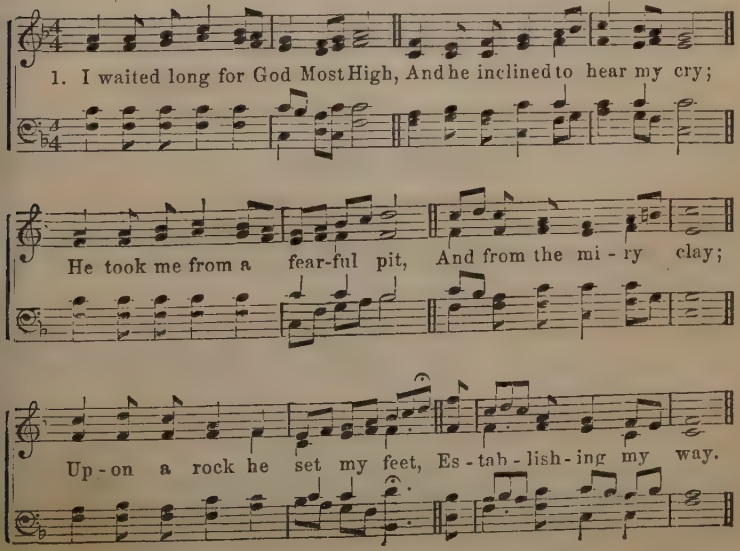
18 In thee let all be glad, and joy,
Who seeking thee abide;
Who thy salvation love, say still,
The Lord be magnified.

19 I poor and needy am, but yet
The Lord of me takes thought:
Thou art my Saviour and my help;
My God, O tarry not.

NEYMAN.

PSALM 40. L. H. M.

Rev. J. S. Boyd.



2 He taught my mouth and lips to frame
New songs to magnify his name.
This many seeing, filled with fear,
Shall on the Lord rely;
Blest in their trust, they shun with care
The proud, and such as lie.

3 O Lord my God thy wonders wrought,
And thy kind thoughts exceed all thought;
No mind can their vast sum contain.
If them I would declare,
And speak of them, the task is vain,
So numberless they are.

4 Sin-offering thou hast not desired,
Burnt sacrifice hast not required.
O Lord, thou opened hast my ears;
I come, said I to thee.
Lo, this within thy book appears;
There it is said of me:

5 To do thy holy will aright,
O Lord my God is my delight;
Thy law within my heart doth reign,
Thy justice I have shown;
That I my lips did not refrain,
To thee, O Lord, is known.

6 I have not in my heart concealed,
But to the saints thy truth revealed;
The righteousness which thou hast wrought,
And faithfulness made known;
And thy salvation I have taught,
Thy love and truth have shown.

7 I for thy tender mercies cried,
O Lord, let them not be denied;
To me thy loving-kindness show,
Thy truth be still my stay.
Let them preserve me where I go,
And keep me every day.

8 Encompassed round with ills untold,
On me my sins have taken hold,
They're more than hairs upon my head,
And shame my face hath veiled.
Lord, save me, haste to give me aid,
My very heart hath failed.

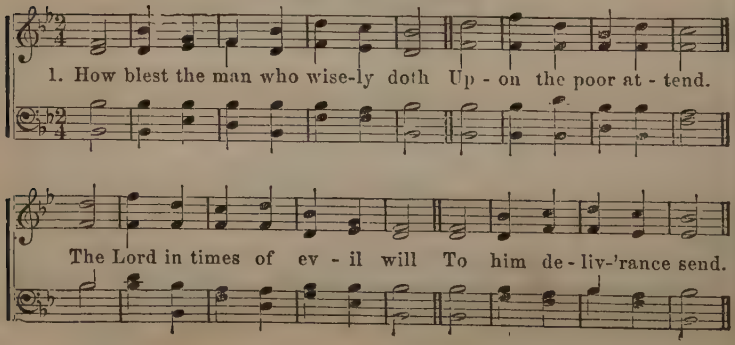
9 All those who seek my soul to kill,
Together let confusion fill.
Those who desire my hurt, O Lord,
Drive backward in their way;
Make desolate as their reward,
To me "aha" that say.

10 Let all who seek to see thy face
Be glad and joyful in thy grace;
Let those who thy salvation love
Continually proclaim,
"O praise the Lord who dwells above,
And magnify his name."

11 I'm poor and needy, yet the Lord
With kindest thoughts will me regard.
Thy helping grace thou wilt impart,
And keep me in the way,
Thou only my deliverer art,
My God, do not delay.

NEW YORK.

PSALM 41. C. M.



2 God will him keep, yea, save alive;
On earth he blest shall live;
And to his enemies' desire
Thou never wilt him give.

3 God will give strength when he on bed
Of languishing doth mourn;
And in his sickness sore, O Lord,
Thou all his bed wilt turn.

4 I said, O Lord, do thou extend
Thy mercy unto me;
And do thou heal my soul, because
I have offended thee.

5 Those that to me are enemies
Of me do evil say,
When shall he die, that so his name
May perish quite away?

6 To see me if he come, he speaks
Vain words, and in his heart
He gathers mischief, which he tells
When forth he doth depart.

7 My haters jointly whispering,
Against me ill devise.
Disease, say they, cleaves fast to him;
He lies, and shall not rise.

8 Yea, even my familiar friend,
On whom I did rely,
Who ate my bread, even he his heel
Against me lifted high.

9 But, Lord, be merciful to me,
And up again me raise,
That I may justly them requite
According to their ways.

10 By this I know that certainly
I favored am by thee,
Because my enemy no more
Doth triumph over me.

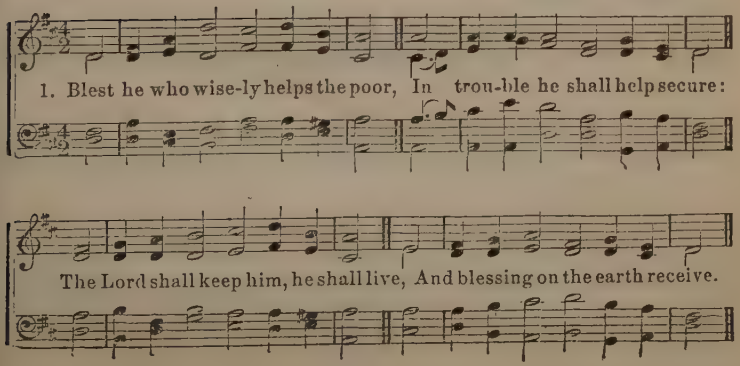
11 But in integrity thou hast
Upheld me by thy hand;
And me before thy countenance
Forever made to stand.

12 The Lord, the God of Israel,
Be blest forever then,
From age to age eternally,
Amen, yea, and amen.

WELLS.

PSALM 41. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



2 Thou wilt not give him to the will
Of foes that seek to do him ill.
When laid upon the bed of pain,
The Lord with strength will him sustain.

3 On him thou wilt compassion take,
And all his bed in sickness make.
I said, Lord, pity, heal thou me,
Because I have offended thee.

4 My foes speak ill of me, they say,
When shall he die? his name decay?
If seeing me, his speech is vain;
His heart hoards ills to tell again.

5 All those who hate me, whisper lies,
Against me hurtful things devise:
Now his disease, say they, is sore,
It binds him fast, he'll rise no more

6 Yea, ev'n my own familiar friend,
The man on whom I did depend,
Who ate my bread, pretending zeal,
Against me lifted up his heel.

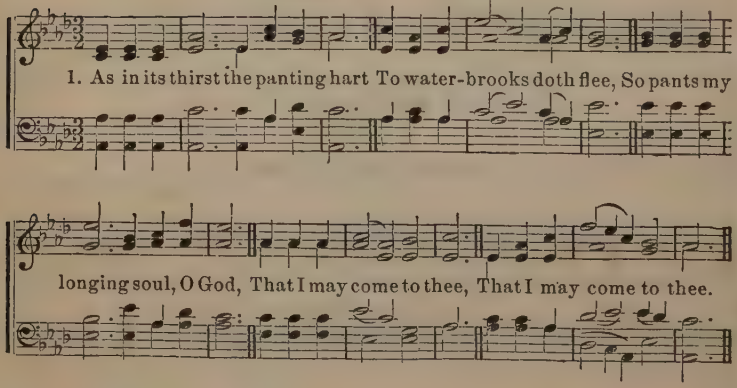
7 In mercy raise me up, O Lord,
To render foes a due reward.
By this I know thy love remains,
Because my foe no triumph gains.

8 Thou dost my steps direct aright,
And set me ever in thy sight.
Let Isr'el's God, Jehovah, then
Be ever blest. Amen, amen.

CHOPIN.

PSALM 42. C. M.

I. B. Woodbury. By per.



2 My soul for God, the living God,
Doth thirst; when shall I near
Before thy countenance approach,
And in God's sight appear?

My tears have unto me been meat,
Both in the night and day;
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they say.

4 My soul within me is poured out
When this I think upon;
Because that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone:

5 With them unto God's house I went
With voice of joy and praise;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
The solemn holy days.

6 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why in me so dismayed?
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet;
His presence is my aid.

7 My God, my soul's cast down in me;
I thee remember will
From Jordan's land, from Hermon's heights,
And even Mizar-hill.

8 In answer to thy water-spouts,
Deep unto deep doth call;
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
Yea, and thy billows all.

9 His loving-kindness yet the Lord
Command will in the day;
His song is with me in the night;
To God, my life, I'll pray.

10 I'll say to God my rock, O why
Dost thou forget me so?
Beneath oppression of my foes
Why do I mourning go?

11 'Tis as a sword within my bones,
When me my foes upbraid;
When it by them, Where is thy God?
Is daily to me said.

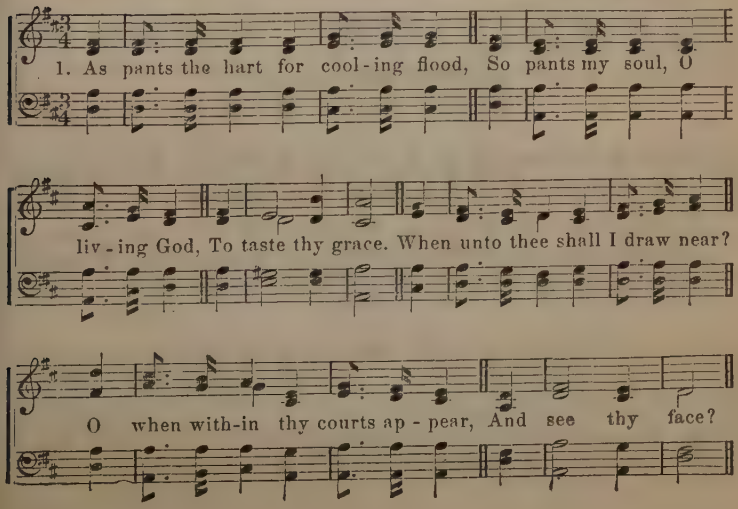
12 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why thus with grief oppressed,
Art thou disquieted in me?
In God still hope and rest;

13 For yet I know I shall him praise
Who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
Yea, my own God is he.

SNOWDEN.

PSALM 42. 8s & 4s.

R. B. Robertson.



2 Tears day and night have been my bread,
Whilst, "Where is now thy God?" is said
By foes to me.
I call these things to mind with grief.
My soul I then, to find relief,
Pour out to thee.

3 With numbers gathered from abroad
I went to seek the house of God
With joy and praise.
I ever joined with true delight
The multitude which kept aright
The holy days.

4 O thou my soul, why so depressed?
Why thus with vexing thoughts oppressed?
On God rely;
For I shall yet behold his face;
My God, who helps me by his grace,
I'll magnify.

5 My God, my soul's cast down, yet still
From Jordan, Hermon, Mizar-hill,
I'll think of thee.
Deep calls to deep with deafening roar,
Thy water-spouts and billows pour
Their floods on me.

6 God will command his love by day,
And I by night will sing and pray
To God my life.
To God my rock I'll make my plea,
O why hast thou forgotten me
Amidst this strife?

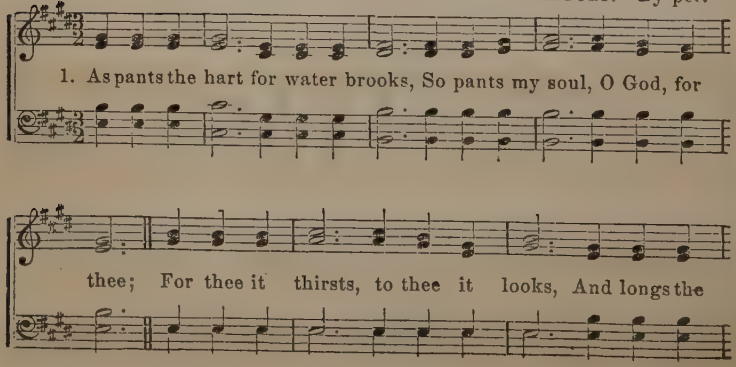
7 Why ever restless do I mourn,
Oppressed by foes whose words of scorn
Are spread abroad?
And daily their reproachful words
Have pierced my soul like cutting swords:
"Where is thy God?"

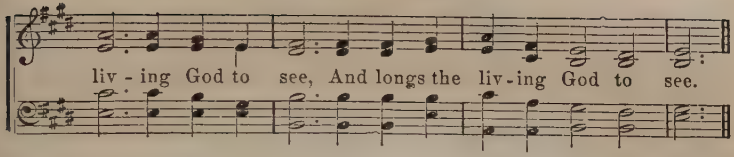
8 O thou my soul, why so depressed?
Why thus with vexing thoughts oppressed?
On God rely;
For I shall yet behold his face;
My God, who helps me by his grace,
I'll magnify.

BACA.

PSALM 42. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.





2 Far from thy sacred courts, my tears
Have been my food by night and day,
While constantly, with bitter sneers,
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.

3 These things I'll call to mind, and cry,
When I shall tread the sacred way
To Zion, praising God on high,
With throngs who keep the holy day.

4 O, why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol,
Whose face brings saving health to me.

5 My God, although dejected now,
I think of thee to check my fear,
From Jordan's land, from Hermon's brow,
And Mizar-hill, for thou art near.

6 Deep calls to deep in thunders loud,
Thy water-spouts repeat the call,
Whilst o'er me roll the billows proud,
And all thy waves upon me fall.

7 Yet shall the Lord command by day
His loving-kindness; and his song
By night be with me; and I'll pray
To him who doth my life prolong.

8 I cry to God, my rock and stay,
O why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning all the day
Oppressed by my fierce enemy?

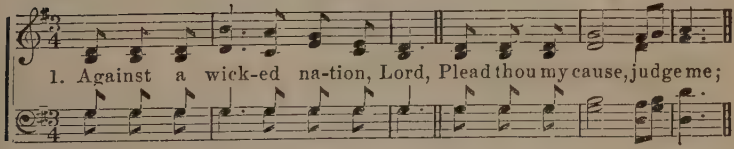
9 Keen as a sword within my bones
Are the reproaches which I hear;
Whilst every day, in scornful tones,
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers sneer.

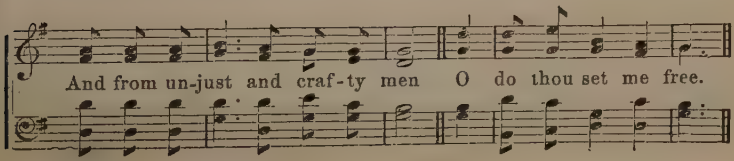
10 O, why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol,
Whose face brings saving help to me.

MENDOTA.

PSALM 43. C. M.

A. N. Johnson. By per.





2 O God my strength, why dost thou me
Cast off in my distress?
Why go I mourning all the day
While enemies oppress?

3 O send thy light forth, and thy truth,
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to thy holy hill,
Ev'n where thy dwellings be.

4 Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy:
Yea, God, my God, thy name to praise
My harp I will employ.

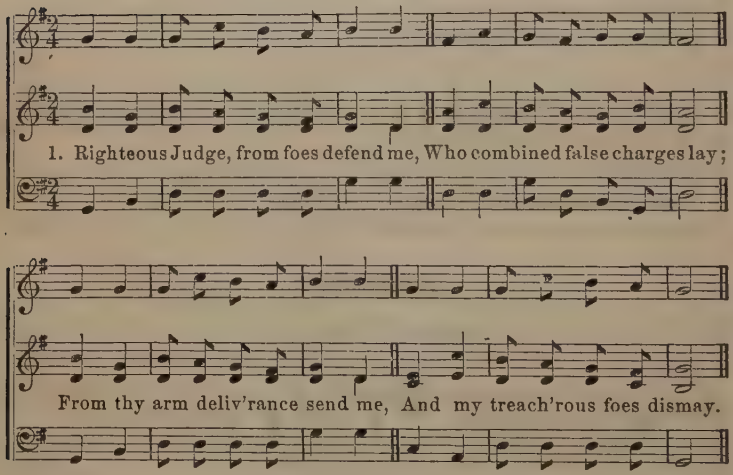
5 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

6 Still trust in God; for him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have:
He of my count'nance is the health,
My God that doth me save.

DUTTON.

PSALM 43. 8s & 7s.

M. O. By per.



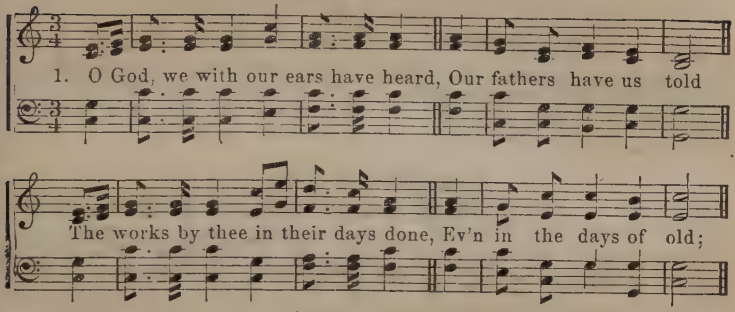
2 God my rock, my strength sustaining,
Why cast off my soul distressed?
Why am I in grief complaining,
By the power of foes oppressed?

3 Now thy light and truth forth sending,
Let them lead and guide me still,
Guide me to thy house ascending,
Lead me to thy holy hill.

4 There thine altar, Lord, surrounding,
God, my God, my boundless joy,
Harp and voice aloud resounding,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

5 Why my soul cast down and grieving?
Why within me such distress?
Hope in God, his help receiving,
God my life I yet shall bless.

PSALM 44. C. M.



2 How thy hand drove the heathen out,
To plant them in their land;
How thou the nations didst afflict,
And cast out by thy hand.

3 For neither got their sword the land,
Nor did their arm them save;
But thy right hand, arm, countenance:
Thy favor conquest gave.

4 Thou art my King; for Jacob, Lord,
Deliv'rances command.
Through thee we shall push down our foes,
That do against us stand.

5 We through thy name shall tread down those
That ris'n against us have:
For in my bow I will not trust,
Nor shall my sword me save.

6 But from our foes thou hast us saved,
Our haters put to shame:
In God we all the day do boast,
And ever praise thy name.

7 But thou, O Lord, hast cast us off,
Thou hast us put to shame;
And when our armies do go forth,
Thou goest not with them.

8 Thou mak'st us from the enemy,
Faint-hearted to turn back;
And they who hate us, for themselves,
Our spoils away do take.

9 Like sheep for meat thou gavest us;
'Midst heathen cast are we.
Thou didst for naught thy people sell;
Their price enriched not thee.

10 Thou makest us a vile reproach
To all our neighbors near;
Derision and a scorn to them
That round about us are.

11 A by-word also thou dost us
Among the heathen make;
The people in contempt and spite
At us their heads do shake.

12 Before me my confusion great
Abides continually;
And of my bashful countenance
The shame doth cover me;

13 For voice of him that doth reproach,
And utter blasphemy;
By reason of th' avenging foe,
And cruel enemy.

14 All this is come on us; yet we
Have not forgotten thee;
Nor falsely in thy covenant
Behaved ourselves have we.

15 Back from thy way our heart turned not;
Our steps no straying made;
Though crushed by thee in dragons' place,
And covered with death's shade.

16 If we God's name forgot, or stretched
To some strange god our hands;
Shall God not search this out? For he
Heart's secrets understands.

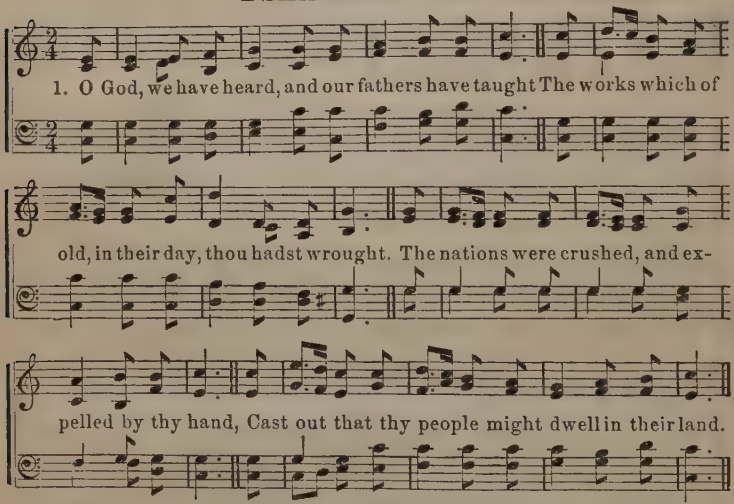
17 Yea, for thy sake we're killed all day;
And deemed as slaughter-sheep.
Rise, Lord, cast us not ever off;
Awake, why dost thou sleep?

18 O wherefore dost thou hide thy face?
Forget our cause distressed,
And our oppression? For our soul
Down to the dust is pressed:

19 Our bodies also on the earth,
Fast cleaving, hold do take.
Rise for our help, and us redeem,
Even for thy mercy's sake.

ASCENSION.

PSALM 44. 11s. R. B. ROBERTSON.



2 They gained not the land by the edge of the sword,
Their own arm to them could no safety afford;
But by thy right hand, and the light of thy face,
The strength of thy arm, and because of thy grace.

3 To Jacob, O God, thou my Saviour and King.
Command, and thy word shall deliverance bring.
We through thy assistance will push down our foes;
In thy name we'll trample on all that oppose.

4 No trust will I place in my bow to defend,
Nor yet on my sword for my safety depend,
In God who has saved us, and put them to shame,
We boast all the day, ever praising his name.

5 But now we're cast off, and with shame are brought low;
No more to the field with our troops dost thou go.
From foes thou hast made us turn back with dismay,
And those who have hated us seize on the prey.

6 Like sheep to the slaughter, for meat we are given,
And widely dispersed 'midst the heathen are driven.
Thy people thou sellest for naught, and in vain,
Their price has returned thee no increase of gain.

7 Our name have our neighbors reproached in their pride,
They cease not around us to scoff and deride.
A bye-word and proverb 'midst heathen we're made;
Against us the people in scorn shake their head.

8 Before me I constantly see my disgrace,
And shame and confusion have covered my face;
For foes in revilings and slanders delight,
Their hearts full of hate and revengeful despite.

9 Though all these sore evils have been our sad lot,
Our God and his cov'nant we have not forgot.
Our heart turned not back, our feet have not strayed,
Though broken 'midst dragons, and clothed with death's shade.

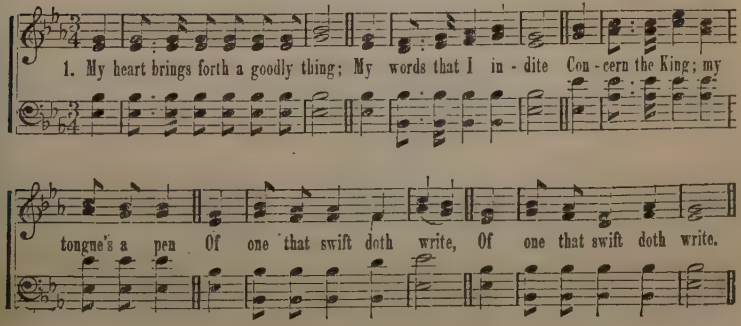
10 If we have forgotten the name of our God,
Or unto some idol our hands spread abroad,
Shall not the Almighty, who sees all within,
And knows the heart's secrets, discover this sin?

11 Yea, all the day long for thy sake we're consumed;
Like sheep for the slaughter to death we are doomed.
Awake, O Jehovah, and sleep thou no more;
Arise for our help, cast not off evermore.

12 O why hast thou hidden the light of thy face,
Forgetting how enemies grieve and oppress?
Our soul's crushed to earth, and we cleave to its dust,
Rise, help, and redeem us, thy mercy we trust.

HARON.

PSALM 45. C. M. CLOVA.



2 Thou fairer art than sons of men,
And in thy lips is store
Of grace infused; God therefore thee
Hath blest for evermore.

3 O thou that art the mighty One,
Thy sword gird on thy thigh;
Even with thy glory excellent,
And with thy majesty.

4 For meekness, truth, and righteousness,
In state ride prosperously;
And thy right hand shall thee instruct
In things that fearful be.

5 Thy arrows sharp do pierce the hearts
Of those who hate the King;
And under thy subjection they
The people down do bring.

6 Forever and forever is,
O God, thy throne of might;
The sceptre of thy kingdom is
A sceptre that is right.

7 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill;
For God, thy God Most High,
Above thy fellows hath with oil
Of joy anointed thee.

8 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,
A smell thy garments had,
From palaces of ivory,
Whereby they made thee glad.

9 Among thy women dear to thee,
Kings' daughters were at hand:
Upon thy right hand did the queen
In gold of Ophir stand.

10 O daughter, hearken and regard,
And do thy ear incline;
Do thou forget thy father's house,
And people that are thine.

11 And then the King thy beauty shall
Desire most fervently;
Because he is thy Lord, do thou
Him worship reverently.

12 The daughter there of Tyre shall be
With gifts and off'rings great;
The rich among the people then
Thy favor shall entreat.

13 Behold, the daughter of the King
All glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
Her garments wrought have been.

14 She shall be brought before the King
In robes with needle wrought;
Her fellow-virgins following
Shall unto thee be brought.

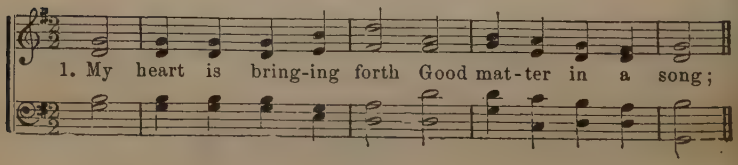
15 With gladness and rejoicings great
Thou all of them wilt bring;
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.

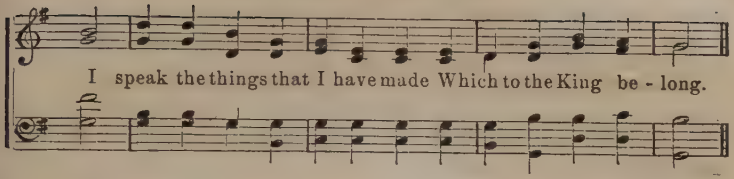
16 Instead of those thy fathers dear,
Thy children thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.

17 Thy name remembered I will make
Through ages all to be;
The people therefore evermore
Shall praises give to thee.

UNION HILL.

PSALM 45. S. M.





2 My tongue shall be as quick,
His honor to indite,
As is the pen of any scribe
That useth fast to write.

3 More fair than sons of men;
Grace in thy lips doth flow:
And therefore blessings evermore
On thee doth God bestow.

4 Thy sword gird on thy thigh,
Thou that art great in might:
Appear in dreadful majesty,
And in thy glory bright.

5 For meekness, truth, and right,
Ride prosperously in state;
And thy right hand shall teach to thee
Things terrible and great.

6 Thy shafts shall pierce the hearts
Of those that hate the King;
And under thy dominion thou
The people down shalt bring.

7 Thy royal seat, O Lord,
Forever shall remain;
The sceptre of thy kingdom doth
All righteousness maintain.

8 Thou lovest right, but ill
Dost hate, for on thy head
Above thy fellows God, thy God,
The oil of joy hath shed.

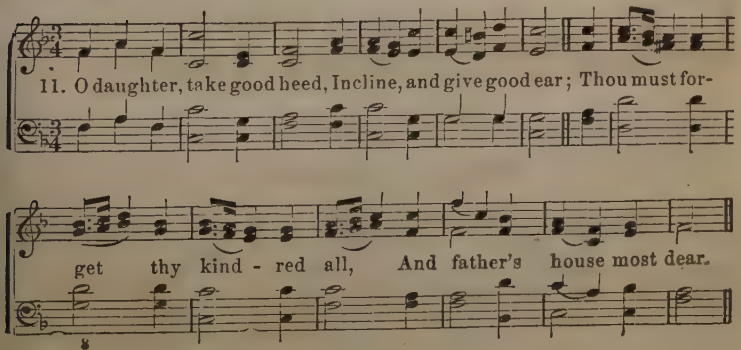
9 Of myrrh, and spices sweet
A smell thy garments had,
From palaces of ivory,
Whereby they made thee glad

10 And in thy glorious train
Kings' daughters waiting stand;
And thy fair queen in Ophir gold
Doth stand at thy right hand.

GERAR.

PSALM 45, v. 11. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



12 Thy beauty to the King
Shall then delightful be:
And do thou humbly worship him,
Because thy Lord is he.

13 The daughter then of Tyre
There with a gift shall be,
And all the wealthy of the land
Shall make their suit to thee.

14 The daughter of the King
All glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
Her garments wrought have been.

15 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto thee be brought.

16 With gladness and with joy
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.

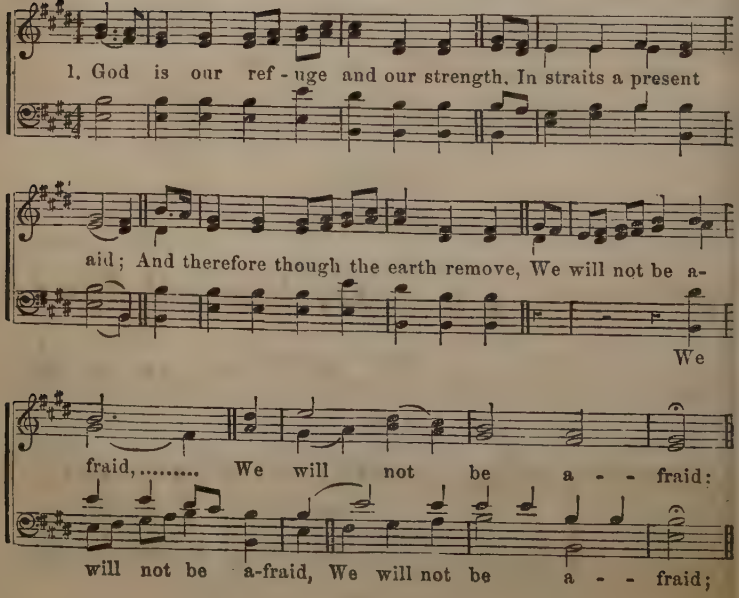
17 And in thy fathers' stead,
Thy children thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.

18 I will show forth thy name
To generations all:
The people therefore evermore
To thee give praises shall.

CROYDON.

PSALM 46. C. M.

Theme from BEETHOVEN.



2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea, though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.

3 A river is whose streams make glad
The city of our God;
The holy place wherein the Lord
Most High hath his abode.

4 God in the midst of her doth dwell,
And nothing shall her move;
God also very early will
To her a helper prove.

5 The heathen raged in tumult great,
And moved the kingdoms were;
The Lord Most High sent forth his voice,
The earth did melt for fear.

6 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
Is ever on our side;
The God of Jacob evermore
Our refuge will abide.

7 O come, behold what wondrous works
Have by the Lord been wrought;
Come, see what desolations he
Upon the earth hath brought.

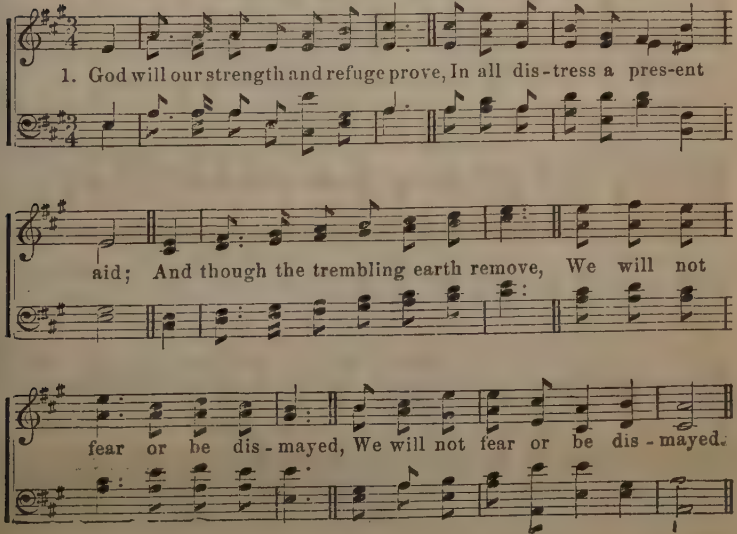
8 And to the ends of all the earth
Wars into peace he turns:
The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
In fire the chariot burns.

9 Be still, and know that I am God;
Among the heathen I
Will be exalted; I on earth
Will be exalted high.

10 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
Is ever on our side;
The God of Jacob evermore
Our refuge will abide.

SOTO.

PSALM 46. L. M.



2 Though hills be cast amid the sea,
And angry billows 'round them break,
Though waters roar and troubled be,
And mountains, with their swelling, shake.

3 A river flows, whose living streams
Make glad the city of our God,
The tents where heavenly glory beams,
Where God Most High hath his abode.

4 God has in her his dwelling made,
And she shall never more be moved;
Her God shall early give her aid,
As he her help hath ever proved.

5 The kingdoms moved, the heathen raged,
He spake, earth melted at his word;
The Lord of hosts for us engaged,
Our refuge high is Jacob's Lord.

6 Come, see the works of God displayed,
The wonders of his mighty hand;
What desolations he hath made,
What ruin spread through all the land.

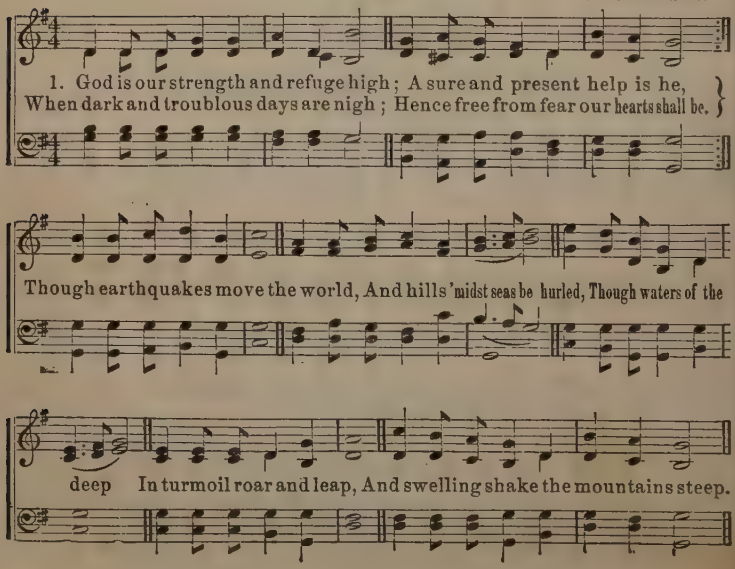
7 From earth the scourge of war he takes,
The deadly strife to peace he turns,
The spear he cuts, the bow he breaks,
And in the fire the chariot burns.

8 Be still; know I am God Most High,
O'er earth, o'er heathen I will reign.
The Lord of hosts to us is nigh,
Our shield shall Jacob's God remain.

WARNER.

PSALM 46. 8s 6s & 8s.

R. B. Robertson.



2 A river flows, whose waters clear
The city of our God make glad,
The holy tabernacles, where
The Highest One his dwelling made.
In midst of her hath God
Established his abode;
No trouble can her move,
For God her help will prove,
When morning light dawns from above.

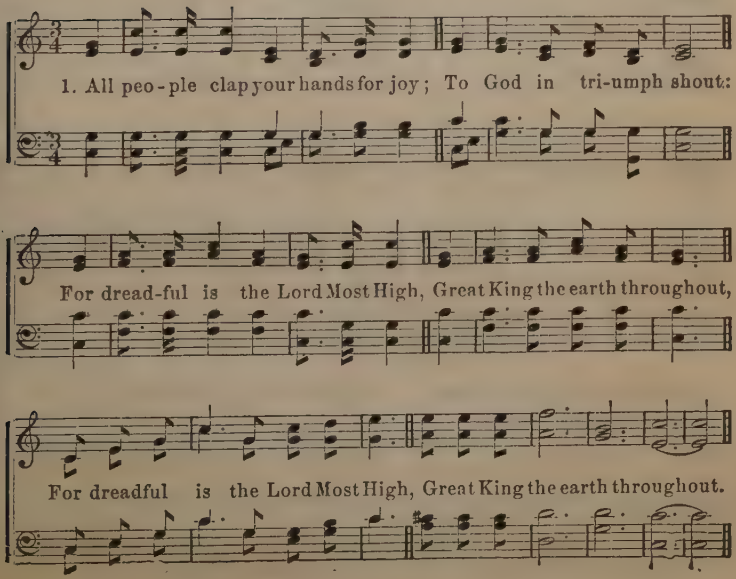
3 The nations rage, the kingdoms shake,
His voice goes forth, earth melts away.
The Lord of hosts our part doth take,
And Jacob's God is shield and stay.
Come, then, let all draw near,
And view with holy fear
The works surpassing thought
Jehovah's arm hath wrought,
What ruins he on earth hath brought.

4 To earth's remotest bounds he turns
Wars into peace: He breaks the bow;
He cuts the spear, the chariot burns.
That I am God, be still and know;
Among the heathen I
Will be exalted high;
On earth supreme. The Lord
Of hosts doth aid afford,
And Jacob's God is shield and sword.

ZERAH.

PSALM 47. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 The heathen people under us
He surely shall subdue;
The nations he shall also make
Beneath our feet to bow.

3 And he for us a heritage
Will carefully select,
And give to us: the excellence
Of Jacob his elect.

4 God is with shouts gone up, the Lord
With trumpets sounding high.
Sing praise to God, sing praise, sing praise.
Praise to our King sing ye.

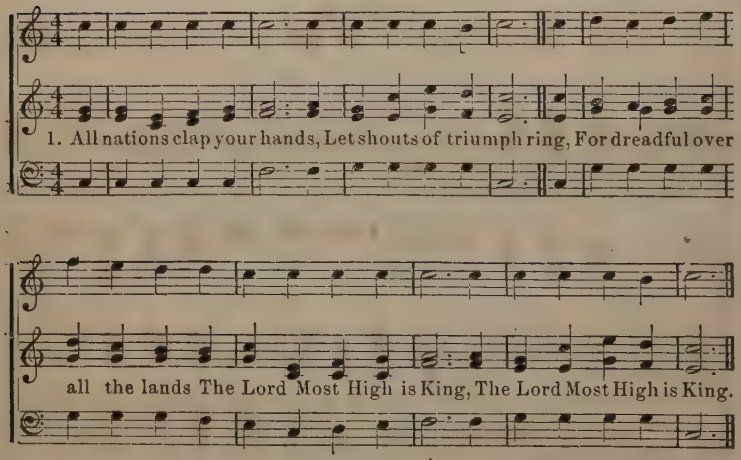
5 For God is King of all the earth,
With knowledge praise express.
God rules the nations; God sits on
His throne of holiness.

6 The people's princes gathered are,
With Abr'am's people met.
Because earth's shields to God belong;
In glory he is great.

CONVERSE.

PSALM 47. S. M.

ANTON GERSBACH.



2 He'll quell the people's rage,
And nations will destroy;
For us will choose our heritage,
His chosen Jacob's joy.

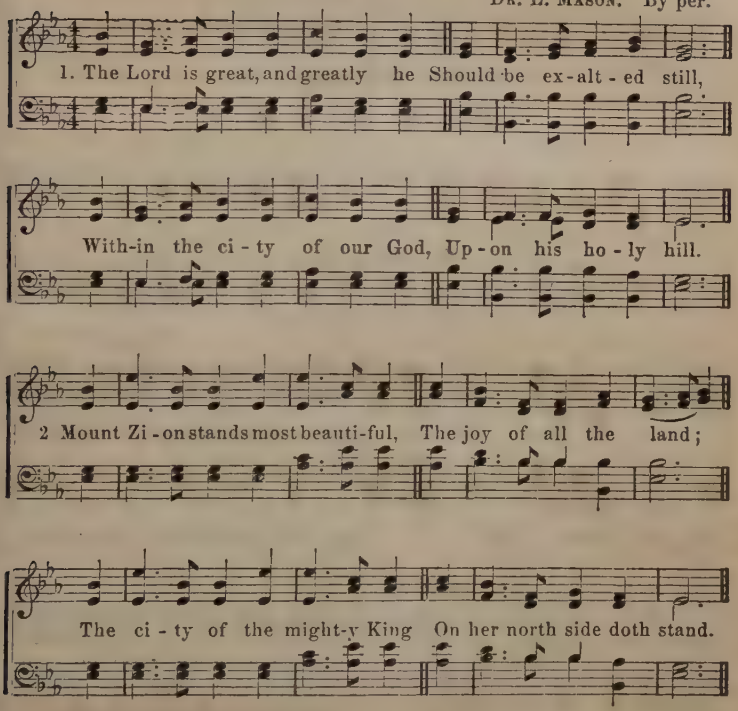
3 With shouts ascends our King,
With trumpets' stirring call;
Praise, praise ye God, his praises sing,
For God is Lord of all.

4 O sing in joyful strains,
In songs his truth make known;
God over all the nations reigns,
High on his holy throne.

5 The heirs of gentile thrones
With Abr'am's children meet.
The shields of earth Jehovah owns;
Exalted is his seat.

PSALM 48. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason. By per.



3 The Lord within her palaces
Is for a refuge known.
For, lo, the kings that gathered were
Together, by have gone.

4 When they beheld it, all amazed,
They fled in great dismay;
And, being troubled at the sight,
They thence did haste away.

5 There seized with fear, they were as one
Whom travail-pains o'ertake.
Thou with a mighty eastern wind
Dost ships of Tarshish break.

6 In our God's city we have seen
What we had heard before,
The city by the Lord of hosts
Established evermore.

7 We of thy loving-kindness thought,
Lord, in thy holy place.
O God, according to thy name
Through all the earth's thy praise.

8 Thy right hand's full of righteousness:
Make Judah's daughters glad.
Let Zion Mount rejoice because
Thy judgments are displayed.

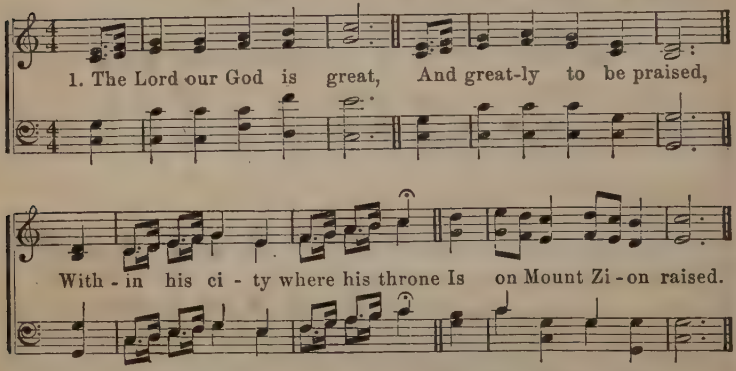
9 Encompass Zion, and go round,
Her lofty towers tell;
Consider ye her palaces,
And mark her bulwarks well;

10 That ye may tell posterity.
For this God doth abide
Our God forevermore; he will
Even unto death us guide.

ROMULUS.

PSALM 48. S. M.

A. N. Johnson. By per.



2 The joy of all the earth,
The walls of Zion rise
Most beautiful, and on the north
The great King's city lies.

3 God in her palaces
Is known a refuge high;
For, lo, assembled kings drew near,
But quickly hasted by.

4 They saw, they were amazed,
And seized with sudden dread,
With anguish like sore travail pains,
They turned their backs and fled.

5 By thee the Tarshish ships
On stormy seas are tossed,
And broken by an Eastern wind
Are with their treasures lost.

6 Such things our eyes have seen,
As we had heard before,
In our God's city, which he will
Establish evermore.

7 Within thy temple, Lord,
In that most holy place,
We on thy loving-kindness thought,
And wonders of thy grace.

8 According to thy name
Through all the earth's thy praise;
And every work of thy right hand
Thy righteousness displays.

9 Let Zion now rejoice,
And Judah's daughters sing;
Let them with joyfulness proclaim
The judgments of their King.

10 About Mount Zion walk,
Survey her walls with care,
And look upon her lofty towers;
See what their numbers are.

11 Observe her palaces,
And mark her ramparts well,
That so what you have seen you may
To future ages tell.

12 Because this God, our God,
Forever will abide;
And till life's journey close in death
Will be our faithful guide.

PSALM 48. H. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Within thy tem-ple, Lord, We on thy mercies dwell;
As is thy name a - dored, So let thy praise ex-cel: } Thy praises sound through every land,

And right thy scep - tre shall command, And right thy scep - tre shall com - mand.

2 Let Zion Mount rejoice,
Let Judah's daughters praise
The Lord with cheerful voice,
For judgment he displays;
Go round the walls on Zion's Mount,
Go round her splendors to recount.

3 The towers of Zion tell,
Her palaces survey,
Mark all her bulwarks well,
And to your children say:
This God forever shall abide,
Ev'n unto death our God and guide.

THORNTON.

PSALM 49. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

Fine.

1. Hear this, all peo-ple, and give ear, All in the world that dwell;
Both low and high, both rich and poor: My mouth shall wisdom tell. }
D. C. To par - a - bles, and on the harp My say - ings dark de-clare.

D. C.

2. My heart shall knowledge me-di - tate: I will in-cline my ear

3 Amidst those days that evil are,
Why should I, fearing, doubt?
When enemies supplanting me
Shall compass me about.

4 Whoe'er they be whose confidence
Upon their wealth is placed,
And who do boast themselves because
Their riches are increased:

5 Yet none of these his brother can
Redeem by any way;
Nor can he unto God for him
Sufficient ransom pay,

6 (Their soul's redemption precious is,
And it can never be,)
That still he should forever live,
And not corruption see.

7 Because he sees that wise men die,
The fools, the brutish, too,
They all shall perish, and their wealth
Must then to others go.

8 Their inward thought is, that their house
And dwelling-places shall
Continue evermore; their lands
By their own names they call.

9 But yet in honor shall not man
Abide continually,
But passing hence may therefore be
Compared to beasts that die.

10 Thus brutish folly plainly is
Their wisdom and their way;
Yet their posterity approve
What they do fondly say.

11 Like sheep they in the grave are laid
And death shall them devour;
And in the morning upright men
Shall over them have power.

12 Their beauty from their dwelling shall
Consume within the grave;
But from hell's hand God will me free,
For he shall me receive.

13 Be not afraid when one advanced
In riches thou dost see;
Nor when his house in glory is
Increased exceedingly.

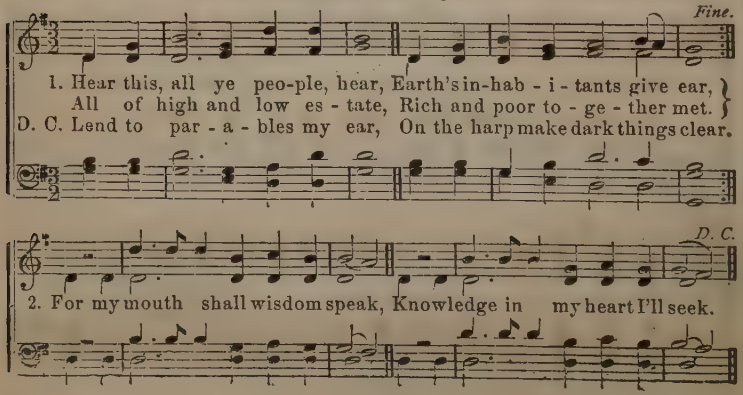
14 For he shall carry nothing hence
When death his days shall end;
Nor shall his glory after him
Into the grave descend.

15 For though his soul he fondly bless
While he on earth doth live;
(And when thou to thyself dost well,
Men will thee praises give;)

16 He to his fathers' race shall go,
They never shall see light.
Man honored wanting knowledge is
Like beasts that perish quite.

ELTHAM.

PSALM 49. 7s. DR. L. MASON.



3 Why should I to fear give way
When I see the evil day:
When my wicked artful foes—
Vile supplanters round me close.

4 They that trust in treasured gold,
They that boast of wealth untold,
None can bid his brother live,
None to God a ransom give.

5 Soul-redemption precious is,
And the hope must ever cease
That forever live shall he,
And corruption never see.

6 For he sees that wise men die,
Brutish fools in death must lie;
Then their riches' hoarded heap,
Other hands in turn shall keep.

7 Secret hopes engage their heart,
That their house shall ne'er depart;
That their lordly dwelling-place
Shall remain from race to race.

8 To their lands they give their name,
In the hope of lasting fame;
But man's pomp shall not abide;
He shall die as beasts have died.

9 Folly thus marks out their way,
Yet their seed laud what they say:
In the grave like sheep they're laid,
Death shall there upon them feed.

10 O'er them soon shall rule the just,
And their strength shall turn to dust;
But my soul shall God redeem
From the grave to dwell with him.

11 Fear not when one's wealth is great,
When his house gains high estate;
Death shall all his glory end,
Naught shall after him descend.

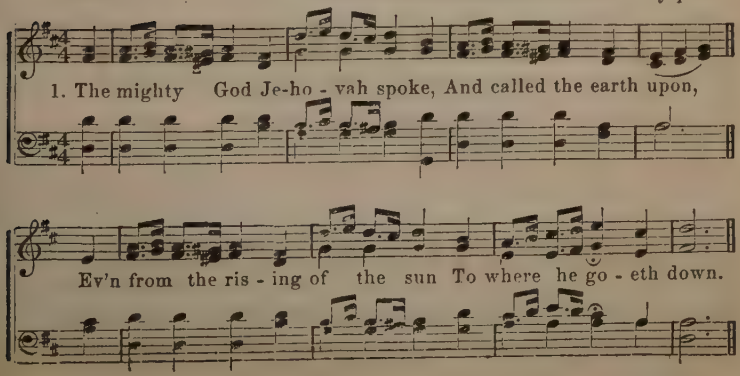
12 Though in life his soul be blessed
As of all he wished, possessed
(And the world thy praise will tell,
When to self thou hast done well);

13 With his fathers he shall lie,
Where no light shall meet his eye.
Man in honor when not wise,
Like the beast both lives and dies.

RIVER BANK.

PSALM 50. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Where beauty in perfection shines,
And crowns the hill of God,
Ev'n Zion hill, from thence the Lord
In glory shone abroad.

3 Our God shall come, nor silence keep,
Jehovah shall speak out:
Before him fire shall waste, great storms
Shall compass him about.

4 He to the heavens from above,
And to the earth below
Shall call that he his judgment may
Before his people show.

5 Now unto me let all my saints
Together gathered be,
Those that by sacrifice have made
A covenant with me.

6 And then the heavens shall declare
His righteousness abroad;
Because the Lord himself doth come
None else is judge but God.

7 Hear, O my people, and I'll speak;
O Israel by name,
Against thee I will testify;
For God, thy God, I am.

8 Because of sacrifices, I
Reprove thee never will
Nor for burnt-off'rings which have been
Before me offered still.

9 I'll take no bullock nor he-goats
From house nor folds of thine,
For beasts of forests, cattle all
On thousand hills, are mine.

10 The fowls are all to me well known
That mountains high do yield;
I also claim as all my own
The wild beasts of the field.

11 If I were hungry, I would not
To thee for need complain;
For earth, and all its fulness, doth
To me of right pertain.

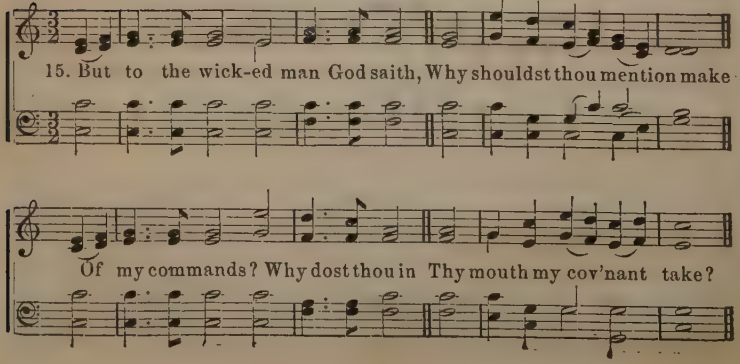
12 That I to eat the flesh of bulls
Take pleasure dost thou think?
Or that, to quench my thirst, I need
The blood of goats to drink?

13 Nay, rather unto me thy God,
Thanksgiving offer thou;
To him who is the Lord Most High,
Pay faithfully thy vow.

14 And when the day of trouble comes,
Thou unto me shalt cry;
I will deliver thee, and thou
My name shalt glorify.

HEBER.

PSALM 50, v. 15. ***C. M.*** GEO. KINGSLEY.



16 Since thou instruction in thy way
Perversely hated hast,
And since my words behind thy back
Thou with contempt dost cast.

17 When thou didst see a thief, with him
Thou didst consent in sin,
And with the vile adulterers,
Partaker thou hast been.

18 Thy mouth to evil thou dost give,
Thy tongue deceit doth frame.
Thou sitst thy brother to revile,
Thy mother's son to shame.

19 These things thou wickedly hast done,
And I have silent been;
Thou thoughtst that I was like thyself,
And did approve thy sin.

20 But I will sharply thee reprove
For this thy evil way,
And all thy wicked deeds I will
Before thy face array.

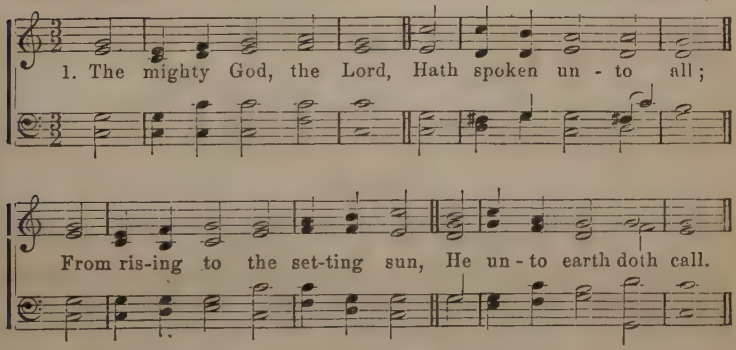
21 Consider this, and be afraid,
Ye that forget the Lord,
Lest I in pieces tear you all,
When none can help afford.

22 He glorifies my name who brings
The sacrifice of praise;
I'll God's salvation show to him
Who orders right his ways.

BOYLSTON.

PSALM 50. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 From Zion, his own hill,
Where perfect beauty dwells,
Jehovah hath his glory shown
In brightness that excels.

3 Our God shall surely come,
Keep silence shall not he:
Before him fire shall waste, great storms
Shall round about him be.

4 Then to the heavens high
He from above shall call,
And likewise to the earth that he
May judge his people all.

5 Together let my saints
Be gathered unto me,
Those that by sacrifice have made
A covenant with me.

6 The heavens then shall show
His righteousness abroad;
Because the Lord himself is judge;
Yea, none is judge but God.

7 O ye my people, hear,
I'll speak and testify
Against thee, O thou Israel,
For God, thy God am I.

8 For sacrifices I
No blame will on thee lay,
Nor for burnt-off'rings which to me
Are offered every day.

9 I'll take no calf nor goats
From house or fold of thine;
For beasts of forests, cattle all
On thousand hills are mine.

10 The fowls on mountains high
Are all to me well known;
Wild beasts which in the fields do lie,
Even they are all my own.

11 Then, if I hungry were,
I would not tell it thee;
Because the world with fulness stored
Belongs alone to me.

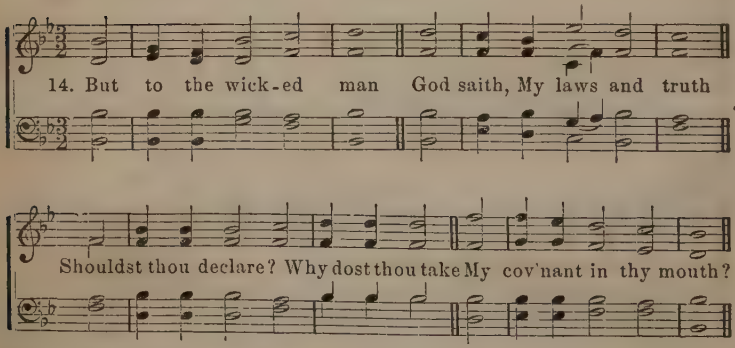
12 Will I eat flesh of bulls?
Or goats' blood drink will I?
Thanksgiving offer thou, and pay
Thy vows to God Most High.

13 And call upon me when
In trouble thou shalt be;
I will deliver thee, and thou
My name shalt glorify.

LISBON.

PSALM 50, v. 14. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



15 Since good instruction thou
Perversely hated hast;
And since my words behind thy back
Thou with contempt dost cast.

16 Thou gavest thy consent
When thou a thief hast seen;
And with the vile adulterers
Partaker thou hast been.

17 Thy mouth to ill is given,
Thy tongue deceit doth frame;
Thou sitst thy brother to revile,
Thy mother's son to shame.

18 Because I silence kept,
While thou these things hast wrought
That I was wholly like thyself
Has been thy impious thought.

19 Yet I will thee reprove
For this thy evil way,
And all thy wicked deeds I will
Before thy face array.

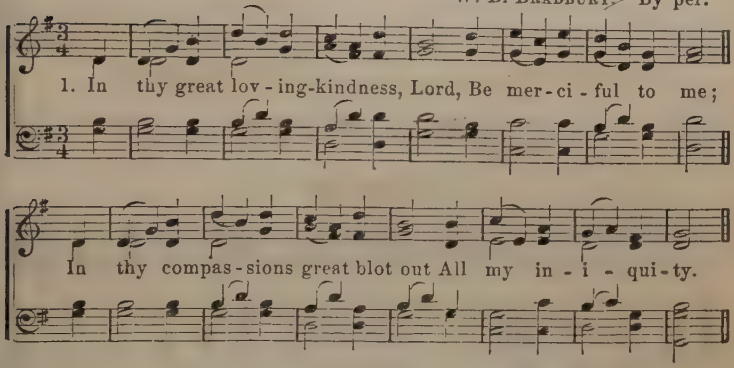
20 Now ye that God forget,
Consider this with care,
Lest I, when there is none to save,
Do you in pieces tear.

21 He honors me who brings
The sacrifice of praise,
I'll God's salvation show to him
Who orders right his ways.

PEORIA.

PSALM 51. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. By per.



2 O wash me thoroughly from sin;
From all my guilt me cleanse:
For my transgressions I confess;
I ever see my sins.

3 'Gainst thee, thee only have I sinned,
Done evil in thy sight,
That when thou speak'st thou mayst be just,
And in thy judging right.

4 Behold, I in iniquity
My being first received;
And with a nature all corrupt
My mother me conceived.

5 Behold, thou in the inward parts
With truth delighted art;
And wisdom thou shalt make me know
Within the hidden part.

6 Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
And clean I then shall be;
I shall be whiter than the snow
When I am washed by thee.

7 Of gladness and of joyfulness
Make me to hear the voice,
That so these very bones which thou
Hast broken may rejoice.

8 All my iniquities blot out,
My sin hide from thy view.
Create a clean heart, Lord, in me
A spirit right renew.

9 And from thy gracious presence, Lord,
O cast me not away;
Thy Holy Spirit utterly
Take not from me, I pray.

10 The joy which thy salvation brings
Again to me restore;
With thy free Spirit, O do thou
Uphold me evermore.

11 Then in thy ways will I instruct
Those that transgressors be,
And those that sinners are shall then
Return again to thee.

12 O God, of my salvation God,
Free me from guilt of blood;
Then of thy righteousness, O Lord,
My tongue shall sing aloud.

13 Lord, open thou my lips again,
Long closed by sin and shame;
And then thy praises with my mouth
I'll openly proclaim.

14 No sacrifice dost thou desire,
Else would I give it thee;
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering
At all delighted be.

15 A broken spirit is to God
A pleasing sacrifice;
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not despise.

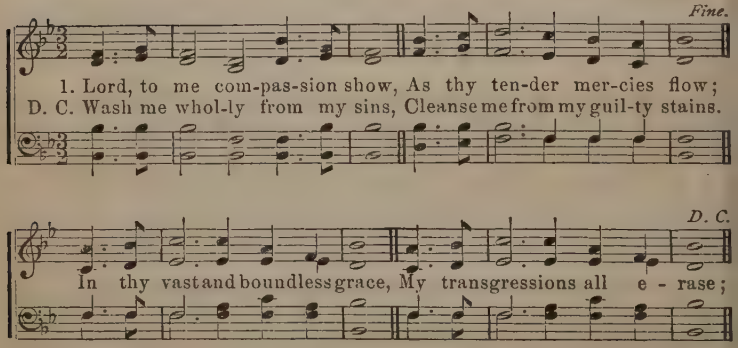
16 Show kindness, and do good, O Lord
To Zion, thy own hill;
The walls of thy Jerusalem
Build up of thy good will.

17 Then righteous off'rings shall thee please,
And off'rings burnt which they,
With whole burnt-off'rings, and with calves,
Shall on thy altar lay.

ROCK OF AGES.

PSALM 51. 7s.

DR. HASTINGS.



2 For my great transgression lies
Ever present to my eyes;
I have sinned 'gainst thee alone,
In thy sight this evil done;
That thy judgment may be clear,
And thy speaking just appear.

3 Lo, conceived was I in sin,
Born unholy and unclean;
Yet thou dost desire to find
Truth sincere within the mind,
And thou wilt within my heart
Wisdom unto me impart.

4 Wash from every guilty stain,
Cleanse with hyssop, make me clean;
Then from all pollution free,
Whiter than the snow I'll be.
Let me hear joy's cheering tones,
Making glad these broken bones.

5 From my sins hide thou thy face,
Blot them out in thy rich grace;
Free my heart, O God, from sin,
Spirit right renew within.
Cast me not away from thee,
Nor thy Spirit take from me.

6 Give salvation's joy again,
Let thy Spirit me sustain,
Then shall sinners, taught by me,
Learn thy ways and turn to thee.
Free me from the guilt of blood,
God, of my salvation God.

7 Freed from guilt, my tongue shall raise
Songs thy righteousness to praise;
Open thou my lips, O Lord,
Then my mouth shall praise accord;
Sacrifice thou wilt not take,
Else would I the off'ring make.

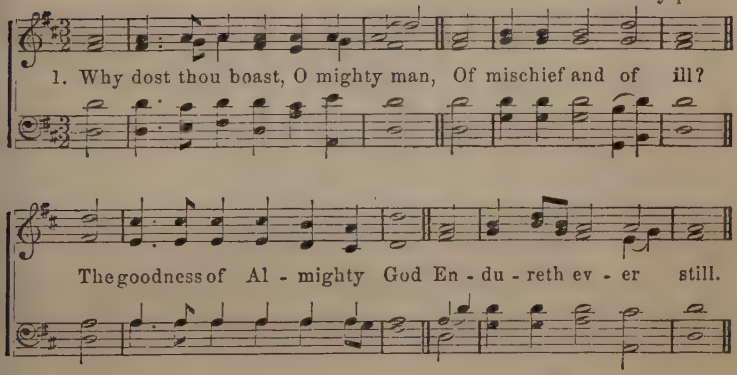
8 Sacrifice, or burnt-off'ring,
Can to thee no pleasure bring;
But a spirit crushed for sin,
Contrite, broken heart within,
Thine accepted sacrifice,
Thou, O God, wilt not despise.

9 Zion favor in thy grace,
Yea, Jerus'lem's ramparts raise;
Then shall sacrifices right,
Whole burnt-off'rings thee delight;
So shall men, their vows to pay,
Victims on thine altar lay.

MASON'S CHANT.

PSALM 52. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Thy tongue doth slanders mischievous
Devise most cunningly,
Like to a razor sharp to cut,
It works deceitfully.

3 Ill more than good, and more than truth
Thou lovest speaking wrong:
Thou lovest all-devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue.

4 So God shall thee destroy for aye,
Remove thee, pluck thee out
Quite from thy house, and from the land
Of life he shall thee root.

5 The righteous shall it see, and fear,
And laugh at him they shall:
Lo, this the man is that did not
Make God his strength at all.

6 But he in his abundant wealth
His confidence did place;
He also to himself took strength
From his own wickedness.

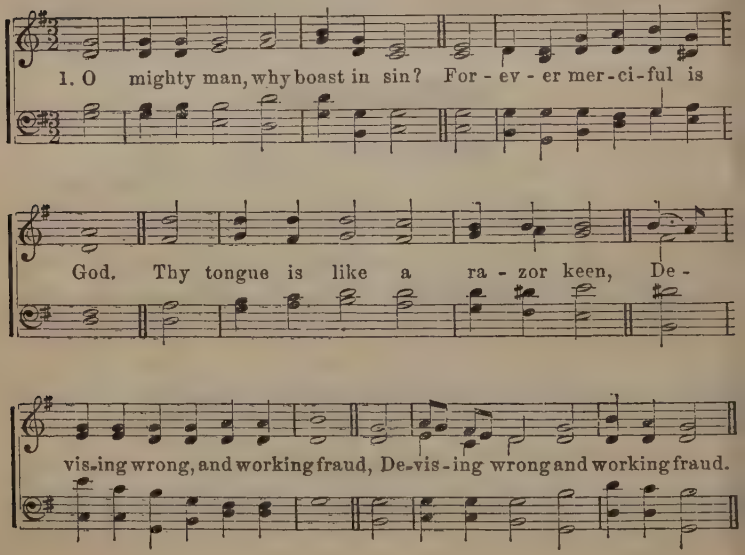
7 But I within the house of God
Am like an olive green;
My confidence forever hath
Upon God's mercy been.

8 And I forever will thee praise,
Because thou hast done this;
I on thy name will wait, for good
Before thy saints it is.

ROLLAND.

PSALM 52. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Yea, more than good thou lovest wrong,
Lies more than truth thy lips employ;
O thou deceitful, lying tongue,
Thou lovest words that life destroy.

3 So God shall thee destroy for aye,
And pluck thee from thy dwelling place;
The Lord shall thee remove away,
And from the earth thy name erase.

4 The godly see his ruined state,
And fearing, they shall laugh and say,
Behold the man of boasting great,
Who would not make the Lord his stay;

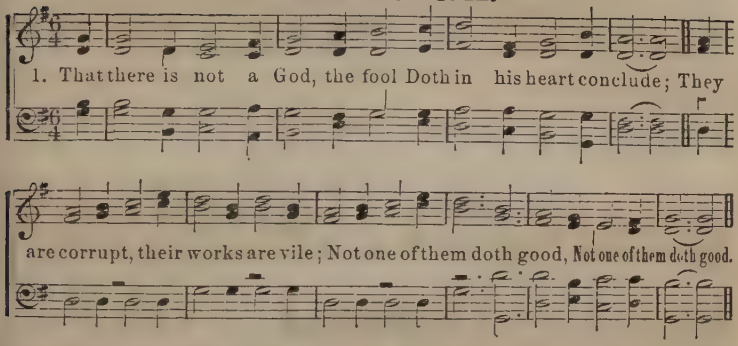
5 But placed his confidence in gold,
And wealth increased to ample store;
In wickedness he grew more bold,
In sin increased yet more and more.

6 But I within God's holy place
Am like a fruitful olive tree;
My trust on God's abundant grace
Shall ever and forever be.

7 Thy praise I ever will proclaim,
Because, O Lord, thou hast done this;
And I will wait upon thy name,
For good before thy saints it is.

HERBERT.

PSALM 53. C. M.



2 The Lord upon the sons of men
From heaven looked abroad,
To see if any one were wise,
And seeking after God.

3 They altogether filthy are,
They all are backward gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
No, not so much as one.

4 These workers of iniquity,
Do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread?
On God they do not call.

5 Ev'n there they were afraid, and stood
With trembling, all dismayed,
Whereas there was no cause at all
Why they should be afraid.

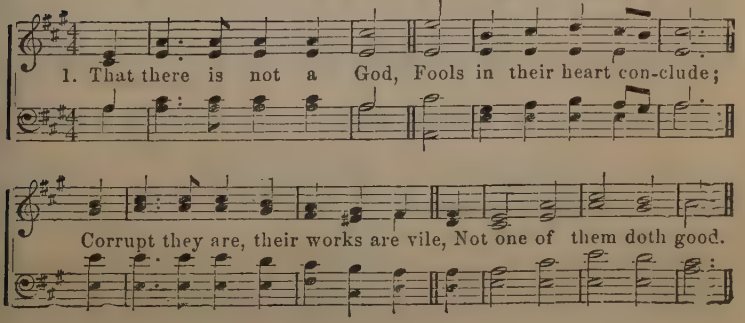
6 For God his bones that thee besieged
Hath scattered all abroad;
Thou hast confounded them, because
They are despised of God.

7 Let Isr'el's help from Zion come;
When back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
And Israel shall sing.

SPRAGUE.

PSALM 53. S. M.

A. N. Johnson. By per.



2 Upon the sons of men
God looked from heaven abroad,
To see if any understood,
If any sought for God.

3 Together all are vile,
They all aside are gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
No, not so much as one.

4 These men of wicked works,
Do they not know at all?
My people they devour like bread,
On God they do not call.

5 Great terror on them came,
And they were much dismayed,
Although there was no cause why they
Should be at all afraid.

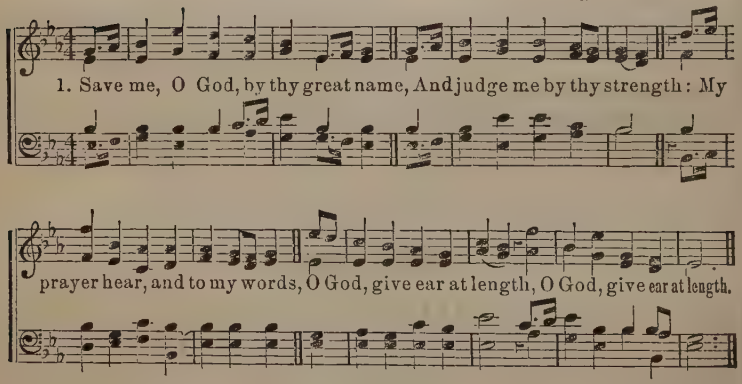
6 His bones who thee besieged
God hath dispersed abroad:
Thou hast them put to shame, because
They were despised of God.

7 From Zion, Lord, give help,
And back thy captives bring;
Then Jacob shall exult with joy,
And Israel shall sing.

CHRISTMAS.

PSALM 54. C. M.

G. F. Handel.



2 For they that strangers are to me
Do up against me rise;
Oppressors seek my soul, and God
Set not before their eyes.

3 The mighty God my helper is,
Lo, therefore I am bold:
He taketh part with every one
That doth my soul uphold.

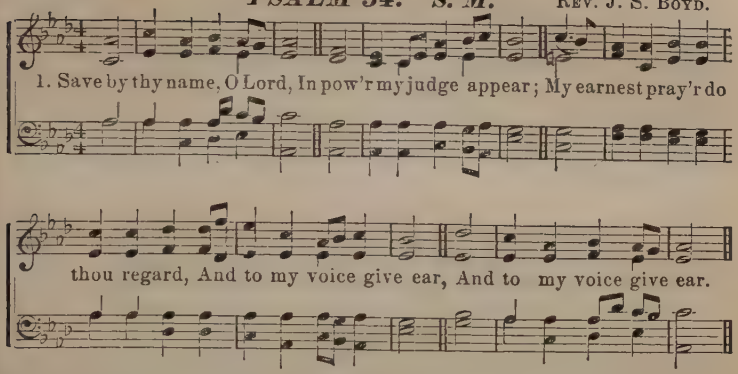
4 To all my watchful foes he will
Their evil deeds repay:
O, for thy truth's sake cut them off,
And sweep them clean away.

5 A free-will off'ring I to thee
In sacrifice will bring:
Lord, of thy name, for it is good,
The praises I will sing.

6 Because he hath delivered me
From all adversities;
And his desire my eye hath seen
Upon my enemies.

DALE.

PSALM 54. S. M. Rev. J. S. Boyd.



2 For foes against me rise,
Oppressors seek my soul;
They set not God before their eyes,
Nor own his just control.

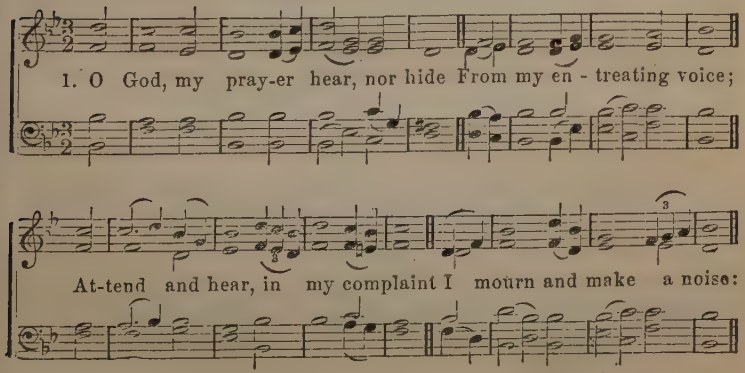
3 My helper is the Lord,
With those who me defend;
With ill he shall my foes reward,
On them destruction send.

4 I'll free-will off'rings bring,
And sacrifice with joy.
Thy name is good; its praise to sing
My tongue I will employ.

5 Because from all my woes
The Lord hath set me free;
And he the ruin of my foes
Hath made my eyes to see.

CHINA.

PSALM 55. C. M. Swan.



2 For voice of foes, for wicked men
In their oppression great;
Who on me cast iniquity,
And who in wrath me hate.

3 Sore pained within me is my heart,
Death's terrors seize my soul;
Great trembling, fearfulness, and dread
Like waters o'er me roll.

4 O that I, like a dove, had wings,
Said I, then would I flee
Far hence, that I might find a place
Where I at rest might be.

5 Lo, then far off I wander would,
And in the desert stay;
From stormy wind and tempest I
Would haste to flee away.

6 O Lord, on them destruction bring,
Do thou their tongues divide;
For in the city violence
And strife I have espied.

7 They day and night upon the walls
Do go about it round:
Iniquity and sorrow there
In midst of it are found.

8 Abundant wickedness there is
Within her inward part;
And from her streets deceitfulness
And guile do not depart.

9 He was no foe that me reproached,
For that endure I could;
No hater boasting over me,
For hide from him I would.

10 But thou, a man, my equal, guide,
Who my acquaintance wast:
We joined sweet counsels, to God's house
In company we passed.

11 Death shall them seize, and to the grave
Alive they shall go down;
For wickedness is in their homes,
Among them sins abound.

12 But as for me, I'll call on God,
Jehovah shall me save.
He'll hear me when I cry aloud
At morning, noon, and eve.

13 The Lord delivered hath my soul,
That it in peace might be
From battle that against me was;
For many were with me.

14 The Lord shall hear, and them afflict;
Of old he hath abode:
Because they never changes have,
They therefore fear not God.

15 Against the men at peace with him
He hath put forth his hand;
The covenant which he had made,
By breaking he profaned.

16 Than butter smoother were his words,
While in his heart was war;
His speeches softer were than oil,
And yet drawn swords they are.

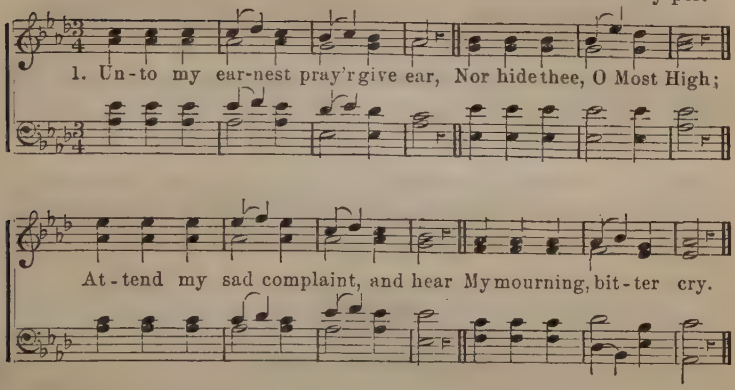
17 Cast thou thy burden on the Lord,
And he shall thee sustain;
Yea, he shall cause that still unmoved
The righteous shall remain.

18 But thou, O God, in righteousness,
Those men shalt overthrow,
And in destruction's dungeon dark
At last shalt lay them low.

19 Deceitful, bloody men shall die
Ere half their days they spend;
But I with confidence on thee
Will evermore depend.

PSALM 55. C. M. (Second.)

E. H. Frost. By per.



2 Because of sinful men I weep,
And persecuting foes,
Who wickedness upon me heap,
And me in wrath oppose.

3 Sore pained in heart, I find no ease;
Death's terrors fill my soul;
Great fear and trembling on me seize,
And horrors o'er me roll.

4 O, had I wings, I sigh and say,
Like some swift dove to roam;
Then would I hasten far away,
And find a peaceful home.

5 Lo, wandering far my rest should be
In some lone desert waste;
I from the windy storm would flee.
And from the tempest haste.

6 Destroyed, Jehovah, let them be;
Divide, confuse their tongue;
For in the city, lo, I see
Great strife and grievous wrong.

7 All day and night they go around
Upon her circling walls,
While sin and sorrow great are found
Within her peopled halls.

8 Yea, crimes of violence and fraud
Within the city meet;
Deceit and guile there stalk abroad,
Nor leave the crowded street.

9 'Twas not a foe who did deride,
For that I could endure;
No hater who thus rose in pride,
Else I would hide secure.

10 But thou it was, my friend and guide,
We did as equals meet;
We walked to God's house side by side,
And blended counsel sweet.

11 Death shall them seize, and to the tomb
Alive they shall go down;
For wickedness is in their home;
Among them sins abound.

12 But as for me I'll call on God;
The Lord will safety give;
He'll hear me when I cry aloud
At morning, noon, and eve.

13 He hath restored my soul to peace.
From trouble set me free,
And made the war against me cease,
For many were with me.

14 The everlasting God shall hear,
And bring upon them woe.
They of Jehovah have no fear,
Since they no changes know.

15 Against the men that were his friends
And such as peace preferred,
He wickedly put forth his hands,
And broke his plighted word.

16 His lips more smooth than butter were,
But in his heart was war;
More soft than oil his words appear,
But like drawn swords they are.

17 Upon the Lord thy burden cast,
And he shall thee sustain;
For he will make the just stand fast,
Unmoved shall they remain.

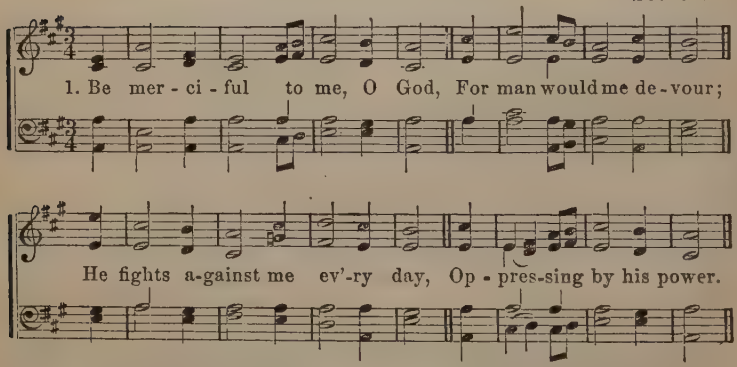
18 But, Lord, thou wilt in judgment sit,
And bring them down to woe;
And in the deep and darksome pit
Of ruin lay them low.

19 The men of wicked, bloody ways,
And all that liars be,
Shall not live out one-half their days;
But I will trust in thee.

AVON.

PSALM 56. C. M.

SCOTCH.



2 My watchful foes to swallow me
Are seeking day and night;
For they are many, O Most High,
That do against me fight.

3 When I'm afraid I'll trust in thee:
In God I'll praise his word;
I will not fear what flesh can do,
My trust is in the Lord.

4 Each day they wrest my words; their thoughts
Are all conceived in hate.
They meet, they lurk, they mark my steps,
While for my soul they wait.

5 But shall they by iniquity
Escape thy judgments just?
O God, in indignation down
Do thou the people thrust.

6 Thou countest all my wanderings,
Not one dost overlook:
Within thy bottle put my tears;
Are they not in thy book?

7 My foes shall, when I cry, turn back;
I know God is for me.
In God his word I'll praise; his word
Praised in the Lord shall be.

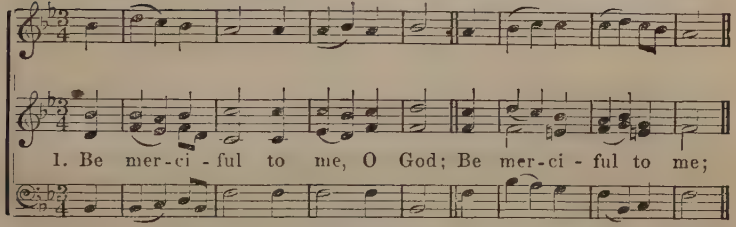
8 I will not fear what man can do;
For I on God rely.
Thy vows upon me are, O God:
To thee give praise will I.

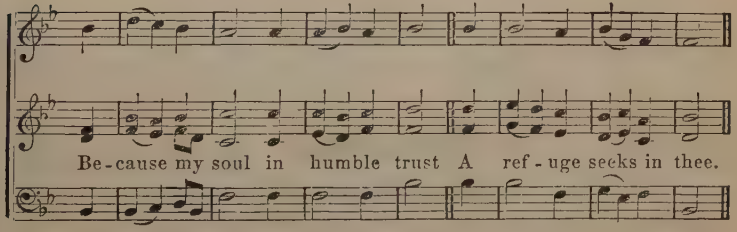
9 From death thou hast me saved; my feet
Do thou from falls keep free:
So in the light of those who live
I'll walk, O Lord, with thee.

ARMENIA.

PSALM 57. C. M.

S. B. Pond.





2 Yea, in the shadow of thy wings
My confidence is placed,
Until these sad calamities
Are wholly overpast.

3 My prayer shall ascend to him
Who is the Lord Most High;
To God performing all for me
I lift my earnest cry.

4 From heaven he shall send, and me
From his reproach defend
Who would devour me: God his truth
And mercy forth shall send.

5 My soul among fierce lions is,
I firebrands live among,
Men's sons, whose teeth are spears and darts,
A sharpened sword their tongue.

6 Be thou exalted very high
Above the heavens, O God;
And let thy glory be advanced
O'er all the earth abroad.

7 My soul's bowed down; for they a net
Have laid, my steps to snare:
But in the pit which they have made
For me, they fallen are.

KEOKUK.

PSALM 57, v. 8. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.

8. My heart, O God, is fixed, is fixed; To thee I'll sing, and praise;

A - wake my glo - ry, lute, and harp; My - self I'll ear - ly raise,

A - wake my glo - ry, lute, and harp; My - self I'll ear - ly raise.

9 I'll praise thee with the people, Lord,
With nations sing will I:
For great to heaven thy mercy is,
Thy truth is to the sky.

10 Above the heavens high, O God,
Do thou exalted be;
And let thy glory be advanced
Above both land and sea.

WOODSTOCK.

PSALM 58. C. M.

Dr. Dutton.

1. O con - gre - ga - tion, is it so That ye speak righteousness?

O ye that are the sons of men, Judge ye with up - right - ness?

2 Yea, even in your very hearts
Ye wickedness have done;
And of your hands the violence
Ye weigh the earth upon.

3 The wicked even from their birth
Estranged are from the way;
And speaking lies as soon as born,
They wander far astray.

4 And as a serpent's poison too
Their poison doth appear;
Yea, they are like the adder deaf,
Which closely stops her ear;

5 That so she may not hear the voice
Of one that charm her would,
No, not though he most cunning were,
And charm most wisely could.

6 Their teeth, O God, within their mouth
Break thou in pieces small;
The great teeth break thou out, O Lord,
Of these young lions all.

7 Let them like waters melt away,
Which downward ever flow;
His arrows all in pieces cut
When he shall bend his bow.

8 And like a snail that melts away,
Let each of them be gone;
That as a birth untimely they
May never see the sun.

9 He shall them take away before
Your pots the thorns can heat,
Both living, and in dreadful wrath
As with a whirlwind great.

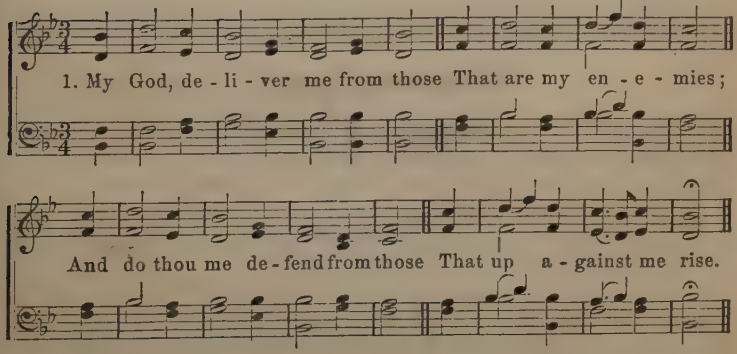
10 The righteous, when he vengeance sees,
Shall be most joyful then;
The righteous one shall wash his feet
In blood of wicked men.

11 So men shall say, the righteous man
Reward shall never miss:
And verily upon the earth
A God to judge there is.

BALERMA.

PSALM 59. C. M.

R. Simpson.



2 Do thou deliver me from them
That work iniquity;
And keep me safely from the men
Of bloody cruelty.

3 For, lo, they for my soul lay wait:
The mighty do combine
Against me, Lord, not for my fault,
Nor any sin of mine.

4 They run, and, without wrong in me,
Themselves they ready make:
Awake to meet me with thy help,
And do thou notice take.

5 Thou therefore, Lord, the God of hosts,
The God of Israel,
Awake to visit heathen all,
Nor spare those who rebel.

6 They at the evening time return,
They make a howling sound,
Even like a dog, and often walk
About the city round.

7 Behold, they belch out with their mouth,
And in their lips are swords;
For thus with confidence they say,
Who now doth hear our words?

8 But thou, O Lord, wilt laugh at them;
And all the heathen mock.
While he's in power I'll wait on thee;
For God is my high rock.

9 The God of all my mercies will
With speed give help to me;
He my desire upon my foes
Will cause my eyes to see.

10 O Lord, our shield, destroy them not,
My people would forget;
But scatter thou, and humble them
Beneath thy power great.

11 For their mouth's sin, and for the words
Which from their lips do fly,
Let them be taken in their pride,
Because they curse and lie.

12 In wrath consume them, them consume,
That so they may not be;
And that in Jacob God doth rule
To earth's ends let them see.

13 Let them at evening time return,
And make a howling sound,
Even like a dog, and often walk
About the city round.

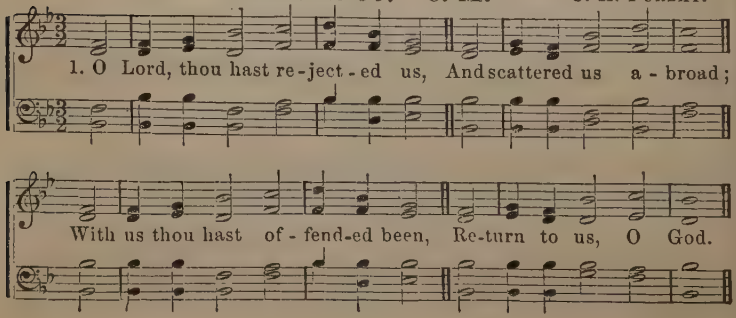
14 And let them wander up and down
In seeking food to eat;
And let them grudge, when they shall not
Be satisfied with meat.

15 But of thy power I'll sing; at morn
Aloud thy mercy praise;
For thou a tower and refuge wast
To me in troublous days.

16 O God, thou art my strength, and I
Will praises sing to thee;
For God is my defence, a God
Of mercy unto me.

NOTTING HILL.

PSALM 60. C. M. C. H. PURDAY.



2 The earth to tremble thou hast made,
In it didst breaches make;
Do thou thereof the breaches heal,
Because the land doth shake.

3 To thy own people thou hard things
Hast shown, and on them sent;
And thou hast caused us drink the wine
Of sore astonishment.

4 And yet a banner thou hast given
To those who thee do fear,
That for the sake of truth by them
Displayed it may appear.

5 That thy belovèd people, Lord,
May all delivered be,
Save with the power of thy right hand,
And answer give to me.

6 God in his holiness did speak,
In this rejoice I will:
I Shechem will divide, and I
Will measure Succoth's vale.

7 I Gilead claim as mine by right;
Manasseh mine shall be;
Of my head Ephraim's the strength;
Judah gives laws for me.

8 In Moab I will wash; my shoe
I will to Edom throw:
And o'er the land of Palestine
I will in triumph go.

9 O who is he will bring me to
The city fortified?
And who is he that to the land
Of Edom will me guide?

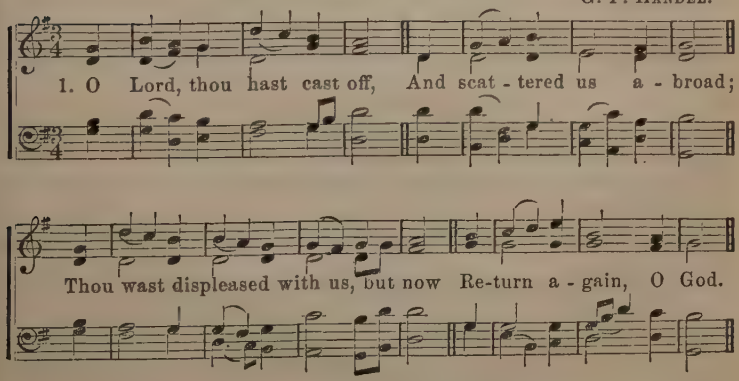
10 O God, who hadst rejected us,
This thing wilt thou not do?
Even thou, O God, thou who didst not
Forth with our armies go?

11 Help us from trouble; for the help
Is vain which man supplies.
Through God we'll do great acts; he will
Tread down our enemies.

THATCHER.

PSALM 60. S. M.

G. F. Handel.



2 The earth thou mad'st to shake,
In it didst breaches make;
These breaches in thy mercy heal,
Because the land doth shake.

3 Thou didst hard things to us
Thy erring people show;
And thou hast filled for us a cup
Of fearfulness and woe.

4 A banner thou hast given
To them thy name who fear,
That it displayed because of truth,
Before them might appear.

5 That thy belovèd land
From trouble may be free,
Deliver thou with thy right hand;
And hear my earnest plea.

6 In holiness God spake,
In this rejoice I will;
The land of Sechem I'll divide,
And measure Succoth's vale.

7 To me Manasseh's land,
And Gilead belong;
Judah gives laws for me, my head
Shall Ephraim make strong.

8 In Moab I will wash,
My shoe o'er Edom throw;
Thou Palestine because of me
Shalt forth in triumph go.

9 Unto the city strong
O who will be my guide?
And who will lead me to the land
Where Edom's bands reside?

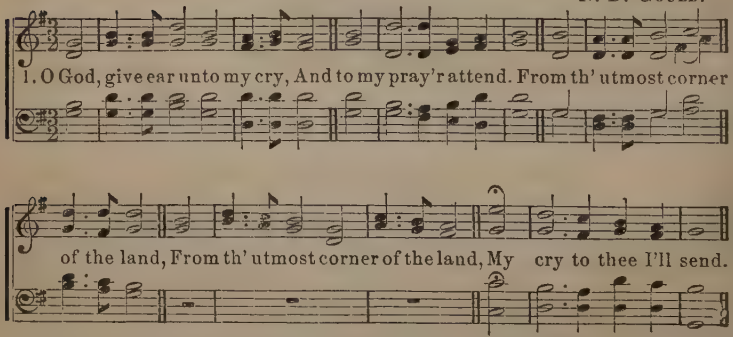
10 O God, wilt thou not guide;
Thou who didst stand afar,
Refusing with our host to go
When marching forth to war?

11 From trouble give us help,
For vain is human aid;
Through God we shall do valiant deeds;
He on our foes shall tread.

WOODLAND.

PSALM 61. C. M.

N. D. Gould.



2 And when my heart is overwhelmed,
And in perplexity,
Do thou me lead unto the Rock
That higher is than I.

3 For thou hast for my refuge been
A shelter by thy power;
And for defence against my foes
Thou hast been my strong tower.

4 Within thy tabernacle I
Forever will abide;
And under covert of thy wings
With confidence will hide.

5 For thou the vows that I did make,
O Lord, my God, didst hear;
The heritage hast given me
Of those thy name that fear.

6 A life prolonged for many days
Thou to the king wilt give;
Like many generations are
The years which he shall live.

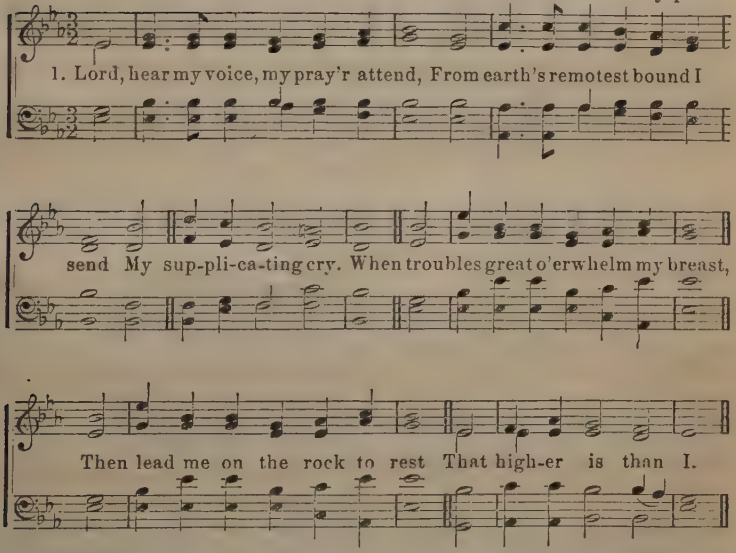
7 And in God's presence his abode
He evermore shall have;
Thy mercy and thy truth prepare
That may him surely save.

8 And so will I for evermore
Sing praises to thy name;
That having made my vows, I may
Each day perform the same.

MERIBAH.

PSALM 61. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON. By per.



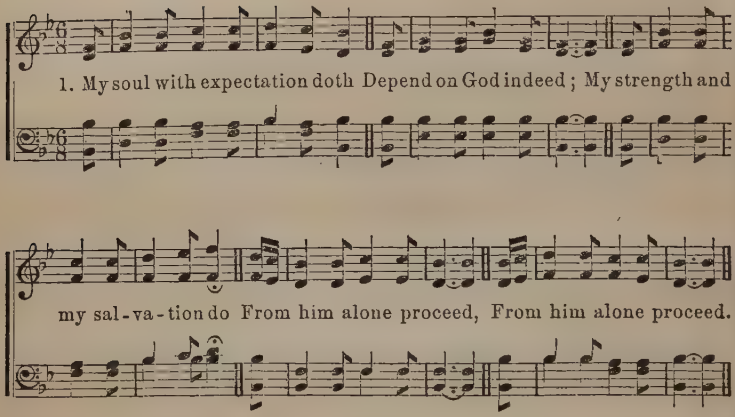
2 In thee my soul hath shelter found,
And thou hast been from foes around
The tower of my defence;
My home shall thy pavilion be;
To covert of thy wings I'll flee,
And find deliverance.

3 For thou, O Lord, my vows hast heard.
On me their heritage conferred,
That fear thy holy name.
Long life thou to the king wilt give,
Through generations he shall live,
From age to age the same.

4 Before the Lord shall he abide:
O, do thou truth and grace provide
To guard him in the way.
So I thy praises will make known,
And humbly bending at thy throne,
My vows will daily pay.

PSALM 62. C. M.

DR. HASTINGS.



2 He only my salvation is,
And my strong rock is he;
He only is my sure defence;
Much moved I shall not be.

3 How long will ye against a man
Conspiring seek his fall?
Ye all shall die, ye shall be like
A tottering fence or wall.

4 To bring his glory down they plot;
In lies is their delight:
And whilst they bless him with their mouth,
They curse with inward spite.

5 Yet, O my soul, upon the Lord
Still patiently attend;
My expectation and my hope
On him alone depend.

6 He only my salvation is,
And my strong rock is he;
He only is my sure defence;
And moved I shall not be.

7 In God alone my glory is,
And my salvation sure;
My rock of strength is in the Lord,
My refuge most secure.

8 On him, ye people, evermore
With confidence rely;
Before him pour ye out your heart;
God is our refuge high.

9 Mean men are surely vanity,
And great men are a lie;
In balance altogether they
Are less than vanity.

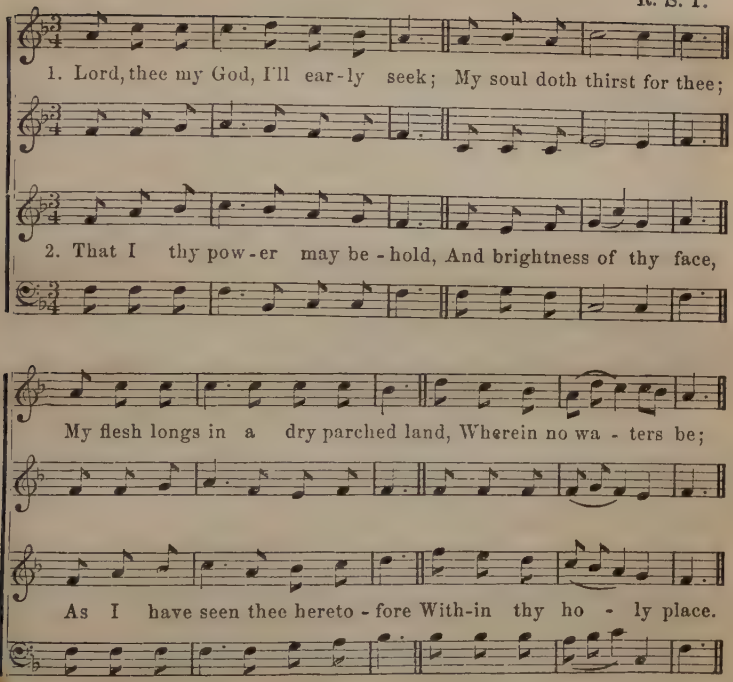
10 Then do not in oppression trust,
In robb'ry be not vain;
And when your riches are increased
Set not your hearts on gain.

11 The Lord hath spoken once to me,
Yea, this I heard again,
That power to Almighty God
Alone doth appertain.

12 Yea, mercy also unto thee
Belongs, O Lord, alone;
For thou according to his work
Rewardest every one.

PSALM 63. C. M.

R. S. T.



3 Since better is thy love than life,
My lips thee praise shall give.
I in thy name will lift my hands,
And bless thee while I live.

4 As with fatness well supplied
My soul enriched shall be;
Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
Sing praises unto thee:

5 When I do thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
And when on thee I meditate
In watches of the night.

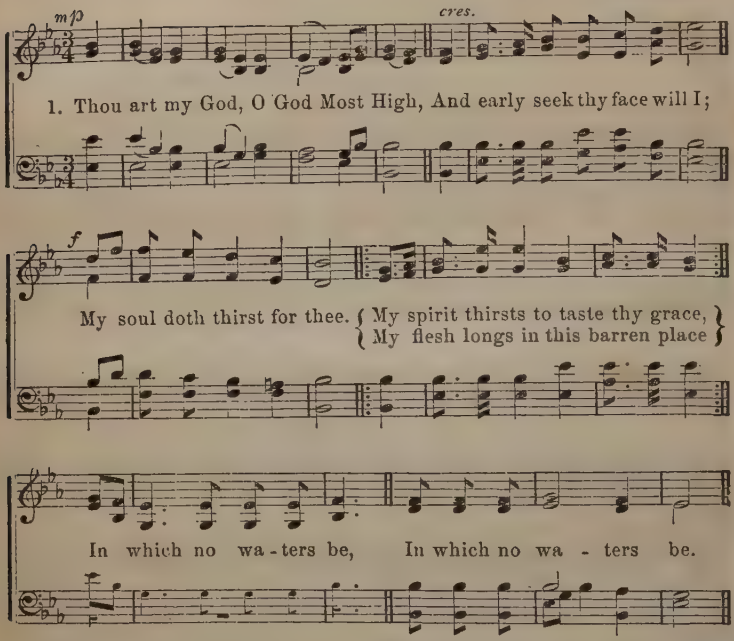
6 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy;
For thou my help hast been.
To thee my soul clings fast, and me
Thy right hand doth sustain.

7 To lowest depths of earth shall go
They who my soul would slay;
They all shall perish by the sword,
To foxes be a prey.

8 Yet shall the king in God rejoice,
And each one glory shall
That swears by him; but stopped shall be
The mouth of liars all.

PSALM 63. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 I long as in the times of old
Thy power and glory to behold
Within thy holy place;
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself doth dearer prove,
My lips shall praise thy grace.

3 Thus will I bless thee while I live,
And with uplifted hands will give
Praise to thy holy name.
As when with fatness well supplied,
So shall my soul be satisfied,
My mouth shall praise proclaim:

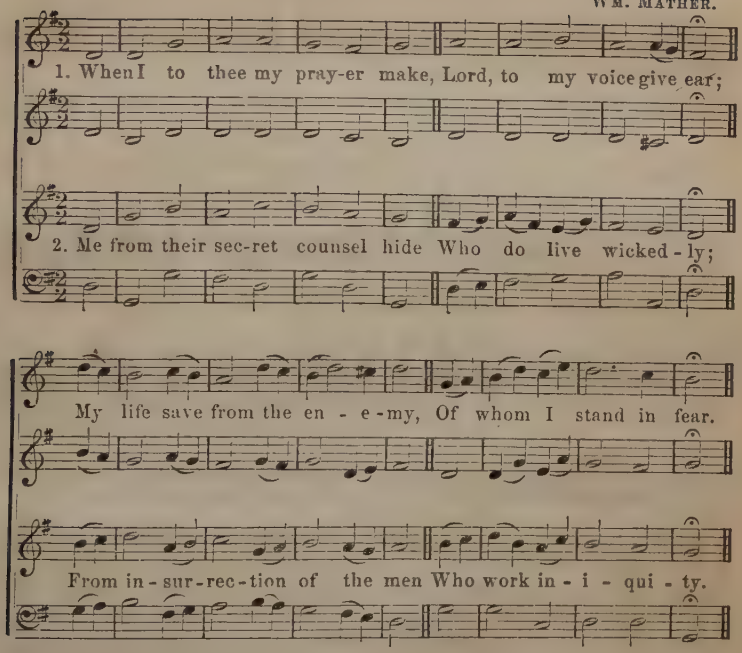
4 My lips shall in thy praise delight
When on my bed I rest at night,
And meditate on thee.
Because thy hand assistance brings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
My heart shall joyful be.

5 My soul, O Lord, cleaves fast to thee,
And thy right hand upholds me;
It doth my life defend:
But those who seek me for a prey,
That they may take my life away,
Shall into earth descend.

6 They by the sword shall fall and die,
Their flesh a prey for foxes lie.
In God the king shall joy:
Who swears by him shall still rejoice,
But mouths which speak with lying voice
He'll silence and destroy.

PSALM 64. C. M.

WM. MATHER.



3 For they their tongues with malice whet,
They make them cut like swords;
In their bent bows are arrows set,
Even sharp and bitter words;

4 That they may at the perfect man
In secret aim their shot;
Yea, suddenly they dare at him
To shoot, and fear it not.

5 In ill encourage they themselves;
In secret, snares they lay,
They conference together have;
Who shall them see? they say.

6 They have sought out iniquities,
A perfect search they keep;
Of each of them the inward thought,
And very heart is deep.

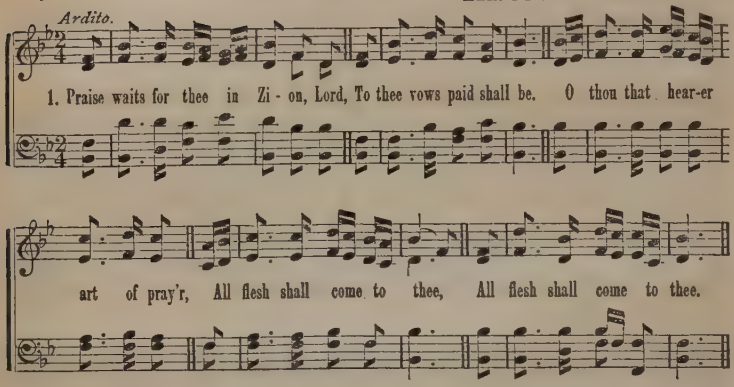
7 God shall an arrow shoot at them,
And wound them suddenly:
Their own false tongue shall them confound;
All seeing them shall flee.

8 All men shall fear, and that this is
God's work they shall declare;
They shall observe and understand
What these his doings are.

9 The righteous shall on God rely,
In him shall they delight.
In him shall glory every one
Who is in heart upright.

PSALM 65. C. M.

ARR. BY R. B. ROBERTSON.



2 Iniquities, I must confess,
Prevail against me do:
But as for our transgressions all,
Them purge away shalt thou.

3 The man is blest whom thou dost choose,
And make approach to thee,
That he within thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be.

4 We surely shall be satisfied
With thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of thy house,
Even of thy holy place.

5 By fearful works and terrible
Thou in thy righteousness,
O God our Saviour, to our prayers
Thy answer dost express.

6 And so all ends of earth shall place
Their confidence in thee,
Even those who dwell in distant lands,
And far off on the sea.

7 He, being girt with power, sets fast
By his great strength the hills,
The roar of seas, the noise of waves,
And people's tumult stills.

8 They in the utmost parts that dwell
Are at thy signs afraid;
The goings out of morn and eve
By thee are joyful made.

9 Thou earth dost visit, watering it;
Thou mak'st it rich to grow
With God's full flood; thou givest corn,
For thou provid'st it so.

10 Her ridges thou dost water well,
Her furrows down are pressed;
Thou dost with showers soften her,
Her spring by thee is blest.

11 So thou the year most lib'rally
Dost with thy goodness crown;
And all thy paths abundantly
On us drop fatness down.

12 They drop upon the pastures wide,
That in the deserts lie;
The little hills on every side
Rejoice right pleasantly.

13 With flocks the pastures covered are,
The vales with corn are clad;
And now they shout and sing to thee,
For thou hast made them glad.

PSALM 65. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Praise waits for thee in Zi - on, To thee vows paid shall be;

O thou of pray'r the hear - er, All flesh shall come to thee.

D. S. But as for our transgressions, Them shalt thou purge a - way.

Fine

D. S.

2. In - i - qui - ties a-gainst me Pre - vail from day to day;

3 Blest he whom thou hast chosen,
And unto thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High.

4 We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of thy most holy place.

5 O God of our salvation,
We plead with thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are.

6 Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in thee.

7 His strength sets fast the mountains,
He's girt about with power,
He calms the angry people,
And stills the ocean's roar.

8 Thy dreadful signs and wonders
Make distant lands afraid;
The morning and the evening
By thee are joyful made.

9 Thy visit brings the showers,
Thy floods enrich the field:
Thy blessing so provides it,
That earth our food shall yield.

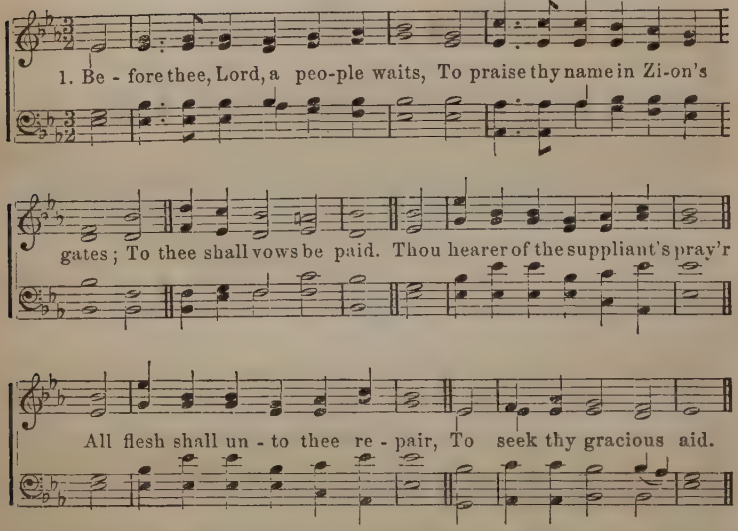
10 Thou waterest her ridges,
Her furrows down are pressed
With showers they are softened,
Her spring by thee is blest.

11 The year is crowned with goodness,
Thy paths drop fatness round;
The little hills and pastures
With joyfulness resound.

12 The fields with flocks are covered,
The vales with corn are clad;
They shout, yea, they are singing,
For thou hast made them glad.

PSALM 65. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON. By per.



2 How great my trespasses appear!
But from all guilt thou wilt me clear,
And my transgressions hide.
How blest thy chosen, who by grace
Are brought within thy dwelling-place,
That they may there abide.

3 The goodness of thy house, O Lord,
The joys thy holy courts afford,
Our souls shall satisfy.
By fearful deeds, in justice wrought,
The Lord will grant us what we sought,
Our Saviour, God Most High.

4 On whose sustaining arm depend,
To earth's and sea's remotest end,
All men, in every age,
Who, girt with strength, sets fast the hills,
Who roaring seas and billows stills,
Who calms the nations' rage.

5 The tribes of earth's remotest lands
Behold the tokens of thy hands,
And fear the earth throughout.
The east, where beams the morning light,
The west, in evening glories bright,
By thee in gladness shout.

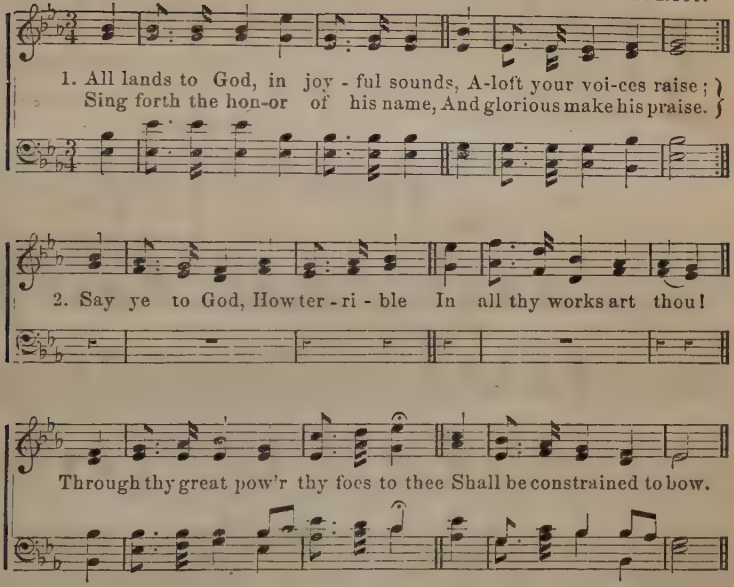
6 Thy timely visits bless the earth,
To drenching rains thy clouds give birth,
Enriching all the land.
By God's own river, deep and broad,
Thou wilt prepare their corn, O God,
By thy providing hand.

7 Thou wilt its ridged and furrowed plain
Make soft and smooth with showers of rain,
Its springing thou wilt bless.
The year thou hast with goodness crowned,
Thy paths drop fatness all around,
Ev'n on the wilderness.

8 The little hills with verdure clad,
Are girt with joy, by thee made glad;
The flocks in pastures lie;
The vales are robed with waving grain;
And shout and song from hill and plain,
Swell joyous to the sky.

PSALM 66. C. M.

ARR. BY GEO. F. ROOT.



3 And all the earth shall worship thee,
They shall thy praise proclaim
With cheerful heart, aloud they shall
Sing to thy holy name.

4 O come, the works that God hath wrought
With admiration see:
In working, to the sons of men
Most terrible is he.

5 He to dry land did turn the sea,
And they a passage had;
They through the flood on foot did march;
There we in him were glad.

6 He ruleth ever by his power;
His eyes the nations see;
Let not the proud rebellious ones
Lift up themselves on high.

7 O all ye people, bless our God,
Aloud proclaim his praise,
Who safely holds our soul in life,
Our foot from sliding stays.

8 For thou hast proved and tried us, Lord,
As men do silver try;
Hast brought us into nets, and made
Bands on our loins to lie.

9 Thou o'er our heads hast caused that men
Triumphantly should ride;
Through fire and flood thou to a place
Of plenty didst us guide.

10 I'll bring burnt-off'rings to thy house;
To thee my vows I'll pay,
Which my lips uttered, my mouth spoke,
When trouble on me lay.

11 Burnt-sacrifices of fat rams
With incense I will bring;
Of bullocks and of goats I will
Present an offering.

12 All that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
What he did for my soul.
I with my mouth cried unto him,
My tongue did him extol.

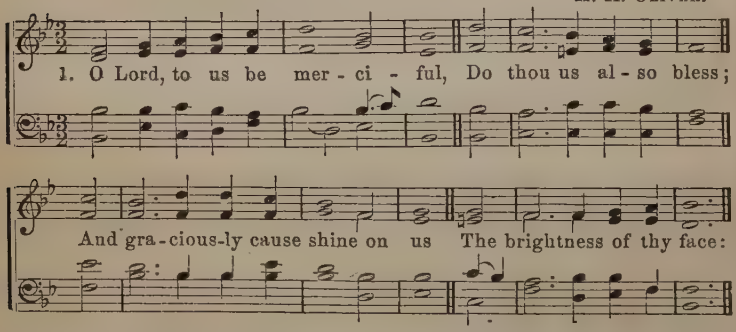
13 If in my heart I sin regard,
Jehovah will not hear;
But surely God hath heard m voice,
Attending to my prayer.

14 O let the Lord, our gracious God,
Forever blessèd be,
Who hath not turned my prayer from him,
Nor yet his grace from me.

MERTON.

PSALM 67. C. M.

H. K. Oliver.



2 That so thy way upon the earth
To all men may be known;
And also to the nations all
Thy saving health be shown.

3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord,
Their voice in praise employ.
O let the nations all be glad,
And ever sing for joy.

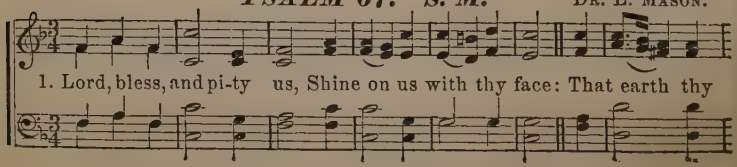
4 For rightly thou shalt people judge,
And nations rule on earth.
O let the people praise thee, Lord,
All nations praise with mirth.

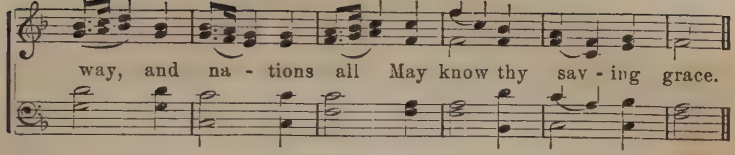
5 The earth her increase then shall yield;
God, our God, bless us shall.
God will us bless; and of the earth
The ends shall fear him all.

GERAR.

PSALM 67. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.





2 Let people praise thee, Lord,
Let people all thee praise:
O let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise.

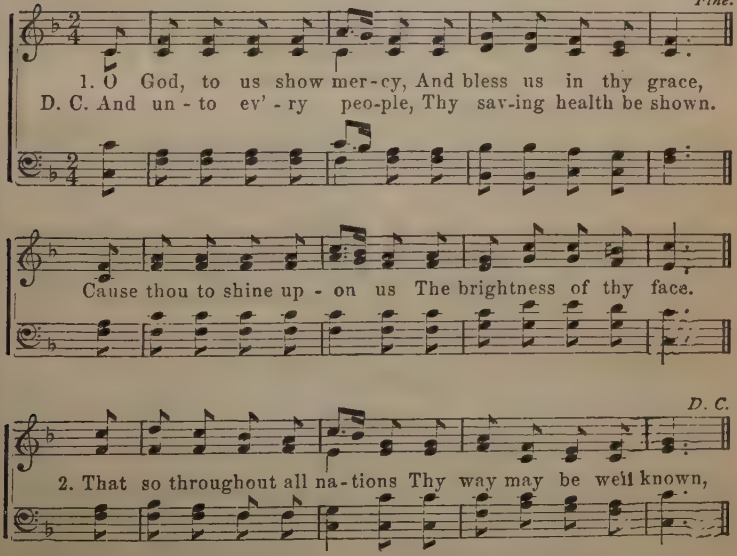
3 Thou'lt justly people judge;
On earth rule nations all.
Let people praise thee, Lord; let them
Praise thee, both great and small.

4 The earth her fruit shall yield;
Our God shall blessing send.
God will us bless; men shall him fear
To earth's remotest end.

CHICAGO.

PSALM 67. 7s & 6s.

GEO. F. ROOT. By per.



3 O God, let people praise thee,
Let all the people praise;
O let the nations joyful
Their songs of gladness raise.

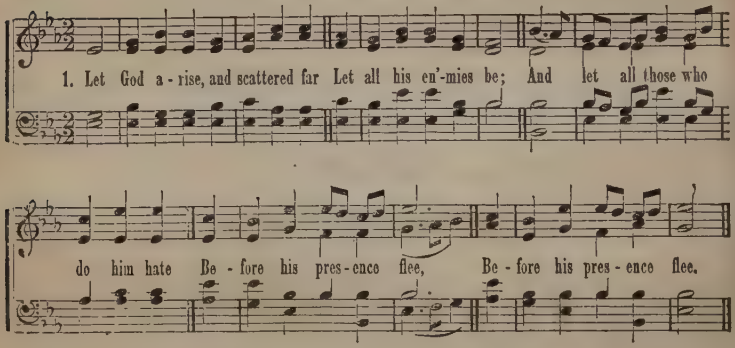
4 For thou shalt judge the people
In truth and righteousness;
And on the earth all nations
Shall thy just rule confess.

5 O God, let people praise thee;
Thy praises let them sing;
And then in rich abundance
The earth her fruit shall bring.

6 The Lord our God shall bless us;
God shall his blessing send:
And people all shall fear him
To earth's remotest end.

MONMOUTH.

PSALM 68. C. M.



2 As smoke is driv'n, so drive thou them;
As fire melts wax away,
Before God's face let wicked men
So perish and decay.

3 But let the righteous all be glad;
Rejoice before God's sight;
Let them exult exceedingly,
And joy with all their might.

4 O sing to God and praise his name;
Extol him with your voice,
That rides on heav'n by his name JAH;
Before his face rejoice.

5 Because the Lord a father is
To children fatherless;
He is the widow's judge, within
His place of holiness.

6 God doth the solitary set
In families; and from bands
The chained he frees, but rebels dwell
In dry and desert lands.

7 O God, when thou wast going forth
Before thy people's face,
And when thy glorious marching was
Within the wilderness;

8 Then at God's presence shook the earth,
Then drops from heaven fell;
This Sinai shook before the Lord,
The God of Israel.

9 O God, thou to thy heritage
Didst send a plenteous rain,
By which thou when it weary was,
Didst it refresh again.

10 Thy congregation then did make
Their habitation there:
Of thy own goodness for the poor,
O God, thou didst prepare.

11 The Lord himself did give the word,
The mighty word of God;
Great was the company of them
Who published it abroad.

12 Kings of great armies vanquished were,
And forced to flee away;
And women, who remained at home,
Distributed the prey.

13 Though ye have lain among the pots,
Like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings with silver, and with gold
Whose feathers covered are.

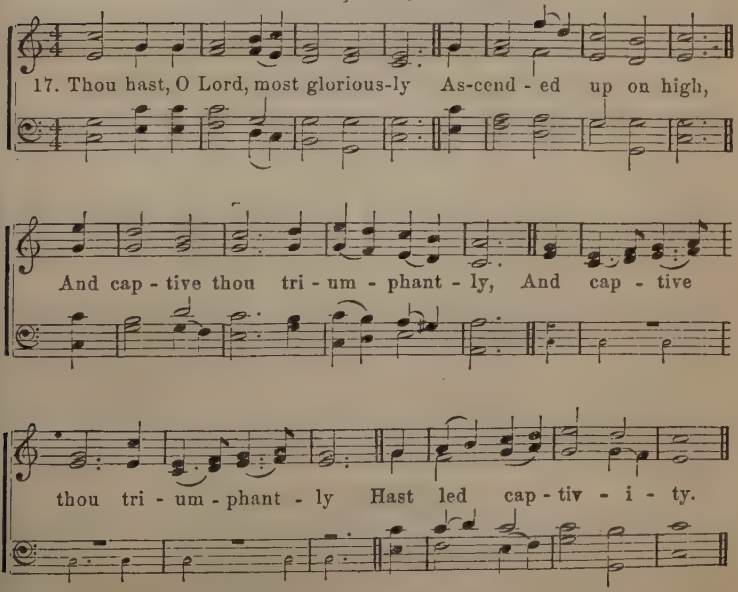
14 When there th' Almighty scattered kings,
Like Salmon's snow 'twas white.
God's hill is like to Bashan hill,
Like Bashan hill for height.

15 Why do ye leap, ye mountains high?
This is the hill of God;
He here desires to dwell, and here
Will ever make abode.

16 God's chariots twenty thousand are,
Of angels thousands strong;
As once on Sinai's holy mount,
The Lord is them among.

LANESBORO'.

PSALM 68, v. 17. C. M.



18 And gifts thou hast received for men.
For such as did rebel;
Yea, even for them, that God the Lord
In midst of them might dwell.

19 Blest be the Lord, who is to us
Of our salvation God,
Who daily with his benefits
Us plenteously doth load.

20 He of salvation is the God,
Who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
The issues do belong.

21 But surely God shall wound the head
Of those that are his foes,
The hairy scalp of him that on
In his transgression goes.

22 God said, My people I will bring
Again from Bashan hill;
Yea, from the sea's devouring depths
Them bring again I will;

23 That in the blood of enemies
Thy foot imbrued may be,
And of thy dogs dipped in the same
The tongues thou mayest see.

24 O God, thy goings they have seen,
The goings of my God,
The stately steppings of my King
In his divine abode.

25 Before went singers, next to them
The players took their way;
Among them also damsels were
Who did on timbrels play.

26 Within the congregations great
Bless God with one accord,
From Isr'el's fountain do ye bless,
And praise the mighty Lord.

27 Their prince, young Benjamin, is there,
And Judah's rulers high,
The chiefs of Zebulon are there,
And those of Naphtali.

28 Thy God commands thy strength; for us
Make strong thy work, O Lord.
For thy house at Jerusalem
Kings shall thee gifts afford.

29 The spearmen's host, the multitude
Of bulls which fiercely look,
Those calves which people have sent forth,
O Lord our God, rebuke,

30 Till every one submit himself,
And silver pieces bring:
The people that delight in war
Disperse, O God and King.

31 They who are princes great shall then
Come out of Egypt lands;
And Ethiopia to God
Shall soon stretch out her hands.

32 O all ye kingdoms of the earth,
Sing praises to this King;
To him who is the Lord of all,
O do ye praises sing.

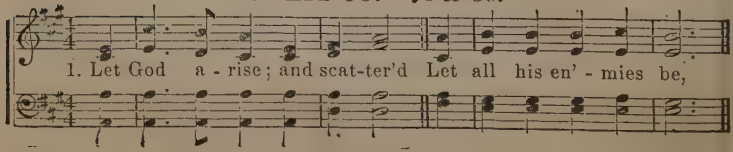
33 To him that rides on heav'n of heav'ns,
Which he of old did found;
Lo, he sends out his voice, a voice
In might that doth abound.

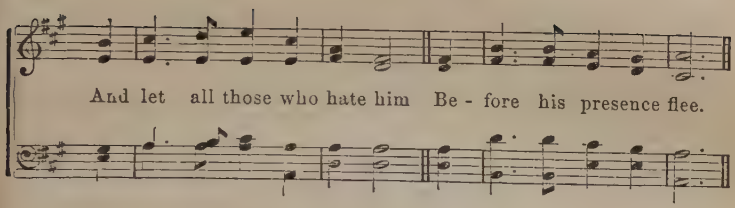
34 All strength to God do ye ascribe;
His glorious majesty
Is over Isr'el, and his strength
Is in the clouds most high.

35 How dreadful from thy temple, Lord!
Isr'el's own God is he,
Who gives his people strength and power;
O let God blessed be.

CHEERING RAY.

PSALM 68. 7s & 6s.





2 Drive them as smoke is driven,
As wax melts in the fire,
Before God's face let sinners
So perish in his ire.

3 But let the just be joyful;
Let them with one accord
Exult with joy and gladness
In presence of the Lord.

4 To God's name sing, sing praises,
Extol him with your voice;
Who rides as JAH on heavens;
Before his face rejoice.

5 The Lord God is a father
To children fatherless,
The widow's just avenger,
Within his holy place.

6 The Lord doth set in fam'lies
The lonely, and from bands
Brings forth the chained, but rebels
Inhabit parched lands.

7 O God, when thou wast going
Before thy people's face,
And when thy glorious marching
Was through the wilderness,

8 Earth trembled at thy presence
And rain from heaven fell;
Ev'n Sinai shook before thee,
Thou God of Israel.

9 O God, thou to thy people
Didst send a plenteous rain;
Thy heritage, when weary,
Thou didst refresh again.

10 And then thy congregations
Did make their dwelling there,
O God, thou of thy goodness
For poor ones didst prepare.

11 The Lord the word delivered
And many heard the same;
Of those great was the number
Who did the word proclaim.

12 Kings at the head of armies
Were forced to flee away;
And she at home who tarried
Distributed the prey.

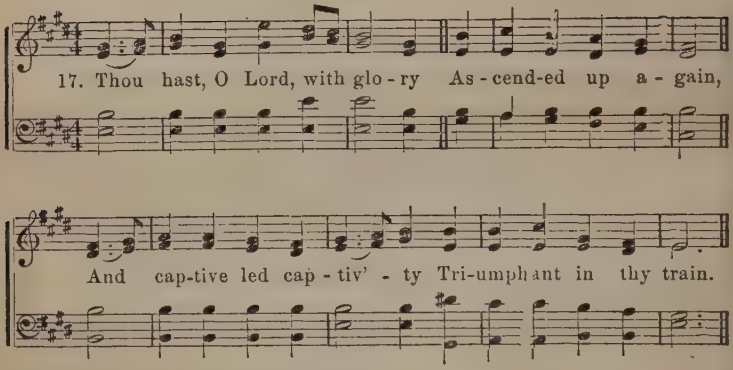
13 Though ye 'midst pots were lying,
Like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings are clothed with silver,
Whose feathers golden are.

14 When kings th'Almighty scattered,
Like Salmon's snow 'twas white;
God's hill is high like Bashan,
Like Bashan hill for height.

15 Why leap, ye lofty mountains?
This hill the Lord loves well;
It is his habitation,
Yea, here he'll ever dwell.

16 God's chariots and angels
By thousands wait his will;
He's with them in his temple
As once on Sinai's hill.

PSALM 68, v. 17. 7s & 6s.



18 To thee have gifts been granted
For men who did rebel,
That so the Lord Jehovah
In midst of them might dwell.

19 Blest be the Lord Jehovah,
Of our salvation God,
Who us with blessings daily
Abundantly doth load.

20 He is the Lord, the Saviour,
Who is our God Most High:
And with the Lord Jehovah
From death the issues lie.

21 The Lord will break in pieces
The heads of all his foes,
His hairy crown who ever
On in his trespass goes.

22 God said, I'll bring my people
Again from Bashan hill:
And from the deep sea's billows
Them bring again I will.

23 That in the blood of en'mies
Thy foot imbrued may be;
And of thy dogs dipped in it
The tongues thou mayest see.

24 O God, they've seen thy goings
Of majesty and grace;
My God, my King, thy goings
Within thy holy place.

25 Before went singers, next them
The players took their way;
Amongst them were the damsels
That did on timbrels play.

26 Within the congregations
Bless God with one accord;
Bless ye from Isr'el's fountain,
And praise the mighty Lord.

27 There Judah's chiefs in council,
With little Benjamin
Their prince; and chiefs of Zab'lon
And Naphtali are seen.

28 Thy God thy strength commandeth,
Make strong thy work, O Lord;
For thy house at Jerus'lem
Kings shall thee gifts afford.

29 The spearman's host, great numbers
Of bulls, which fiercely look,
With calves sent by the people,
O Lord our God, rebuke.

28 And to the Lord an offering
More pleasing this shall prove
Than sacrifice of any beast
That hath both horn and hoof.

29 When this the humble men shall see,
It joy to them shall give:
O all ye that do seek the Lord,
Your hearts shall ever live.

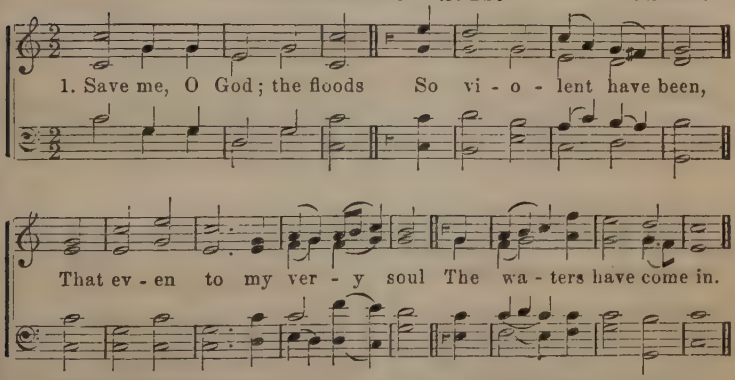
30 For God the poor hears, and will not
His prisoners contemn.
Let heaven, and earth, and seas him praise;
And all that move in them.

31 For God will Judah's cities build,
And Zion he will save,
That they may dwell therein, and it
In sure possession have.

32 And they that are his servants' seed
Inherit shall the same;
So they shall have their dwelling there
Who love his blessèd name.

SILVER STREET.

PSALM 69. S. M. I. SMITH.



2 I'm sinking in deep mire,
Where standing there is none;
I into waters deep have come,
Where floods have o'er me gone.

3 I'm weary with my cries,
My throat is also dried;
My eyes have failed while for my God
In waiting I abide.

4 Those who without a cause
Against me hatred bear,
Ev'n than the hairs upon my head
They more in number are.

5 Those who would me destroy,
My en'mies wrongfully
Are mighty; then what I took not
Restore again did I.

6 My sins and follies, Lord,
Are not concealed from thee;
Let none who wait on thee be shamed,
Lord God of hosts, for me.

7 O God of Israel,
For me let no disgrace,
Or shame be brought on any one
Who truly seeks thy face.

8 Because for thee reproached,
My face is hid with shame;
To brethren strange, to mother's sons
An alien I became.

9 The zeal hath me consumed
Which to thy house I bear;
And those reproaches cast on thee
Upon me fallen are.

10 My tears and my sad fasts
Were counted as my shame;
When sackcloth I put on, to them
A proverb I became.

11 Those sitting in the gate
Against me evil spake,
And drunkards also in their cups
Of me their song did make.

12 But in th' accepted time,
Lord, I will pray to thee;
In truth of thy salvation, Lord,
And mercy great, hear me.

13 O take me from the mire,
And me from sinking keep;
From those who hate me save thou me,
And from the waters deep.

14 Let not the flood prevail,
Whose water overflows,
Nor deep me swallow, nor the pit
Her mouth upon me close.

15 Lord, hear me, for thy love
And kindness is most good:
O turn, and manifest to me
Thy mercies' multitude.

16 Hide not thy face from me,
I'm troubled, soon attend.
Draw near, thy servant's soul redeem,
Me from my foes defend.

17 Thou my reproach dost know
My shame and my disgrace;
Those that are enemies to me
Are all before thy face.

18 Reproach hath broke my heart;
I'm full of grief; for one
To pity me I looked in vain,
All comforters were gone.

19 They also gave me gall,
They gave it for my meat:
They gave me vinegar to drink,
What time my thirst was great.

20 For recompense to them
A snare their table make;
Their welfare and prosperity
A trap themselves to take.

21 So darkened be their eyes,
That they no light may see,
And let their loins by thee be made
To shake continually.

22 Fierce wrath pour forth, let it
Fast hold upon them take;
And let their tents be desolate;
None there his dwelling make.

23 For him they persecute,
Whom thou didst smite before;
And to the grief of those they talk
Whom thou hast wounded sore.

24 Add thou iniquity
To their past wickedness,
And never let them come at all
Into thy righteousness.

25 And from the book of life
Their names let be erased;
And in the record of the just
Let not their names be placed.

26 But now exceeding poor,
And sorrowful am I;
By thy salvation, O my God,
Let me be set on high.

27 I, with a song to God,
His praises will proclaim,
And I, in giving thanks to him,
Will magnify his name.

28 To God this sacrifice
Shall be more pleasing far
Than ox or bullock, beasts on which
Both horns and hoofs there are.

29 When this the humble see
It joy to them shall give;
All ye who truly seek the Lord,
He'll make your hearts to live.

30 God hears the poor, nor will
His prisoners contemn.
Let heaven and earth and seas him praise,
And all that move in them.

31 He'll Judah's cities build,
And Zion he will save,
That they may dwell therein, and it
A sure possession have.

32 His servants' children, too,
Inherit shall the same:
And those shall have their dwelling there
Who love his blessèd name.

RABE.

PSALM 70. C. M.

EDWIN SHERRATT.

1. Make haste, O God, me to pre - serve; With speed, Lord, help thou me. And let all those who seek my soul Shamed and confounded be, Shamed and con-found-ed be.

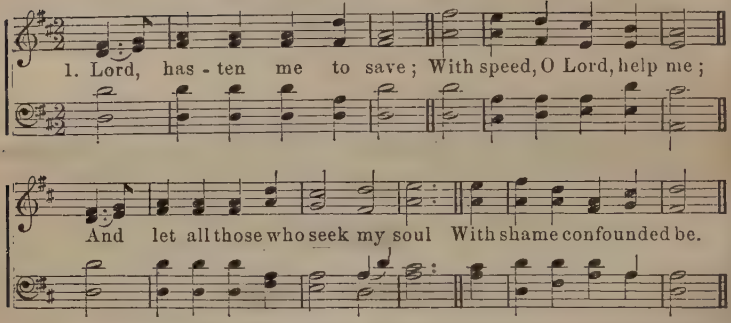
2 Turned back be they, and put to shame,
That in my hurt delight.
Turned back be they, Ha, ha! that say,
Their shaming to requite.

3 Let all who seek thy face be glad,
And ever joyful be:
Let them who thy salvation love
Say still, The Lord praise ye.

4 But I both poor and needy am;
Come, Lord, and make no stay;
My help thou, and deliv'rer art;
O Lord, make no delay.

LABAN.

PSALM 70. S. M. DR. L. MASON.



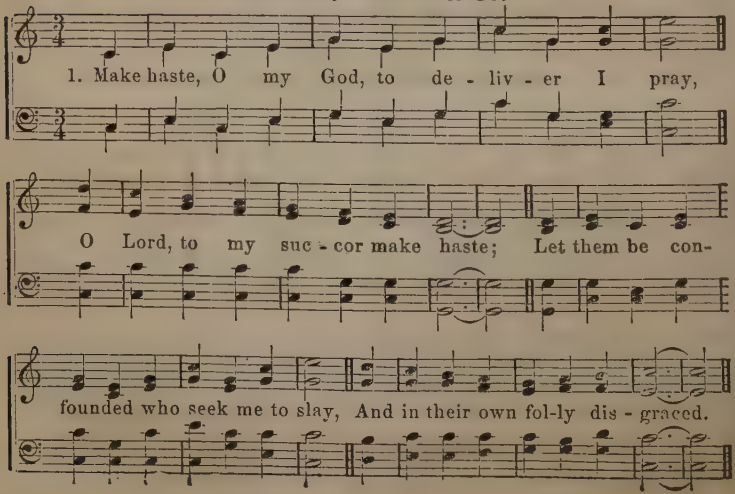
2 Turned back be they, and shamed,
That in my hurt delight.
Turned back be they, Ha, ha! that say,
Their shaming to requite.

3 In thee, let all be glad,
And joy that seek for thee;
Let them who thy salvation love
Say still, The Lord praise ye.

4 I poor and needy am;
Come, Lord, and make no stay:
My help thou and deliv'rer art;
O Lord, make no delay.

CIRCLETON.

PSALM 70. 11s & 8s.



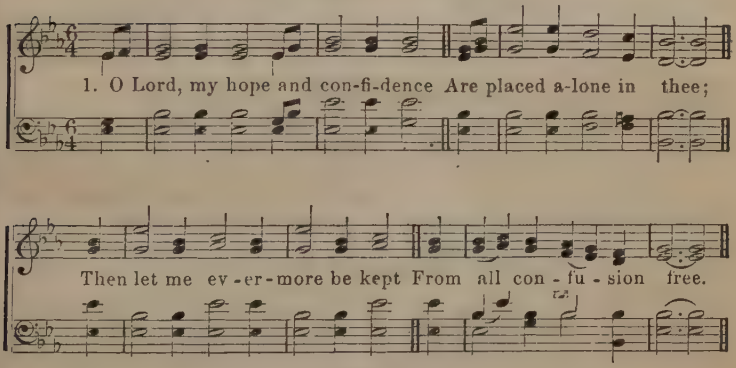
2 Let them be turned back in confusion, O Lord,
Who wish my destruction to see;
Let shame and defeat be their only reward,
Who laugh in derision at me.

3 Let all them that seek thee be glad and rejoice,
And who thy salvation would see;
In anthems of praise let them lift up the voice,
And constantly magnify thee.

4 But I, poor and needy, still trust in thy word;
Make haste to the rescue, I pray;
My helper thou art, and my Saviour, O Lord,
No longer thy coming delay.

ELLA.

PSALM 71. C. M.



2 And let me, in thy righteousness,
From thee deliv'rance have;
O rescue me, incline thy ear
To hear me, and me save.

3 Be thou my dwelling rock, to which
I ever may resort:
Thou my salvation hast ordained
Thou art my rock and fort.

4 Free me, my God, from wicked hands,
Hands cruel and unjust;
For thou, O Lord God, art my hope,
And from my youth my trust.

5 Thou from my birth hast held me up,
Thou art the same that me
Out of my mother's womb didst take:
I ever will praise thee.

6 To many I a wonder am;
Thou art my refuge strong.
Filled let my mouth be with thy praise
And honor all day long.

7 O do not cast me off, when me
Old age doth overtake;
And in the day of failing strength,
O do not me forsake.

8 For they who are my enemies
Against me speak with hate;
And they together counsel take
Who for my soul lay wait.

9 They say God leaves him, him pursue,
And take, for none will save.
Be thou not far from me, my God;
Thy speedy help I crave.

10 Confounded, and consumed let all
My adversaries be;
And clothed with scorn and shame be they
Who seek to injure me.

11 But I in thee with confidence
Will hope continually;
And yet with praises more and more
I will thee magnify.

12 Thy justice and salvation, Lord,
My mouth abroad shall show,
Even all the day; for I thereof
The numbers do not know.

13 And I will constantly go on
In strength of God the Lord;
And thy own righteousness, even thine
Alone, I will record.

14 For even from my youth, O God,
By thee I have been taught;
And hitherto I have declared
The wonders thou hast wrought.

15 And now, O God, forsake me not
When I am old and gray;
Till I to this and every age
Thy strength and power display.

16 Thy perfect righteousness, O God,
The heavens height exceeds;
O who is like to thee, who hast
Performed such mighty deeds?

17 Thou, Lord, who great adversities,
And sore, to me didst show,
Shalt quicken me, and bring again
From depths of earth below.

18 My greatness and my power thou wilt
Increase and far extend;
Against all grief on every side
Thou wilt me comfort send.

19 Thee, ev'n thy truth, I'll also praise,
My God, with psaltery;
Thou Holy One of Israel,
With harp I'll sing to thee.

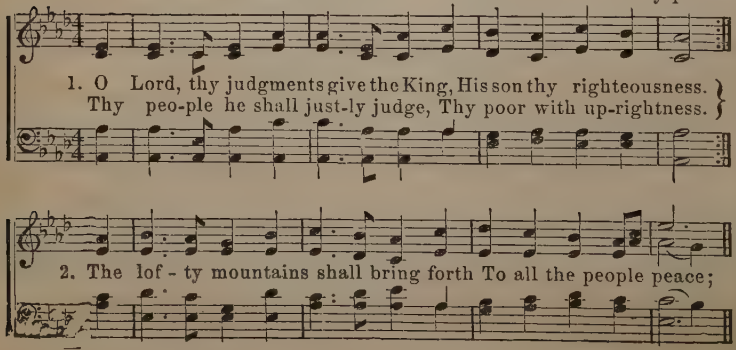
20 My lips shall much rejoice in thee,
When I thy praises sound;
My soul, by thee redeemed from death,
In joy shall much abound.

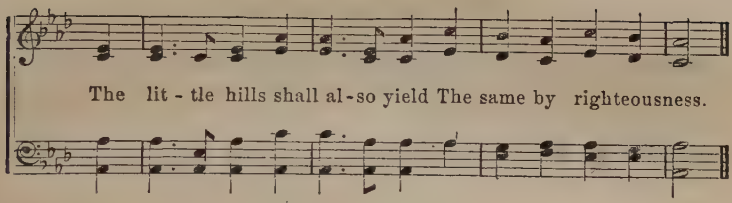
21 And with my tongue I will proclain
Thy justice all day long;
For they confounded are and shamed
Who seek to do me wrong.

MONORA.

PSALM 72. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.





3 The people's poor ones he shall judge,
The needy's children save;
He also shall in pieces break
Those who oppressed them have.

4 They shall thee fear while sun and moon
Do last through ages all;
He'll come like rain on meadows mown,
Or showers on earth that fall.

5 The just shall flourish in his days,
And prosper in his reign:
And while the moon endures he shall
Abundant peace maintain.

6 His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
It from the river shall reach forth
To earth's remotest end.

7 They in the wilderness that dwell
Bow down before him must;
And they that are his enemies
Shall lick the very dust.

8 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles,
To him shall presents bring;
And unto him shall offer gifts
Sheba's and Seba's king.

9 Yea, all the mighty kings on earth
Before him down shall fall;
And all the nations of the world
Do service to him shall.

10 For he the needy will set free,
When he on him shall call;
He'll save the poor, and those for whom
There is no help at all.

11 The poor man and the indigent
In mercy he shall spare;
He shall preserve alive the souls
Of them that needy are.

12 Both from deceit and violence
Their souls he shall set free;
And also in his sight their blood
Shall very precious be.

13 Yea, he shall live, and giv'n to him
Shall be of Sheba's gold;
For him shall constant prayer be made,
His praise each day be told.

14 Of corn a handful in the earth,
On tops of mountains cast,
Shall wave with fruit like Lebanon
When shaken with the blast.

15 The city shall be flourishing,
Her citizens have peace;
And like the grass that clothes the earth
Their numbers shall increase.

16 His name forever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall;
Men shall be blest in him, and blest
All nations shall him call.

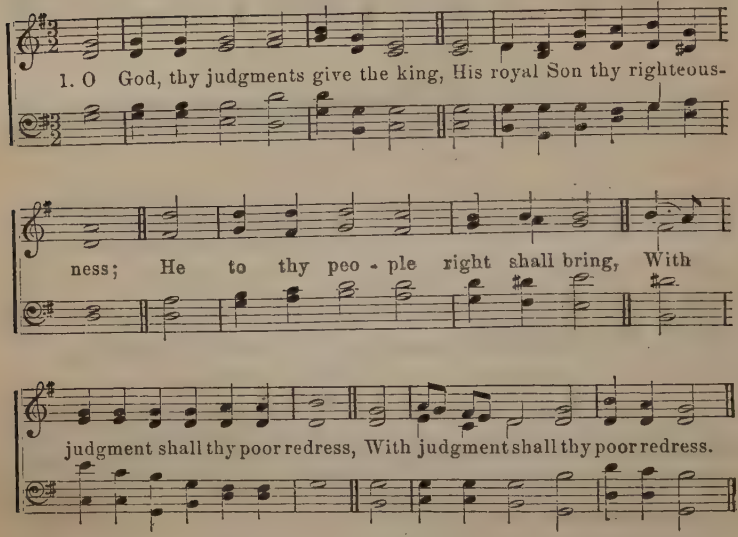
17 Now blessèd be Jehovah, God,
The God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

18 And blessèd be his glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, So let it be.

ROLLAND.

PSALM 72. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



2 The mountains great shall peace secure,
And little hills by means of right;
He'll save the needy, judge the poor,
And crush the proud oppressor's might.

3 Till sun and moon no more are known.
They shall thee fear through ages all;
He'll come like rain on meadows mown.
And showers upon the earth that fall.

4 The just shall flourish in his day,
While lasts the moon shall peace extend;
From sea to sea shall be his sway,
And from the river to earth's end.

5 To him shall bow who dwell in wilds.
Down to the dust his foes shall bend;
The kings of Tarshish, and the isles,
Sheba and Seba, gifts shall send.

6 All kings before him down shall fall;
All nations shall his laws obey;
He'll save the needy when they call,
The poor, and those that have no stay.

7 The poor and needy spared shall be,
The needy's soul saved by his might,
From fraud and violence set free;
Dear shall their blood be in his sight.

8 He'll live; before him shall be laid
Of Sheba's gold an offering;
For him shall constant prayer be made,
His praises they shall daily sing.

9 On hill-tops sown a little corn
Like Lebanon with fruit shall bend;
New life the city shall adorn;
She shall like grass grow and extend.

10 Long as the sun his name shall last,
It shall endure through ages all;
And men shall still in him be blest,
Blest all the nations shall him call.

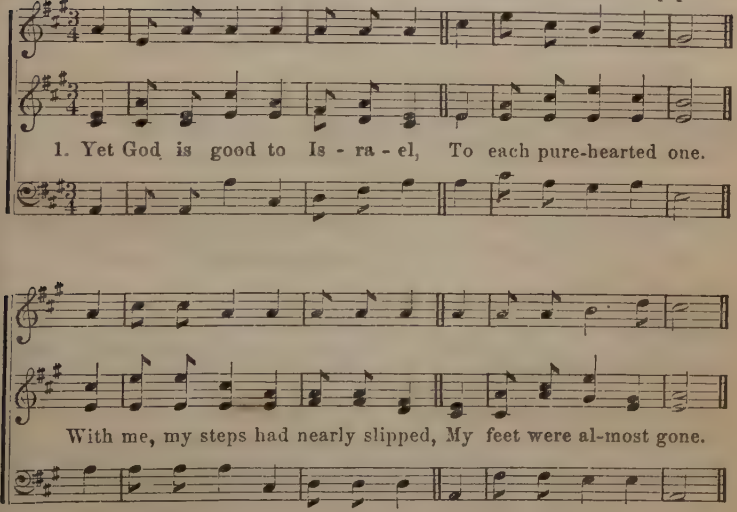
11 Now blessèd be the mighty One,
Jehovah, God of Israel,
For he alone hath wonders done,
And deeds in glory that excel.

12 And blessèd be his glorious name
Long as the ages shall endure.
O'er all the earth extend his fame.
Amen, amen, forevermore.

HALE.

PSALM 73. C. M.

DR. L. MASON. By per.



2 For I was envious, and grudged
The foolish ones to see,
When I perceived that wicked men
Enjoyed prosperity.

3 Because their strength continues firm,
Their death from bands is free.
They are not toiled like other men,
Nor plagued as others be.

4 Their pride doth therefore like a chain
Encompass them about;
And, as a garment, violence
Doth cover them throughout.

5 Their eyes stand out with fat, they have
More than their hearts could wish.
They are corrupt; their talk of wrong
Both lewd and lofty is.

6 They set their mouth against the heavens
In their blaspheming talk;
And their reproaching tongue at large
Throughout the earth doth walk.

7 His people, therefore, oftentimes
Look back, and turn about;
And in abundance unto them
The waters are wrung out.

8 And thus they say, How can it be
That God these things doth know?
Or, Can there in the Highest be
Knowledge of things below?

9 Behold, how these the wicked ones
Do prosper at their will
In worldly things; how they increase
In wealth and riches still!

10 I verily have sought in vain
My heart to purify;
And vainly also washed my hands
In innocence have I.

11 For daily, and all day throughout,
Great plagues I suffered have;
Yea, every morning I anew
Did chastisement receive.

12 If in this manner foolishly
To speak I would intend,
Thy children's generation then
Behold I should offend.

13 When I this thought to know, it was
Too hard a thing for me;
Till to God's holy place I went,
Then I their end did see.

14 Them set upon a slippery place
Assuredly thou hast;
And suddenly didst thou, O Lord,
Them to destruction cast.

15 How in a moment suddenly
To ruin brought are they!
With fearful terrors utterly
They are consumed away.

16 Even like an empty dream when one
From sleeping doth arise,
So thou, when thou awakest, Lord,
Their image shalt despise.

17 Thus grieved within me was my heart,
And me my reins opprest;
So rude was I, and ignorant,
And in thy sight a beast.

18 Yet notwithstanding this, O Lord,
I ever am with thee;
Thou hast me held by my right hand;
And still upholdest me.

19 With thy good counsel while I live
Thou wilt me safely guide;
And into glory afterward
Receive me to abide.

20 O whom have I in heavens high
But thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom I desire
Besides thee there is none.

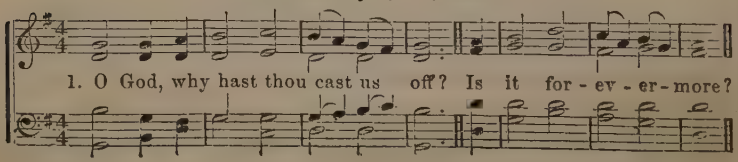
21 My flesh and heart do faint and fail,
But God my heart sustains;
The strength and portion of my heart
He evermore remains.

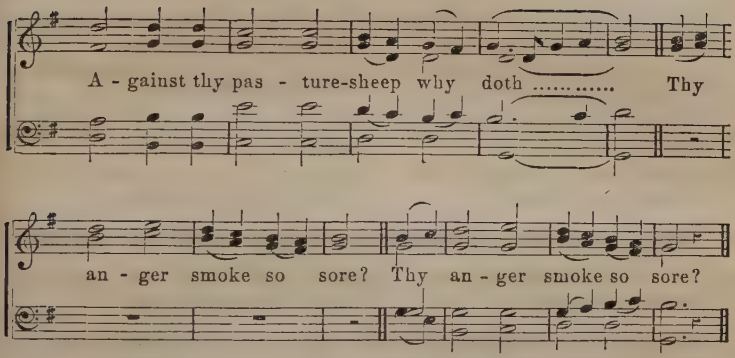
22 For lo, they that are far from thee
Forever perish shall;
And as for those who from thee stray,
Thou hast destroyed them all.

23 But surely it is good for me
That I draw near to God:
In God I trust, that all thy works
I may declare abroad.

DEVIZES.

PSALM 74. C. M.





2 Thy congregation, Lord, do thou
In thy remembrance hold;
Forget not those who purchased were
By thee in times of old.

3 The rod of thy inheritance,
Which thou redeemèd hast,
This Zion Hill, in which thou hadst
Thy dwelling in times past.

4 To these long desolations, Lord,
O haste, and tarry not!
For all the ills thy foes within
Thy holy place have wrought.

5 Amidst thy congregations, Lord,
Thy enemies do roar:
Their ensigns they set up for signs
Of triumph, thee before.

6 A man was famous, and was held
In honor and renown,
According as with lifted axe
He cut the thicket down.

7 But all at once, with axes now,
And hammers, they engage;
And all the carvèd work thereof
They break down in their rage.

8 Thy holy place they set on fire;
They have defiled the same,
By casting down, ev'n to the ground,
The place where dwelt thy name.

9 They said in heart, "Now let them be
To one destruction doomed;"
God's synagogues in all the land
With fire they have consumed.

10 Our signs we do not now behold,
There is not us among
A prophet now, nor any one
Who knows the time how long.

11 How long shall adversaries, Lord,
Thus in reproach exclaim?
Shall enemies forever thus
Blaspheme thy holy name?

12 Thy hand, even thy right hand of might,
Why dost thou thus draw back?
O from thy bosom pluck it out
For our deliv'rance sake.

13 Because my King is God alone,
Even from the times of old;
He works, in midst of all the earth,
Salvation manifold.

14 The sea by thy great power to part
Asunder thou didst make;
And thou the dragons' heads, O Lord,
Didst in the waters break.

15 The heads of the leviathan
Thy hand did break and give
To be the people's sustenance
Who in the deserts live.

16 The fount and flood were cleft by thee,
The mighty streams were dried.
The day and night are thine, and thou
Didst light and sun provide.

17 By thee the borders of the earth
Were settled everywhere;
The summer and the winter both
By thee created were.

18 That spiteful foes have thee reproached,
In memory record;
And that the foolish people have
Blasphemed thy name, O Lord.

19 O do not to the multitude
Thy turtle's soul give o'er;
The congregation of thy poor
Forget not evermore.

20 Lord, to thy cov'nant have respect;
Because in every clime
Are earth's dark places filled with homes
Of cruelty and crime.

21 O let not those that are oppressed
Return again with shame;
Let those that poor and needy are
Give praises to thy name.

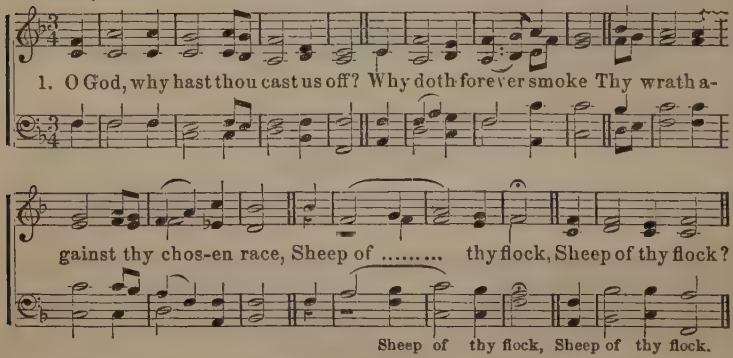
22 Do thou, O God, arise and plead
The cause that is thy own:
Remember how thou art reproached
Still by the foolish one.

23 O Lord, do not forget the voice
Of such as are thy foes;
Of them that up against thee rise
The tumult ever grows.

MILAN.

PSALM 74. 8s 6s & 4s.

Slowly. REV. J. S. BOYD



2 Thy church by thee redeemed of old
In love remember still,
The rod of thy inheritance,
This Zion Hill.

3 Here thou hast dwelt; lift up thy feet,
To these sad ruins haste,
Thy holy place, with wicked hands
By foes laid waste.

4 Thy enemies in triumph shout
Where saints were wont to pray;
Their ensigns on thy temple's walls
For signs display.

5 Once men were famed for felling trees,
But now the carved work falls;
With axes and with hammers now
They break the walls.

6 They have thy temple set on fire,
In dust they have defiled
Thy holy place where dwelt thy name,
Thy house despoiled.

7 They, to destroy us all at once,
Did in their hearts conspire;
Through all the land God's synagogues
They've burnt with fire.

8 Our signs we see not; there is now
No prophet us among,
Nor is there any one who knows
The time how long.

9 O Lord, how long shall those blaspheme
Thy name who thee withstand?
Why hide thyself? make bare thy hand,
Ev'n thy right hand.

10 Because God is my King of old;
Salvation worketh he,
Through all the earth, and by his strength
Divides the sea.

11 Thou broken hast the dragons' heads,
And as their meat didst give
Leviathan to those who did
In deserts live.

12 Fountain and flood thou didst divide,
Made mighty rivers dry;
The day is thine, the night is thine,
The sun and sky.

13 Thou hast established by decree
All borders of the earth;
To summer and to winter thou
Hast given birth.

14 O Lord, do thou this keep in mind,
How enemies defame,
And how the foolish people have
Blasphemed thy name.

15 Thy turtle-dove deliver not
To crowds which it beset,
And thy poor flock forevermore
Do not forget.

16 Unto thy cov'nant have respect,
For every where we see
The earth's dark habitations filled
With cruelty.

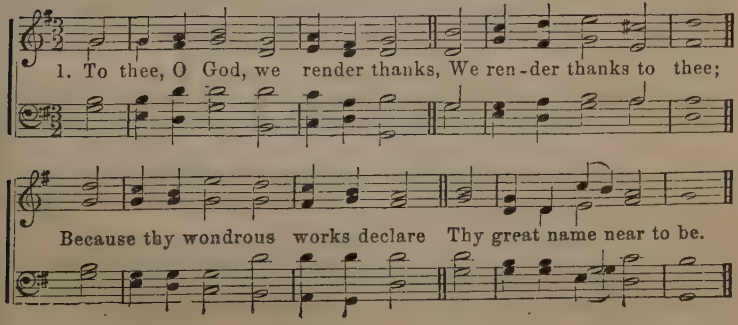
17 O let not those that are oppressed
Return again with shame;
But let the poor and needy ones
Still praise thy name.

18 Arise, O God, plead thy own cause,
Keep thou in memory
How every day the foolish man
Reproacheth thee.

19 Of them that up against thee rise
The tumult ever grows;
Forget not thou the voice of them
That are thy foes.

ROCHESTER.

PSALM 75. C. M.



2 I purpose when I shall receive
The congregation, Lord,
That I will judgment uprightly
To every one award.

3 The land has been dissolved throughout,
With all that in it dwell,
But yet its pillars I bear up,
And them establish well.

4 I to the foolish people said,
Do not deal foolishly;
And unto those that wicked are,
Lift not your horn on high.

5 Lift not your horn on high, nor speak
With stubborn neck; but know,
Promotion not from east, nor west,
Nor from the south doth flow.

6 But God is judge, he puts down one,
And sets another up.
For in the hands of God Most High
Of red wine is a cup;

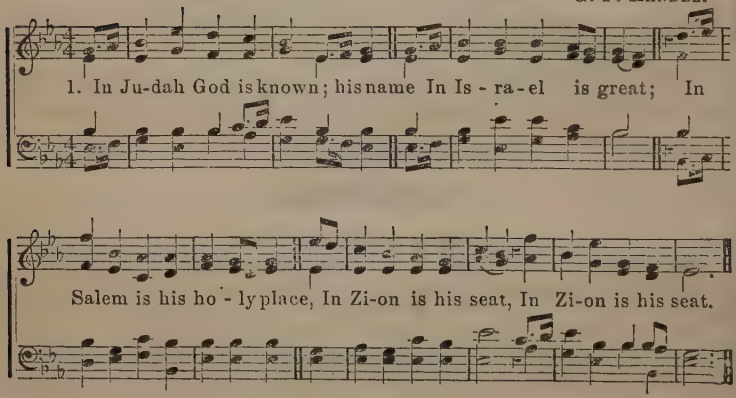
7 'Tis full of mixture; he pours forth,
And makes the wicked all
Wring out the bitter dregs thereof;
Yea, and they drink them shall.

8 But I forever will exult,
I Jacob's God will praise.
All power of sinners will cut off;
But just men's power will raise.

CHRISTMAS.

PSALM 76. C. M.

G. F. Handel.



2 There arrows of the bow he broke,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious thou than hills of prey;
More excellent art far.

3 The stout of heart themselves were spoiled,
A deadly sleep they slept,
And none of all the men of might
Their strength of hands have kept.

4 When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them passed,
Then both the chariot and the horse
Were in a dead sleep cast.

5 For thou, yea, thou art to be feared,
And who, O Lord, is he
That may stand up before thy sight,
If once thou angry be?

6 From heaven judgment was proclaimed,
The earth was still with fear,
When God to judgment rose, to save
All meek on earth that were.

7 Because the very wrath of man
Unto thy praise redounds;
Thou to the remnant of his wrath
Wilt set restraining bounds.

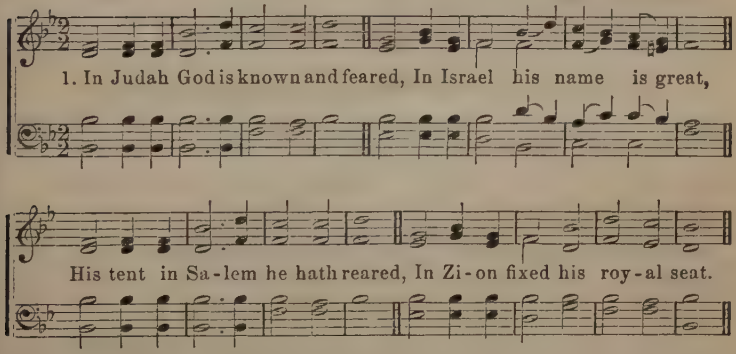
8 Vow to the Lord your God, and pay;
All ye that near him be,
Bring gifts and presents unto him;
To be adored is he.

9 For he the spirits shall cut off
Of those that princes are:
And to the kings that are on earth
He fearful shall appear.

WELTON.

PSALM 76. L. M.

REV. DR. MADAN.



2 He there brake arrows of the bow,
The shield, the sword, and war's array;
More excellent, O Lord, art thou,
More glorious far than hills of prey.

3 The stout of heart are spoiled in fight,
A deadly sleep the warrior slept;
No hand of all the men of might
Its wonted strength or cunning kept.

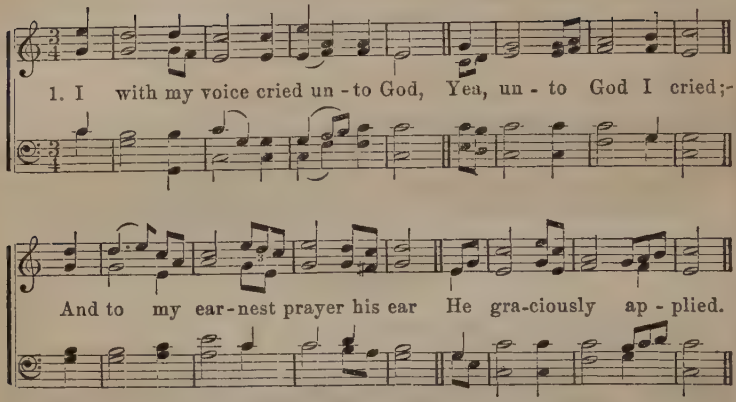
4 O Jacob's God, at thy command
The chariot and the horse went down;
For thou art dreadful; who can stand
Before the tempest of thy frown?

5 From heaven Jehovah judgment gave;
The trembling earth stood still and feared,
When all the meek on earth to save,
For righteous judgment God appeared.

6 The wrath of man thee praise shall bring,
Remaining wrath thy hand shall stay.
Vow to the Lord your God and King,
Be faithful all your vows to pay.

7 Let all around their presents bring
To him whom all the world should fear:
He cuts off princes; God the King
Shall dreadful to earth's kings appear.

PSALM 77. C. M. SWAN.



2 Through all the day I sought the Lord,
While trouble on me pressed;
Through all the night I spread my hands,
My soul would take no rest.

3 I to remembrance God recalled,
But trouble still remained;
And overwhelmed my spirit was
While I in grief complained.

4 Thou dost withhold my eyes from sleep,
When sleep and rest I seek;
My trouble is so great that I
Unable am to speak.

5 I thought upon the days of old,
The years departed long;
I held communion with my heart;
By night recalled my song.

6 My heart inquired with anxious care,
Will God forever spurn?
Shall we no more his favor see?
Will mercy ne'er return?

7 Forever does his promise fail?
Hath God forgotten grace?
Hath he shut up his tender love?
In anger hid his face?

8 "But this is my infirmity,"
My thoughts at once reply;
I'll call back years of God's right hand,
The years of God Most High.

9 I will commemorate the deeds
Accomplished by the Lord;
The wonders done of old by thee
I surely will record.

10 I also will of all thy works
My meditation make;
And of thy doings to discourse
Great pleasure I will take.

11 O God, most holy is thy way
In thy divine abode;
Who is so great a god of might
As our Almighty God?

12 Thou art the God of wondrous deeds
Performed by thy right hand;
Thou hast declared thy strength among
The tribes of every land.

13 To thy own people with thy arm
Thou didst redemption bring;
To Jacob's sons, and to the tribes
From Joseph's house that spring.

14 The waters saw thee, O Most High,
They saw, and troubled were;
And from its lowest depths the sea
Was moved, and fled for fear.

15 The clouds poured out abundant rain,
Loud sounds filled all the sky;
Yea, here and there on every side
Thy arrows swift did fly.

16 In thunders loud along the heavens
Thy voice was uttered forth;
Thy lightnings blazed across the world,
Then shook and quaked the earth.

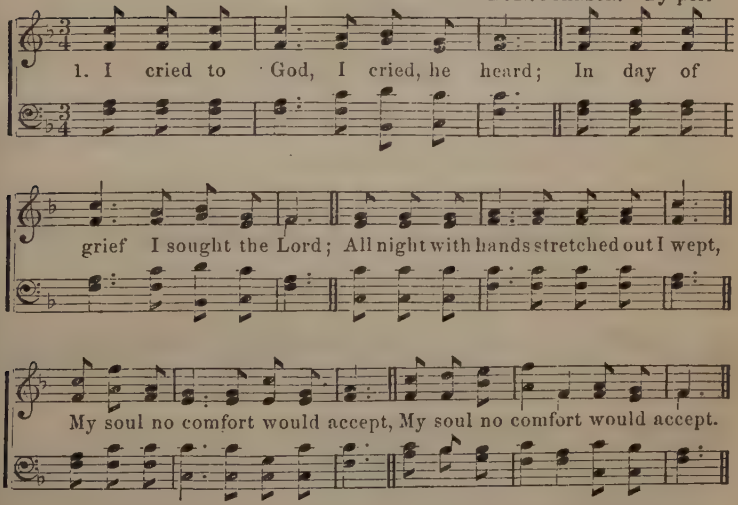
17 Thy paths were in the waters great,
Thy way was in the sea,
Thy footsteps 'mid the deep sea waves
Were only known to thee.

18 And like a flock of sheep thou didst
Thy people safely guide
By Moses' and by Aaron's hand
Through all the desert wide.

CLARENCE.

PSALM 77. L. M.

A. N. JOHNSON. By per.



2 I thought of God, and was distressed:
Complained, yet trouble round me pressed;
Thou holdest, Lord, my eyes awake;
So great my grief I cannot speak.

3 The days of old I called to mind,
The ancient years when God was kind;
I called to mind my song by night,
My musing spirit sought for light.

4 Will God cast off forevermore?
His favor will he ne'er restore?
Has grace forever passed away?
Or, doth his promise fail for aye?

5 Hath God forgotten to be kind?
His tender love in wrath confined?
My weakness this, yet faith doth stand
Recalling years of God's right hand.

6 The works of old done by the Lord,
Thy wondrous works I will record;
I'll muse on all thy works so vast,
And talk of all thy doings past.

7 The holy place is thy abode;
What god so great as is our God?
Thy wondrous works thou hast made known,
Thy strength among the people shown.

8 Thy arm the sons of Jacob saved,
And Joseph's offspring when enslaved.
The waters saw thee, God of might,
The waters saw thee with affright.

9 Then troubled was the mighty main;
The clouds poured out abundant rain;
The lowering skies send out a sound,
And far thy arrows blazed around.

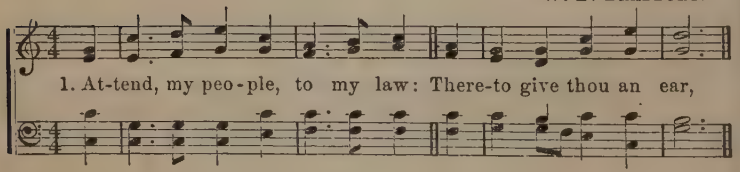
10 Thy lightnings flashed, thy thunders pealed,
The trembling earth in terror reeled;
Thou through the sea thy way didst keep,
Thy path was in the mighty deep.

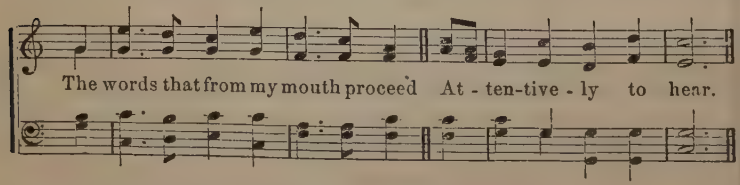
11 Thy footsteps were to all unknown;
Thy goodness to thy flock was shown.
By Moses' and by Aaron's hand
Thou didst them guide to Canaan's land.

BROWN.

PSALM 78. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury.





2 My mouth shall speak a parable,
And sayings dark of old;
The same which we have heard and known,
Ev'n as our fathers told.

3 We will not from their children hide
The wonders done by thee;
To generations yet to come
These things declare will we.

4 The praises of the Lord our God,
And his almighty strength,
The wondrous works that he hath done,
We will show forth at length.

5 His testimony and his law
In Isr'el did he place,
And charged our fathers it to show
To their succeeding race;

6 That so the race which was to come
These things might learn and know;
And sons unborn, who should arise,
Might to their sons them show:

7 That they might set their hope in God,
And suffer not to fall
His mighty works out of their mind,
But keep his precepts all:

8 And might not, like their fathers, be
A stiff rebellious race;
A race not right in heart; with God
Whose spirit faithless was.

9 The sons of Ephraim, who nor bows
Nor other arms did lack,
When as the day of battle was,
Yet faintly turnèd back.

10 They broke God's cov'nant, and refused
In his commands to go;
His works and wonders they forgot,
Which he to them did show.

11 Things marvellous he brought to pass;
Their fathers them beheld
Within the land of Egypt done,
Yea, even Zoan's field.

12 By him divided was the sea,
He led them through the flood;
The waters on each side he raised,
Till as a heap they stood.

13 With cloud by day, with light of fire
All night he did them guide.
In desert, rocks he cleft, and drink
As from great depths, supplied.

14 He also from the rock brought streams,
Like floods made waters run.
Yet, sinning more, in desert they
Provoked the highest One.

15 For in their heart they tempted God,
And, speaking with mistrust,
They greedily did meat require
To satisfy their lust.

16 Against the Lord himself they spoke,
And, murmuring, said thus,
"A table in the wilderness
Can God prepare for us?

17 Behold, he smote the rock, and thence
Came streams and waters great;
But can he give his people bread,
And send them flesh to eat?"

18 Jehovah heard, his wrath arose:
Then kindled was a flame
On Jacob, and on Israel
His indignation came.

19 For they believed not God, nor trust
In his salvation had;
Though clouds above he did command,
And heaven's doors open made,

20 And manna rained on them, and gave
Them corn of heav'n to eat.
Man angels' food did eat; to them
He to the full sent meat.

21 He in the heaven also caused
An eastern wind to blow;
And by his power he let out
The southern wind to go.

22 Then flesh he rained on them like dust
Which cannot numbered be;
And feathered fowls in numbers vast
Like sands along the sea.

23 At his command, amid their camp,
The flesh in showers fell;
On every side it fell about
The tents where they did dwell.

24 So they did eat abundantly,
And had of meat their fill;
For he did give to them what was
Their own desire and will.

25 They from their lust had not estranged
Their heart and their desire;
But while the meat was in their mouths,
Which they did so require,

26 God's wrath upon them came, and slew
The fattest of them all;
And so the choice of Israel,
O'erthrown by death, did fall.

27 Yet after all the Lord had done,
They still went on in sin;
Nor did believe, although his works
So wonderful had been.

28 He therefore did in vanity
Their days consume and waste;
And by his wrath their wretched years
Away in trouble passed.

29 But when he slew them, then they did
To seek him show desire;
Yea, they returned, and after God
Did earnestly inquire.

30 And that the Lord had been their Rock
They did remember then;
And that the high almighty God
Had their Redeemer been.

31 Yet with their mouth they flattered him.
And with their tongues they lied;
Their heart was not sincere: they from
His cov'nant turned aside.

32 But, full of pity, he forgave
Their sin, nor did them slay;
Nor stirred up all his wrath, but oft
His anger turned away.

33 For that they were but fading flesh
To mind he did recall;
A wind that passeth soon away,
And ne'er returns at all

34 How often in the wilderness
Did they provoke his wrath!
How often grieve him, as they marched
Along their desert path!

35 Yea, turning back, they tempt the Lord,
And boldly limits place
About the High and Holy One—
The God of Isr'el's race.

36 And they remembered not his hand,
Nor yet the noted day
When he redeemed them from the foe
Who sought them for his prey.

37 Nor how great signs in Egypt land
He openly had wrought;
What miracles in Zoan's field
His hand to pass had brought.

38 How he their rivers and their lakes
Turned everywhere to blood,
That neither man nor beast could drink
Of standing lake or flood.

39 Devouring flies, of divers sorts,
The Lord among them brought;
And swarms of frogs o'er all the land,
Which great destruction wrought.

40 He to the caterpillar gave
The fruits of all their soil;
He gave the labors of their hands
To be the locust's spoil.

41 Their vines with hail, their sycamores
He with the frost did blast:
Their beasts to hail he gave; their flocks
Hot thunderbolts did waste.

42 He cast upon them anger fierce;
To burning wrath gave vent;
In indignation troubled them
By evil angels sent.

43 He did not spare their soul from death,
But for his wrath made way;
And to the fearful pestilence
He gave their life a prey.

44 And over Egypt's land he smote
Their first born, and their pride,
Till everywhere in tents of Ham
Their chief of strength had died.

45 But forth from thence like sheep he brought
His own, his chosen band,
And led his people like a flock
Across the desert land.

46 And on their journey he them led,
Secure from ev'ry fear.
But by the sea's o'erwhelming waves
Their en'mies covered were.

47 To borders of his holy place
The Lord his people brought,
Ev'n to the mountain which for them
His own right hand had bought.

48 The nations which in Canaan dwelt,
He also by his hand,
Before his people's face, expelled
Beyond their native land;

49 Which for inheritance to them
By line he did divide,
And made the tribes of Israel
Within their tents abide.

50 But God Most High they did provoke,
They tempted him again;
His testimonies to observe
Their will did not incline:

51 But, like their fathers, they turned back
In faithlessness and pride,
And like a false, deceitful bow,
They all were turned aside.

52 Because to anger they provoked
The Lord with places high,
And with their graven images
Moved him to jealousy.

53 When God heard this, he angry was,
And much loathed Isr'el then:
So Shiloh's tent he left, the tent
Which he had placed with men.

54 And he his strength delivered o'er
To long captivity;
He left his glory in the hand
Of his proud enemy.

55 His people also to the sword
In anger o'er he turned:
Against his own inheritance
His wrath so fiercely burned.

56 The fire consumed their choice young men;
Their maids no marriage had;
And when their priests fell by the sword,
Their wives no mourning made.

57 But then the Lord arose, as one
That doth from sleep awake;
And like a giant that, by wine
Refreshed, a shout doth make.

58 And on the backs of fleeing foes
He caused his strokes to fall,
And to reproach perpetual
He put his en'mies all.

59 Moreover Joseph's tent he spurned,
Nor Ephraim's tribe approved;
But Judah's tent Jehovah chose,
The Zion Mount he loved.

60 And like the firm and lofty hills
He built his holy place;
Yea, strong as earth's foundations fast,
He gave it changeless base

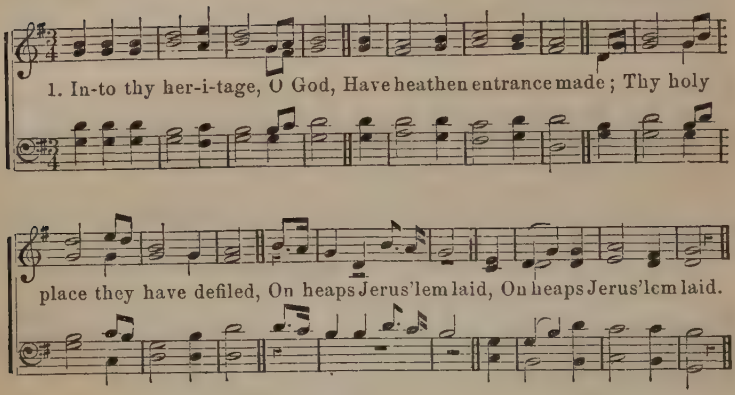
61 Of David as his servant then
He sovereign choice did make,
And him, from out the folds of sheep,
The Lord was pleased to take.

62 From waiting on the suckling ewes,
He brought him forth to feed
His Israel, his heritage,
His people, Jacob's seed.

63 So with integrity of heart
He did them wisely feed;
And with his skilfulness of hands
He did them safely lead.

PSALM 79. C. M.

J. B. Ferguson.



2 Thy servants' bodies they have cast
To fowls of heaven for meat;
The flesh of thy dear saints they gave
To beasts of earth to eat.

3 Their blood about Jerusalem
Like water they have shed;
And of their number none remained
To bury them when dead.

4 And to our neighbors a reproach
Most base become are we;
A scorn and laughing-stock to them
That round about us be.

5 How long, O Lord? for evermore
Wilt thou still keep thine ire?
O how long shall thy jealousy
Burn like devouring fire?

6 On heathen pour thy fury forth,
That never have thee known,
And on those kingdoms which thy name
Have never called upon.

7 For these are they who have devoured
Thy servant Jacob's race,
And they, all waste and desolate
Have made his dwelling-place.

8 Against us mind not former sins;
Thy tender mercies show;
Let them relieve us speedily,
For we're brought very low.

9 For thy name's glory help us, Lord,
Who hast our Saviour been:
Deliver us; for thy name's sake,
O purge away our sin.

10 Why say the heathen, Where's their God?
Let him to them be known;
When those who shed thy servants' blood
Are in our sight o'erthrown.

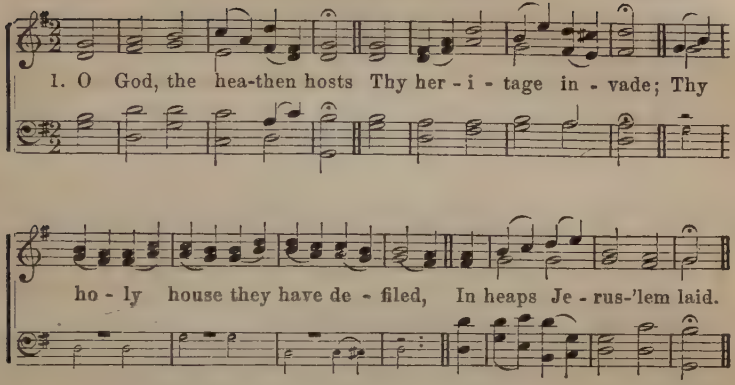
11 O let the prisoner's sighs ascend
Before thy sight on high:
Preserve those in thy mighty power
That are condemned to die.

12 And to our neighbor's bosom cause
It seven-fold rendered be,
For that reproach which in their spite,
O Lord, they cast on thee.

13 So we, thy people and thy flock,
Will ever thank thy name;
And unto generations all
We will thy praise proclaim.

PSALM 79. S. M.

STANLEY.



2 Thy servants they when dead
Have given to fowls for meat;
And thy saints' flesh they have cast forth
For beasts of earth to eat.

3 About Jerusalem,
Like water, they have shed
Thy servants' blood, and none was left
To bury them when dead.

4 Our scoffing neighbors now
With base reproach us wound;
A scorn and laughing stock we are
To all the nations round.

5 How long, O Lord, how long
Wilt thou retain thine ire?
How long shall thy fierce jealousy
Burn like devouring fire?

6 On heathen pour thy wrath
Like fierce consuming flame;
On kingdoms which have never known,
Nor called upon thy name.

7 Because they have devoured
Thy servant Jacob's race;
They have made desolate and waste
His pleasant dwelling-place.

8 Mind not our former sins;
Thy tender mercies show;
O let them visit us with speed,
We are brought very low.

9 For thy name's glory help,
Who hast our Saviour been;
Deliver us for thy name's sake,
And purge away our sin.

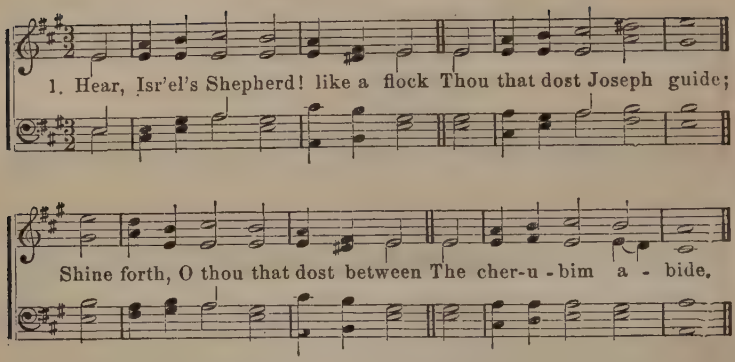
10 Why should the heathen scoff,
And say, "Where is their God?"
Be known to them before our eyes
Avenging thy saints' blood.

11 In mercy, Lord, draw near,
And hear the pris'ner's sigh;
Preserve those in thy mighty power
That are condemned to die.

12 And to our neighbors, Lord,
Be seven-fold repaid,
To their own bosoms, that reproach
Which they on thee have laid.

13 So we thy chosen flock
Will ever praise thy name;
With thankful hearts to ages all
Thy praise we will proclaim.

PSALM 80. C. M.



2 In Ephraim's and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's sight,
O come for our salvation, Lord,
Stir up thy strength and might.

3 Turn us again. O Lord our God,
Restore us unto thee;
O cause thy face to shine on us,
And saved we then shall be.

4 O Lord of hosts, almighty God,
How long shall kindled be
Thy wrath against the prayer which
Thy people make to thee?

5 Thou tears of sorrow giv'st to them
Instead of bread to eat;
Thou givest tears instead of drink
To them in measure great.

6 Thou makest us to neighbors all
A strife on every side,
Our enemies among themselves
With laughter us deride.

7 Turn us again, O God of hosts,
Restore us unto thee.
O cause thy face to shine on us
And saved we then shall be.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
By thy almighty hand;
And thou hast cast the heathen out
To plant it in their land.

9 Before it thou a place didst make,
And give it room to stand;
Thou causedst it deep root to take,
And it did fill the land.

10 Its shadow veiled the highest hills,
It covered mountains o'er;
And like the goodly cedars were
The branches which it bore

11 Upon the one hand, to the sea,
Her boughs she forth did send;
Upon the other, to the flood,
Her branches did extend.

12 Why hast thou broken down her hedge,
And taken it away,
So that all passers by do pluck
And make of her a prey?

13 The boar that from the forest comes
Doth waste it at his will;
The wild beast also of the field
Devours of it his fill.

14 O God of hosts, we thee beseech,
Return now unto thine;
Look down from heaven, and behold,
And visit thou this vine:

15 Ev'n this thy vineyard planted here,
The work of thy right hand,
And that same branch, which for thyself
Thou hast made strong to stand.

16 Burnt up it is with flaming fire,
It also is cut down:
And perished utterly are they,
Because thy face did frown.

17 O let thy hand be laid upon
The man of thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for thyself
Thou hast made strong to stand.

18 So henceforth we will not go back,
Nor turn from thee at all:
O do thou quicken us, and we
Upon thy name will call.

19 Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
Restore us unto thee;
O cause thy face to shine on us,
And saved we then shall be.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

PSALM 80. 11s.

J. READING.

1. O Thou who the Shep-herd of Is - ra - el art, Give
ear to our pray'r, and thy fa-vor im-part; Thou lead-er of
Jo-seph, thou guide of his way, 'Mid cher - u - bim dwelling, thy
glo-ry dis - play, 'Mid cher-u-bim dwelling, thy glo - ry dis-play.

1 O thou who the Shepherd of Israel art,
Give ear to our prayer, and thy favor impart;
Thou leader of Joseph, thou guide of his way,
'Mid cherubim dwelling, thy glory display.

2 In Ephraim's, Manasseh's and Benjamin's sight,
O come thou and save us: awake in thy might.
O God, give us favor, restore to thy grace;
And then we shall live in the light of thy face.

3 How long wilt thou turn in fierce anger away,
O Lord God of hosts, when thy people do pray?
With tear-bread of sorrow their table is laid;
Of tears' bitter mixture their drink thou hast made.

4 A strife thou hast made us to neighbors around,
Our foes in their laughter and scoffing abound.
O Lord God of hosts, us restore to thy grace,
And then we shall live in the light of thy face.

5 From Egypt's dark border a vine thou didst take:
Destroying the heathen didst room for it make.
Where planted it grew at thy sov'reign command,
With roots deeply set and boughs filling the land.

6 The mountains were covered beneath its deep shade,
The cedars of God with the boughs it displayed;
Her boughs to the sea afar off she did send,
Her branches far out to the river extend.

7 O why hast thou taken her hedges away,
That all who pass by her may make her a prey?
The boar from the forest destroys at his will,
The beasts of the field are devouring her still.

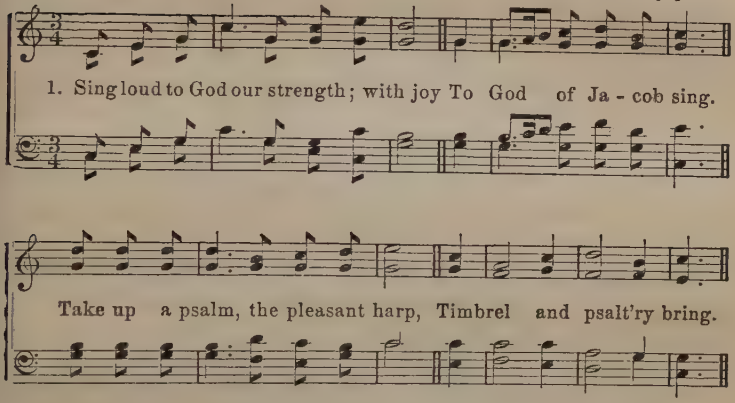
8 Return, God of hosts, O return unto thine;
Look down from the heavens and visit this vine;
This vine, which was planted by thy mighty hand;
This branch for thy self, which thou madest to stand.

9 The axe hews it down; it is burned in the fire;
They perish, rebuked in thy terrible ire.
O lay then thy hand on the man of thy might,
The Son of man made to stand strong in thy sight.

10 No more shall we wander, delighting in shame;
Revive us, O Lord; we will call on thy name.
O Lord God of hosts, us restore to thy grace,
And then we shall live in the light of thy face.

PSALM 81. C. M. *From "True Choir."*

J. H. TENNY. By per.



2 Blow trumpets at new-moon, what day
Our feast appointed is :
For charge to Isr'el, and a law
Of Jacob's God was this:

3 This testimony he ordained
In Joseph, when the land
Of Egypt he passed through, whose speech
I did not understand.

4 His shoulder I from burdens took,
His hands from pots did free.
Thou didst in trouble on me call,
And I delivered thee:

5 In secret place of thundering
I did thee answer make;
And at the streams of Meribah
Of thee a proof did take.

6 O thou, my people, give an ear,
I'll testify to thee ;
To thee, O Isr'el, if thou wilt
But harken unto me.

7 In midst of thee there shall not be
A heathen god at all;
Nor unto any god unknown
Thou, bowing down, shalt fall.

8 I am the Lord thy God, who did
From Egypt land thee guide ;
I'll fill thy mouth abundantly,
Do thou it open wide.

9 My people would not hear my voice,
My presence Isr'el spurned ;
I gave them then to stubborn hearts,
And where they would, they turned.

10 O that my people had me heard,
Isr'el my ways had chose!
I had their en'mies soon subdued,
My hand turned on their foes.

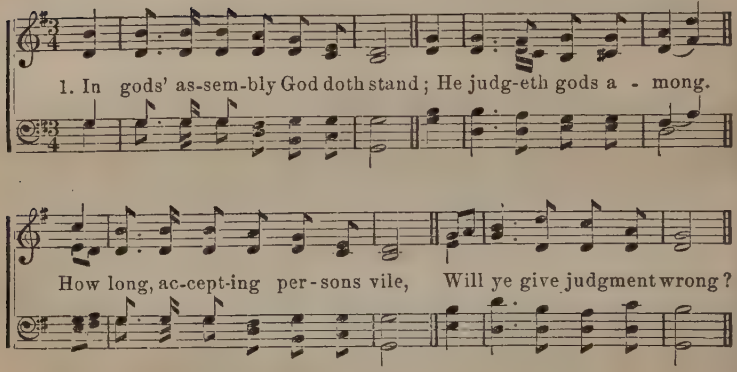
11 The haters of the Lord to him
Submission should have feigned ;
But as for them, their time should have
For evermore remained.

12 He should have also fed them with
The finest of the wheat ;
Of honey from the rock thy fill
I should have made thee eat.

LA MIRA.

PSALM 82. *C. M.*

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Defend the poor and fatherless;
To poor oppressed do right.
The poor and needy ones set free;
Them save from ill men's might.

3 They know not, nor will understand;
In darkness they walk on:
For all foundations of the earth
Out of their course are gone.

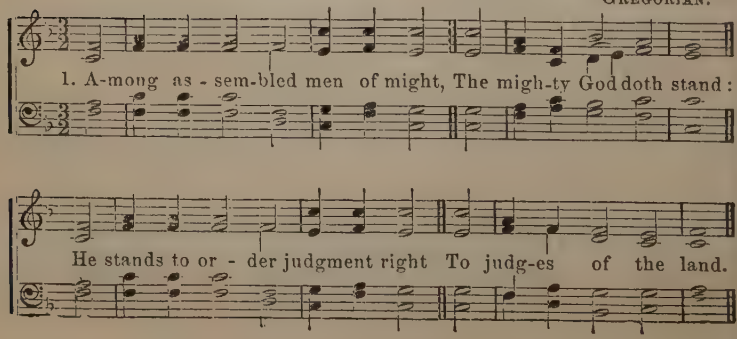
4 I said that ye are gods, and are
The sons of God Most High;
But as the princes ye shall fall,
Like men ye all shall die.

5 O mighty God, do thou arise,
The earth to judgment call:
For thou, as thine inheritance,
Shalt take the nations all.

MARLOW.

PSALM 82. *C. M.* (Second.)

Gregorian.



2 How long will ye, with wrongful aid,
Th' oppressor's cause protect?
How long, by gift and favor swayed,
The wicked man respect?

3 Protect the fatherless and weak,
Defend the poor distressed;
And give deliv'rance to the meek
By lawless power oppressed.

4 They will not know nor understand,
In darkness on they go:
Quake all the pillars of the land;
They totter to and fro.

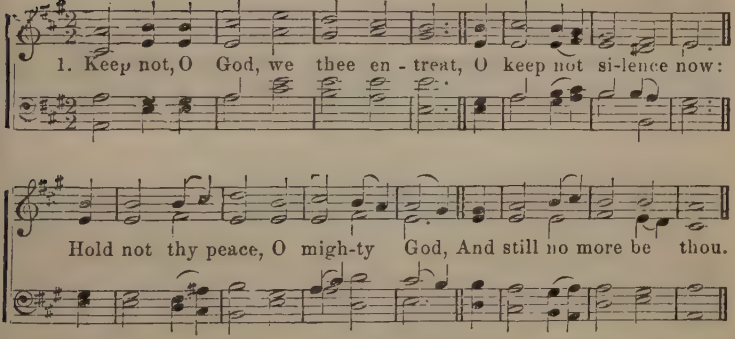
5 "True, ye are gods, ye kings," I said;
"And sons of God Most High;
Yet as the sons of men ye fade,
And as the princes die."

6 Arise, O God, assert thy right,
Pronounce thy just decree;
The heritage of earth by right
Belongs, O Lord, to thee.

DEDHAM.

PSALM 83. C. M.

GARDNER.



2 For lo, what tumults, in their rage,
Thy enemies have made!
And they that haters are of thee
Have lifted up the head.

3 Against thy chosen people they
Do crafty counsel take;
And they against thy hidden ones
Do consultations make.

4 Come on, we'll cut their nation out,
We'll blot them out, said they;
And thus shall Isr'el's race and name
From mem'ry pass away.

5 With one consent they have conspired,
Against thee they combined;
With Edom's tents, the Ishma'lites,
With Moab, Hagar joined.

6 Gebal, and Ammon, Amalek,
Philistia, those of Tyre,
And Assur joined with them; to help
Lot's children they conspire.

7 To them as unto Midian do,
Jabin at Kison strand;
And Sis'ra, which at Endor fell,
To fertilize the land.

8 Like Oreb and like Zeëb make
Their noble men to fall;
Like Zeba and Zalmunna make
Their noble princes all:

9 Who said, For our inheritance
Let us God's houses take.
My God, them like a wheel, as chaff
Before the wind, them make.

10 As fire consumes the wood, as flame
Doth mountains set on fire,
O chase and frighten them with storm
And tempest of thine ire.

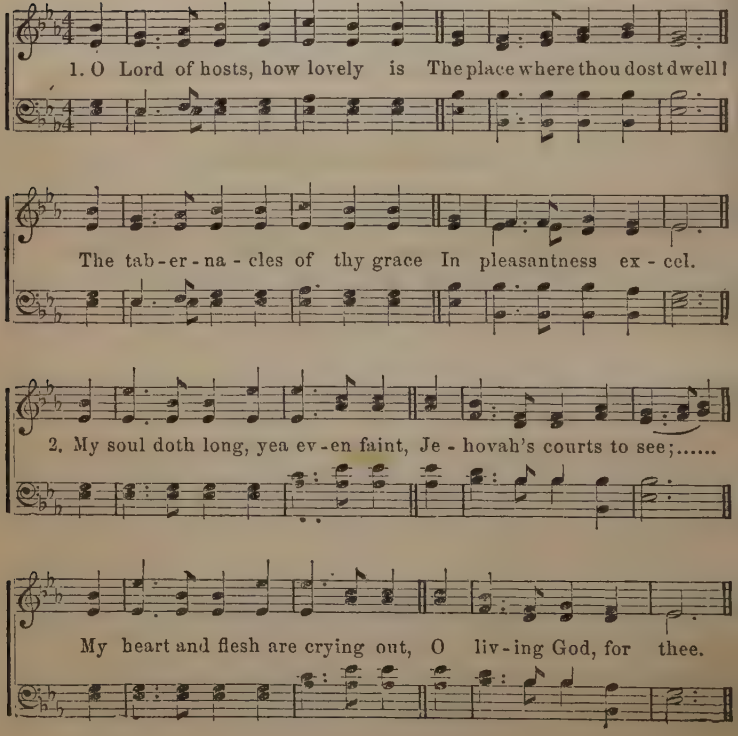
11 With shame their faces fill, O Lord,
That they may seek thy name.
Let them confounded be, and vexed,
Yea, perish in their shame:

12 That men may know, that thou, whose name
Jehovah is alone,
As God Most High, o'er all the earth,
Art seated on thy throne.

OSTEND.

PSALM 84. C. M.

DR. L. MASON. By per.



3 Behold, the sparrow findeth out
A house wherein to rest;
The swallow also for herself
Hath found a peaceful nest.

4 And there securely sheltered she
Her young ones forth may bring;
So thy own altars, Lord of hosts,
I seek, my God and King.

5 Blest all who dwell within thy house,
They ever give thee praise.
And blest the man whose strength thou art,
In whose heart are the ways:

6 Who passing on through Baca's vale,
Do make of it a well;
And copious rains descending there,
The pools with water fill.

7 So they from strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength;
And they in Zion shall appear
Before the Lord, at length.

8 Lord God of hosts, my prayer hear;
O Jacob's God, give ear.
See, God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed dear.

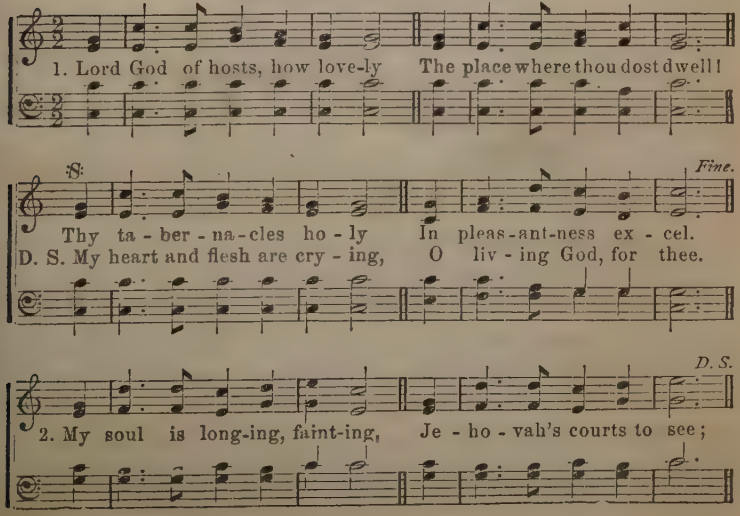
9 For in thy courts one day excels
A thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door,
Than dwell in tents of sin.

10 For God the Lord's a sun and shield:
He'll grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

11 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
That man is truly blest,
Who with unshaken confidence
On thee alone doth rest.

LIFE'S HARVEST.

PSALM 84. 7s & 6s.



3 Behold, the sparrow findeth
A house in which to rest,
The swallow hath discovered
Where she may build her nest;

4 And where, securely sheltered,
Her young she forth may bring:
So, Lord of hosts, thy altars
I seek, my God, my King.

5 Blest who thy house inhabit,
They ever give thee praise;
Blest all whom thou dost strengthen,
Who love the sacred ways.

6 Who pass through Baca's valley,
And make in it a well;
There rains in showers abundant
The pools with water fill.

7 So they from strength unwearied
Go forward unto strength,
Till they appear in Zion,
Before the Lord at length.

8 O hear, Lord God of Jacob,
To me an answer yield;
The face of thy Anointed,
Behold, O God, our Shield.

9 One day excels a thousand,
If spent thy courts within;
I'll choose thy threshold rather
Than dwell in tents of sin.

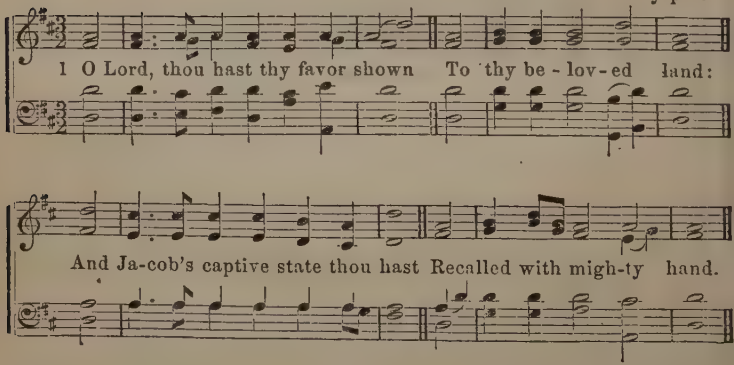
10 Our sun and shield, Jehovah,
Will grace and glory give;
No good will he deny them
That uprightly do live.

11 O God of hosts, Jehovah,
How blest is every one
Who confidence reposes
On thee, O Lord, alone.

MASON'S CHANT.

PSALM 85. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Thou to thy people all their sins
Most freely pardoned hast;
And over all their trespasses
Thou hast a covering cast.

3 Thou all thy anger hast removed;
From wrath hast turned to peace:
O God, our Saviour, turn thou us,
And make thy wrath to cease.

4 Shall thy displeasure thus endure
Against us without end?
Wilt thou to generations all
Thy anger still extend?

5 Shall not thy people joy in thee?
Wilt thou not us revive?
O Lord, to us thy mercy show,
And thy salvation give.

6 I'll hear what God the Lord will speak;
For he will speak in peace,
To all his people and his saints,
Let them from folly cease.

7 To such alone as fear the Lord,
Is his salvation near,
That as a dweller in our land
His glory may appear.

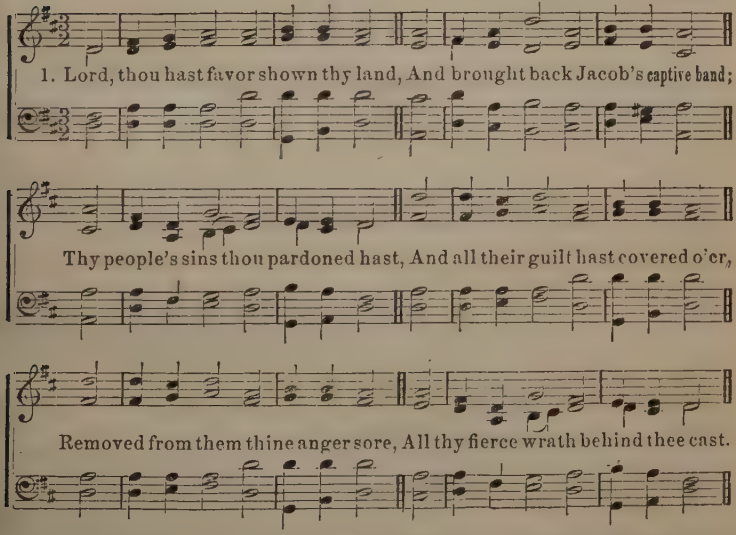
8 Truth met with mercy, righteousness
And peace kissed mutually;
Truth springs from earth, and righteousness
Looks down from heaven high.

9 Yea, what is good the Lord shall give;
Our land shall yield increase:
And right, to set us in his steps,
Shall go before his face.

NASHVILLE.

PSALM 85. L. P. M.

ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.



2 Turn us, O God our Saviour, turn,
Nor longer let thine anger burn.
Wilt thou forever angry be?
Through ages shall thy wrath survive?
Wilt thou not us again revive,
That so we may rejoice in thee?

3 O Lord, to us thy mercy show,
And thy salvation now bestow;
We wait to hear what God will say:
Peace to his people he will speak,
And to his saints, but let them seek
No more in folly's path to stray.

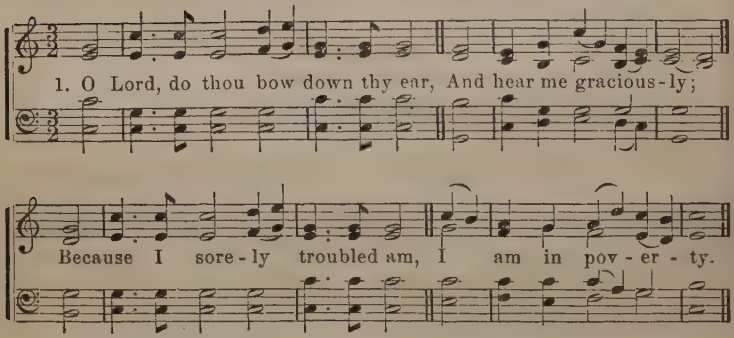
4 His saving help is surely near
To those his holy name that fear;
Thus glory dwells in all our land.
Now heavenly truth unites with grace,
And righteousness and peace embrace,
In full accord they ever stand.

5 Truth springing forth the earth shall crown
And righteousness from heav'n look down,
And God on us his goodness shed:
Our land shall then with plenty flow;
Before him righteousness shall go,
And cause us in his steps to tread.

QUINCY.

PSALM 86. C. M.

From "Temple Carmina." By per.



2 Because I'm holy, let my soul
By thee delivered be:
O thou my God, thy servant save,
That puts his trust in thee.

3 Since unto thee I daily cry,
Be merciful to me.
Rejoice thy servant's soul; for, Lord,
I lift my soul to thee.

4 For thou, O Lord, most gracious art,
And ready to forgive;
And rich in mercy, all that call
Upon thee to relieve.

5 O Lord, my prayer hear; the voice
Of my request attend:
In troublous times I'll call on thee;
For thou wilt answer send.

6 O Lord, among the heathen gods
Like thee there is not one;
Nor are there any works, O Lord,
Like those which thou hast done.

7 All nations, Lord, whom thou hast made
Shall come and praise proclaim;
Before thy face, they worship shall,
And glorify thy name.

8 Because thou art exceeding great,
And works by thee are done,
Which are to be admired; and thou
Art God thyself alone.

9 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth,
O Lord, then walk will I;
Unite my heart, that I thy name
May fear continually.

10 O Lord my God, with all my heart
Thy praise I will proclaim;
I will ascribe forevermore
All glory to thy name.

11 Because thy mercy toward me
In greatness doth excel;
And thou delivered hast my soul
Out from the lowest hell.

12 O God, the proud against me rise,
And vi'lent men have met,
That for my soul have sought; and thee
Before them have not set.

13 But thou, Jehovah, art a God
In whom compassions flow;
Thy mercy, grace and truth abound,
Thou art to anger slow.

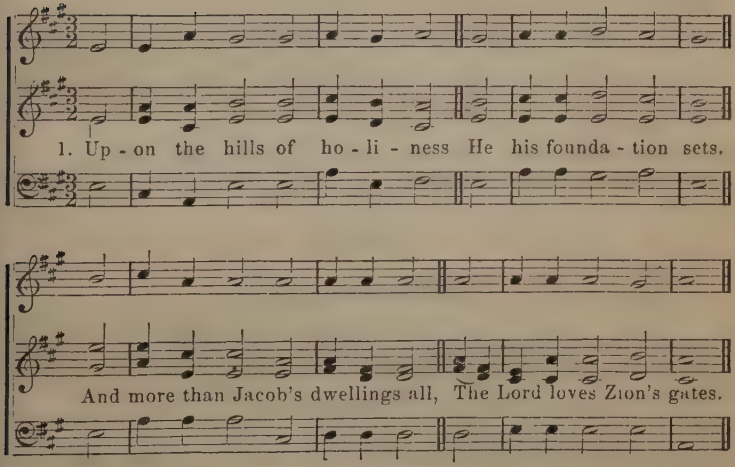
14 O turn to me thy countenance,
And mercy on me have;
Thy servant strengthen, and the son
Of thine own handmaid save.

15 Show me a sign for good, that they
Who do me hate may see,
And be ashamed; because thou, Lord,
Didst help and comfort me.

AZMON.

PSALM 87. C. M.

GLASER.



2 Things glorious are said of thee,
Thou city of the Lord.
Rahab and Babel I, to those
That know me, will record:

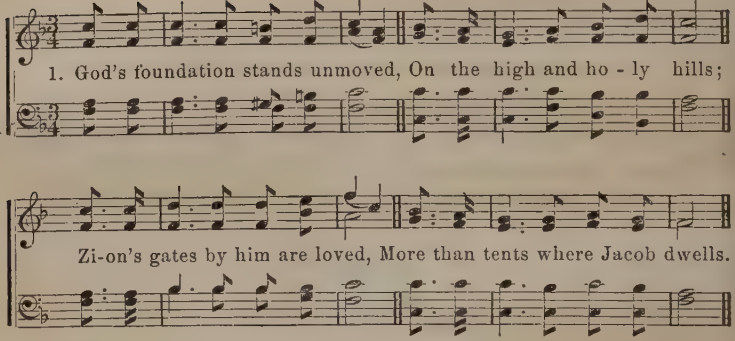
3 Behold ev'n Tyrus, and with it
The land of Palestine,
And likewise Ethiopia;
This man was born therein.

4 Of Zion they shall say, this man
And that man born were there,
And he that is the highest shall
Himself establish her.

5 When God the people writes, he'll count
That this man born was there.
There they shall be, who sing and play;
My well-springs in thee are.

PSALM 87. 7s.

E. H. Frost. By per.



2 O thou city of the Lord,
Glorious things are said of thee;
Babylon, I will record,
Rahab, too, as knowing me.

3 Tyre, Philistia, Cush, behold,
Born in her, her name adorn:
It of Zion shall be told,
Multitudes in her were born.

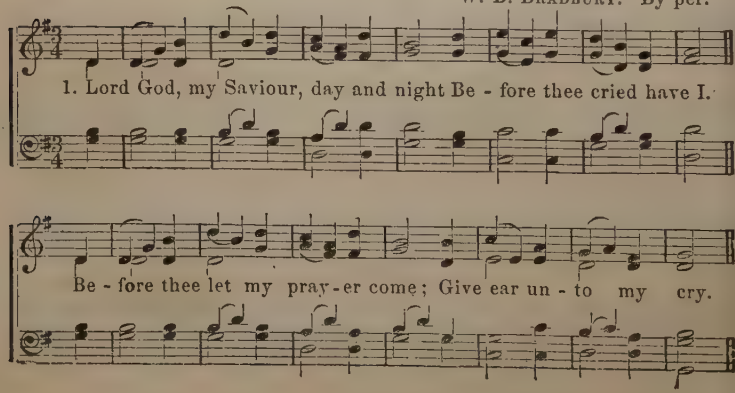
4 God the Highest by his might
Will establish her on earth;
God shall nations' records write,
Counting, "These in her had birth."

5 Those on instruments that play,
Shall with singers joyful be;
And with one accord shall say,
"All my springs are found in thee."

PEORIA.

PSALM 88. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 For troubles great do fill my soul ;
My life draws nigh the grave.
I'm numbered with the buried dead
And such as no strength have.

3 But like the slain in grave that lie,
Among the dead I'm free ;
Like slain, whom thou forgotten hast,
Who are cut off from thee.

4 Thou hast me laid in lowest pit,
In deep and darksome caves.
Thy wrath lies hard on me, thou hast
Me pressed with all thy waves.

5 Thou hast put far from me my friends,
By them I am abhorred.
I am shut up, and there is none
Who freedom can afford.

6 By reason of my deep distress,
Mine eye mourns dolefully :
To thee, O Lord, I call, and stretch
My hands continually.

7 Wilt thou show wonders to the dead?
Shall they rise, and thee bless ?
Shall in the grave thy love be told ?
In death thy faithfulness ?

8 Shall thy great wonders in the dark,
Or shall thy righteousness
Be known to any in the land
Of deep forgetfulness ?

9 But, Lord, to thee I cried ; my prayer
Each morn shall rise to thee.
Lord, why dost thou cast off my soul,
Why hide thy face from me ?

10 Distressed am I, and from my youth
I ready am to die ;
Thy terrors I have borne ; I am
Distracted fearfully.

11 By thy fierce wrath I'm overwhelmed:
Cut off by dread of thee.
Like water they around me come,
They daily compass me.

12 My friends thou hast put far from me,
And him that did me love ;
And those that my acquaintance were
To darkness didst remove.

FOUNT.

PSALM 88. 8s & 7s.

DR. NETTLETON.

Fine.

1. O thou God of my sal - va - tion, Day and night I cried to thee ;
Hear my hum-ble sup-pli - ca-tion, Quickly bow thine ear to me.
D. C. Numbered now among the dy-ing ; Like one help-less I ap-pear.

D. C.

2. Filled with grief, my soul is sigh-ing, To the grave my life draws near,

3 Free to sleep in death's dark chamber,
Like the slain within the grave;
Whom thou dost no more remember,
Whom thy hand no more shall save.

4 In the pit thy hand has laid me,
In the darkness and in deeps;
Sorely has thy wrath dismayed me;
O'er my soul affliction sweeps.

5 Friendship's ties by thee are broken,
Friends are banished from my sight;
Scorned by them, my name is spoken;
Closed on me is sorrow's night.

6 Mourns my eye, my powers languish,
Sore affliction presses me;
Lord, I cry to thee in anguish,
Daily stretch my hands to thee.

7 Shall the dead, to life returning,
Rise and sing thy wonders, Lord?
Shall the grave thy love be learning,
Death thy faithfulness record?

8 Shall thy works and wondrous doing,
Be proclaimed in darkness deep?
Righteousness shall they be viewing,
Wrapt in cold oblivion's sleep?

9 But, O Lord, at dawn awaking,
Prayer and cries I'll send to thee:
Why, my God, my soul forsaking,
Hidest thou thy face from me?

10 All my days I've been afflicted,
Ready from my youth to die;
I with suff'rings am distracted,
While thy terrors on me lie.

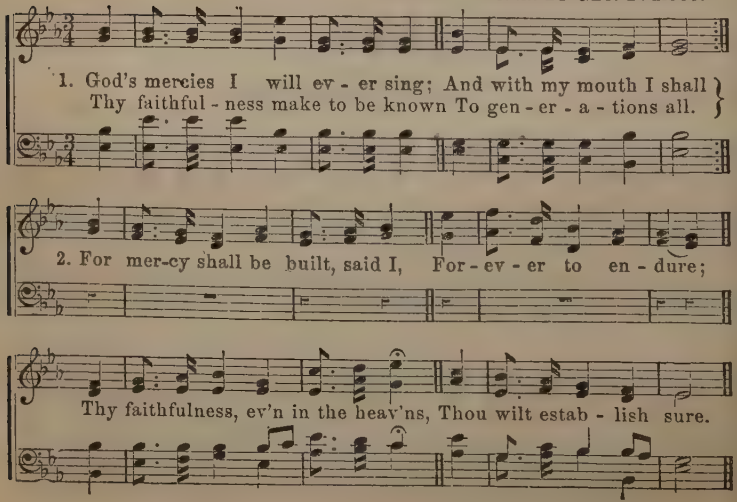
11 Flames of wrath are o'er me leaping,
Horrors great upon me roll;
Round they come like waters sweeping,
Daily compassing my soul.

12 Thou my dearest friends hast banished,
My companions put to flight;
All acquaintances have vanished,
Driven to the shades of night.

VARINA.

PSALM 89. C. M.

ARR. BY GEO. F. ROOT.



3 I with my chosen One have made
A cov'nant graciously;
And to my servant, whom I loved,
To David sworn have I:

4 That I thy seed establish will
Forever to remain,
And will to generations all
Thy throne build and maintain.

5 The praises of thy wonders, Lord,
The heavens shall express;
The congregation of thy saints,
Shall praise thy faithfulness.

6 For who in heaven with the Lord
May once himself compare?
Who is like God among the sons
Of those that mighty are?

7 Great fear in meeting of the saints
Is due unto the Lord;
And he of all about him should
With rev'rence be adored.

8 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
What Lord in mightiness
Is like to thee? who compassed round
Art with thy faithfulness.

9 Ev'n in the raging of the sea
Thou over it dost reign;
And when the waves thereof do swell,
Thou stillest them again.

10 Rahab in pieces thou didst break,
Like one that slaughtered is;
And with thy mighty arm thou hast
Dispersed thine enemies.

11 The heav'ns are thine, thou for thine own
The earth dost also take;
The world, and fulness of the same,
Thy pow'r did found and make.

12 The north and south from thee alone
Their first beginning had;
Both Tabor mount and Hermon hill
Shall in thy name be glad.

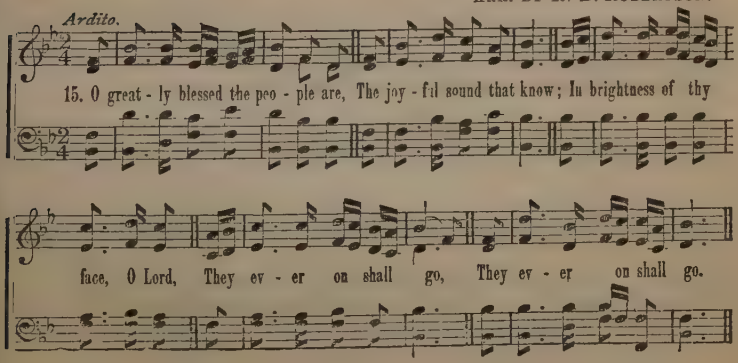
13 Thou hast an arm that's full of pow'r,
Thy hand is great in might;
And thy right hand exceedingly
Exalted is in height.

14 Justice and judgment of thy throne
Are made the dwelling-place;
Mercy, accompanied with truth,
Shall go before thy face.

CLARK.

PSALM 89, v. 15. C. M.

ARR. BY R. B. ROBERTSON.



16 They in thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high;

17 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee:
And in thy favor shall our horn
And pow'r exalted be.

18 For God is our defence; he will
To us salvation bring:
The Holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King.

19 In vision to thy Holy One
Thou saidst, I help have laid
Upon a mighty one, and from
The people choice have made.

20 Ev'n David, I have found him out
A servant unto me;
And with my holy oil my King
Anointed him to be.

21 With whom my hand shall stablished be;
My arm shall make him strong.
On him the foe shall not exact,
Nor son of mischief wrong.

22 I will beat down before his face
All his malicious foes;
I will them greatly plague who do
With hatred him oppose.

23 My mercy and my faithfulness
With him yet still shall be;
And in my name his horn and pow'r
Men shall exalted see.

24 His hand and pow'r shall reach afar,
I'll set it in the sea;
And his right hand established shall
Upon the rivers be.

25 Thou art my Father and my God,
He unto me shall cry;
Thou also art the Rock on which
For safety I rely.

26 I'll make him my first born, supreme
O'er kings of ev'ry land.
My love I'll ever keep for him,
My cov'nant fast shall stand.

27 And I will also make his seed
Forever to endure;
And, as the days of heaven are,
His throne shall stand secure.

28 But if his children shall forsake
My laws, and go astray,
And in my judgments shall not walk,
But wander from my way:

29 And if my statutes they profane,
My laws do not respect,
I'll visit then their faults with rods,
Their sins with stripes correct.

30 Yet I'll not take my love from him,
Nor false my promise make.
My cov'nant I'll not break, nor change
What with my mouth I spake.

31 Once by my holiness I swore,
To David I'll not lie;
His seed and throne shall, as the sun,
Before me last for aye.

32 It, like the moon, shall ever be
Established steadfastly;
And like to that which in the heav'n
Doth witness faithfully.

33 But thou, displeased, hast cast him off,
Thou didst abhor and loathe;
With him that thy anointed is
Thou hast been very wroth.

34 Thou hast thy servant's covenant
Made void, and quite cast by;
Thou hast profaned his crown, while it
Cast on the ground doth lie.

35 Thou all his hedges broken hast,
His strongholds down hast torn.
He to all passers-by a spoil,
To neighbors is a scorn.

36 Thou hast set up his foes' right hand;
Made all his en'mies glad:
Turned his sword's edge, and him to stand
In battle hast not made.

37 His glory thou hast made to cease,
His throne to earth hast cast;
His days of youth made short, and him
With shame thou covered hast.

38 How long, O Lord, wilt thou thyself
Hide always in thine ire?
And shall thy indignation great
For ever burn like fire?

39 Remember, Lord, how short a time
I shall on earth remain:
O wherefore is it so, that thou
Hast made all men in vain?

40 What man is he that liveth here,
And death shall never see?
Or from the power of the grave
Who can his soul set free?

41 Thy former loving-kindnesses,
O Lord, where are they now?
Those which in truth and faithfulness
To David sworn hast thou?

42 Mind, Lord, thy servants' sad reproach;
How I in bosom bear
The scornings of the people all,
Who strong and mighty are;

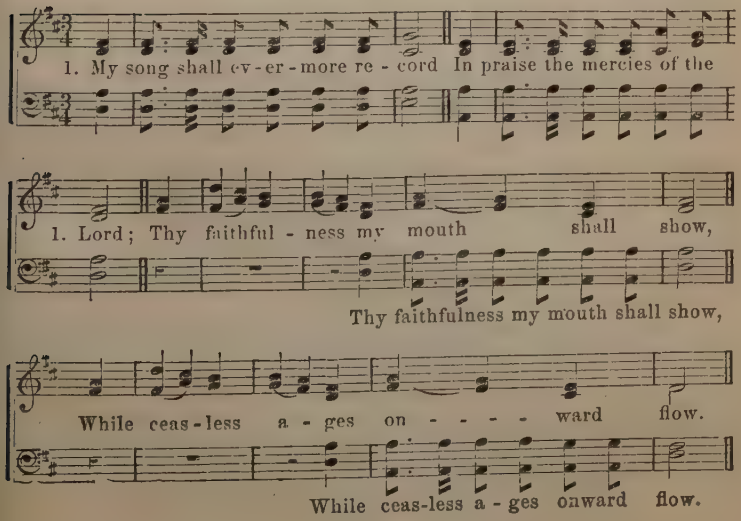
43 And how thy enemies reproached,
Jehovah, think upon;
Ev'n how they have reproached the steps
Of thine anointed One.

44 All blessings to Jehovah be
Ascribed forever then,
Forevermore, so let it be.
Amen, yea, and Amen.

DAY-SPRING.

PSALM 89. L. M.

GEO. F. ROOT. By per.



2 For I have said, eternal years
Shall crown the temple mercy rears;
And in the heavens, firm and sure,
Thy faithfulness thou wilt secure.

3 With David I a cov'nant made,
And to my servant sware and said,
Thy seed forever I'll extend,
And build thy throne till time shall end.

4 The wonders done by thee, O Lord,
The heaven shall in praise record;
Thy faithfulness shall praise command,
When holy ones assembled stand.

5 For who in heaven 'mid dwellers there,
Can to the Lord himself compare?
Or who, among the mighty, shares
The likeness that Jehovah bears?

6 Great fear and dread to God belong,
Where holy ones in council throng;
Yea, he inspires great dread and fear,
In all who round his throne appear.

7 O thou Jehovah, God of hosts,
What mighty one thy likeness boasts?
Thy faithfulness is ever found,
Encircling all thy path around.

8 The swelling sea thou dost control,
And still its billows when they roll;
Rahab, as slain thou didst subdue,
Thine arm of strength thy foes o'erthrew.

9 The earth belongs to thee alone,
The heavens, too, are all thine own;
The world and all that it contains,
By thee established, thine remains.

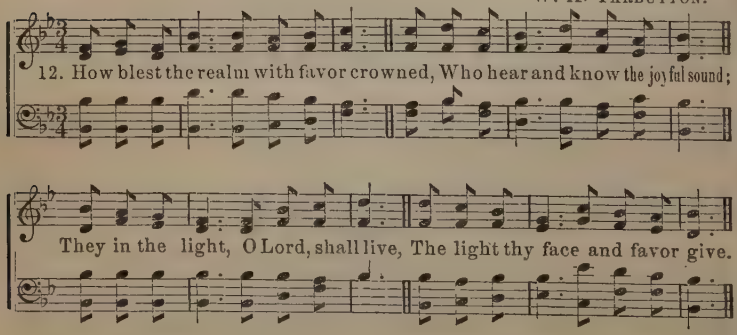
10 The north and south thy hands did frame;
Tabor and Hermon praise thy name:
Great strength within thy arm doth lie,
Thy hand is strong, thy right hand high.

11 On righteousness thy throne is stayed,
On justice its foundations laid;
Before thy face, thy way to show,
Shall truth and mercy ever go.

BRIGGS.

PSALM 89, v. 12. L. M.

W. A. TARBUTTON.



13 They in thy name shall joyful be,
Yea, all the day be glad in thee;
And in thy just and righteous ways
To honor great thou wilt them raise.

14 Thou art the glory of their strength,
Thy grace will lift our horn at length;
For Israel's Holy One, who reigns
As Lord, our shield and King remains.

15 Then thou in vision didst make known,
And thus address thy Holy One:
On one with mighty strength arrayed
Great help and succor I have laid.

16 Yea, I have raised to honor great,
One chosen from the people's state;
My servant David I have found,
And him as my anointed crowned.

17 With him my hand shall still remain,
Mine arm with strength shall him sustain;
The foe shall never him annoy,
Nor son of wrong his peace destroy.

18 I'll crush before him every foe,
His haters smite and overthrow;
My faithfulness to him I'll prove,
And ne'er from him my grace remove.

19 Yea, he shall triumph in my name,
And great shall be his power and fame;
I'll set his hand upon the sea,
His right hand on the floods shall be.

20 Thou art my Father, he shall cry,
My God, my Rock, my Saviour nigh;
As my first-born I will him own,
O'er kings of earth will set his throne.

21 My grace for him I'll keep secure,
My covenant to him is sure;
His seed forever I'll maintain,
His throne while days of heav'n remain.

22 But if his sons my law forsake;
If they my holy statutes break;
If from my judgments they shall stray,
And my commands will not obey;

23 Then with a rod their sins I'll smite,
Their guilt with stripes will I requite;
Yet him my grace shall not forsake,
My truth I will not falsehood make.

24 My cov'nant I will not evade,
Nor change the promise I have made;
Once in my holiness have I
To David sworn, and will not lie.

25 His seed forever shall endure,
And as the sun his throne is sure;
Eternal as the moon on high,
The faithful witness in the sky.

26 Yet now thine anger hotly burns,
And thine anointed loathes and spurns;
Thy servant's covenant we see
Made void as if abhorred by thee.

27 Thou to the earth hast trampled down,
And thus profaned his sacred crown;
His walls all prostrate thou hast laid,
His fortresses a ruin made.

28 The passers-by upon him prey,
His neighbors turn in scorn away;
His foes' right hand hast thou made strong,
And giv'n to them the victor's song.

29 His blunted sword hast thou repelled,
Nor in the battle him upheld;
His glory now no more is known,
And thou to earth hast cast his throne.

30 His days of youth so quickly past,
The garb of shame is o'er him cast;
How long, Lord, hide thyself in ire?
Shall wrath forever burn like fire?

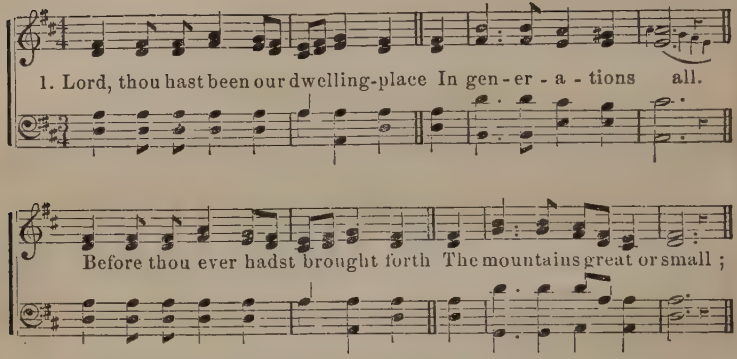
31 Think on my life, 'tis but a span,
Why thus in vain hast thou made man?
What man that lives, has power to save
His soul from death, and from the grave?

32 Where are thy former mercies? where?
Which thou in truth to David sware?
Remember, Lord, thy servant's scorn,
And mine, from mighty people borne.

33 The scorn, O Lord, thy foes have shown,
On thine Anointed's footsteps thrown;
Remember, let it be redressed:
Forever let the Lord be blessed.
Amen and Amen.

PSALM 90. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 Ere ever thou hadst formed the earth,
And all the world abroad ;
Ev'n thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.

3 O Lord, thou to destruction dost
Man that is mortal turn :
And unto them thou say'st, Again,
Ye sons of men, return.

4 Because a thousand years appear
No more before thy sight
Than yesterday, when it is past,
Or than a watch by night.

5 As with an overflowing flood
Thou sweepest them away :
They are as sleep, and as the grass
That grows at morn are they.

6 At morn it flourishes and grows,
Cut down at eve doth fade.
For by thine anger we're consumed,
Thy wrath makes us afraid.

7 All our iniquities thou dost
Before thy presence place ;
Our secret sins dost set before
The brightness of thy face.

8 For in thine anger all our days
Are passing to an end ;
And as a tale that hath been told,
Our fleeting years we spend.

9 The years our days on earth do make
Are threescore years and ten ;
Or if there is more strength in some
And they fourscore attain ;

10 Yet doth the strength of such old men
But grief and labor prove ;
For it is soon cut off, and we
Fly hence, and soon remove.

11 Thy wrath's according to thy fear ;
Who knows its power great ?
Teach us that we our days may count,
Our hearts on wisdom set.

12 Return again to us, O Lord,
How long thus shall it be ?
Let it repent thee now for those
That servants are to thee.

13 O with thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy ;
So all our days we will rejoice,
We will be glad in thee.

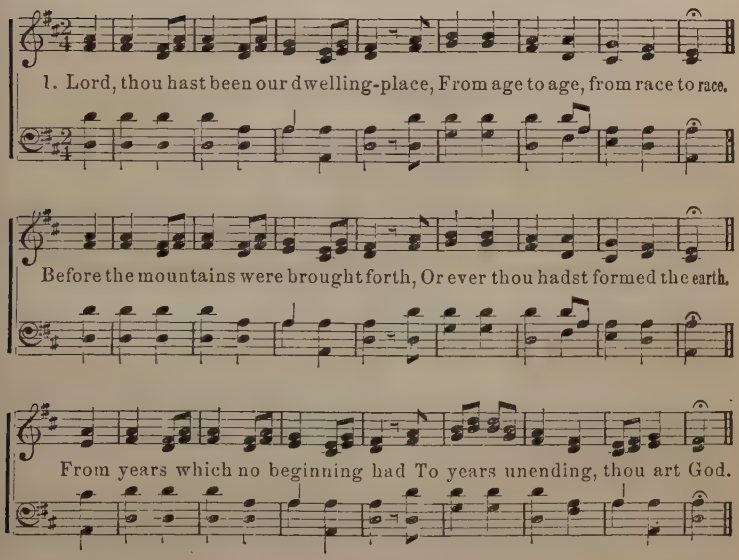
14 According as the days have been,
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
So do thou make us glad.

15 O let thy work and pow'r appear
Thy servants' face before;
And show to all their children dear
Thy glory evermore:

16 And let the beauty of the Lord
Our God be us upon:
The labors of our hands confirm,
Establish them each one.

DWELLING-PLACE.

PSALM 90. L. M. 6 lines.



2 Thou turnest man to dust again,
And say'st, Return, ye sons of men.
As yesterday, when past, appears,
So in thy sight a thousand years,
They like a day are in thy sight,
Yea, like a passing watch by night.

3 As with a flood thou mak'st them pass;
They like a sleep are, like the grass,
That in the morning may be seen
To grow and flourish, fresh and green;
At evening by the hand of death,
It is cut down, and withereth.

4 For in thine anger we're consumed,
And by thy wrath to trouble doomed;
Thou in thy sight our sins dost place,
Our secret sins before thy face.
For in thy wrath our days we spend,
Our years like tales which quickly end.

5 Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if, through strength, fourscore, yet then
'Tis labor, sorrow and decay;
'Tis soon cut off;—we fly away.
Who knows the pow'r thine anger hath?
As is thy fear so is thy wrath.

6 O teach thou us to count our days,
And set our hearts on wisdom's ways.
Return, O Lord, at length relent,
And for thy servants' sake repent.
How long—how long—thus shall it be?
Return, that we may joy in thee.

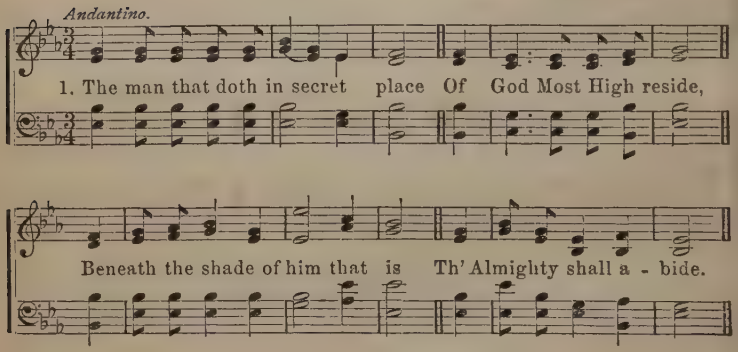
7 O do thy mercy soon impart
To satisfy our longing heart,
So we rejoice shall all our days,
And happy be in thee always.
For days of grief that we have had,
And years of evil, make us glad.

8 Thy work unto thy servants show,
Thy glory let their children know,
And let there be on us bestowed
The beauty of the Lord our God:
The work accomplished by our hand
Let it by thee established stand.

ELIZABETHTOWN.

PSALM 91. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge still,
He is my fortress, and my God;
And trust in him I will.

3 Assuredly he shall thee save,
And give deliverance
From cunning fowler's snare, and from
The deadly pestilence.

4 His feathers shall thee hide; thy trust
Beneath his wings shall be:
His faithfulness shall be a shield
And buckler unto thee.

5 Thou shalt not need to be afraid
For terrors of the night;
Nor for the arrow that doth fly
By day, while it is light;

6 Nor for the pestilence, that walks
In darkness secretly;
Nor for destruction, that doth waste
At noon-day openly.

7 A thousand at thy side shall fall,
On thy right hand shall lie
Ten thousand dead; yet unto thee
It shall not once come nigh.

8 Thou with thy eyes shalt on it look,
And a beholder be;
And thou therein the just reward
Of wicked men shalt see.

9 Because the Lord, who ever is
My refuge and my aid,
Ev'n God Most High, has been by thee
Thy habitation made;

10 No plague shall near thy dwelling come,
No evil thee befall:
For thee to keep in all thy ways
His angels charge he shall.

11 They in their hands shall bear thee up,
Still waiting thee upon;
Lest thou at any time shouldst dash
Thy foot against a stone.

12 Upon the adder thou shalt tread,
And on the lion strong;
Thy feet on dragons trample shall,
And on the lions young.

13 Because on me he set his love,
I'll save and set him free;
Because my great name he hath known,
I will him set on high.

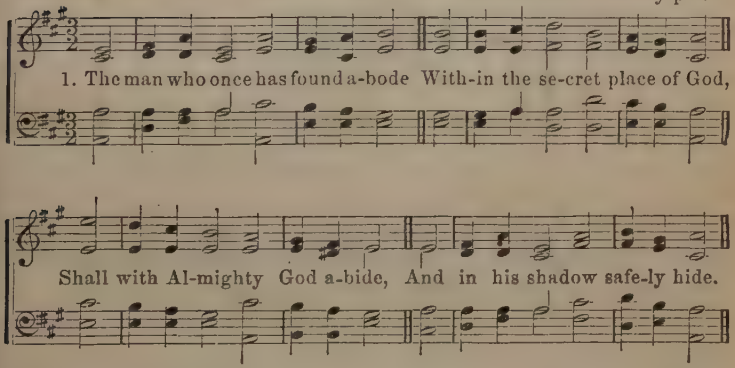
14 He'll call on me, I'll answer him;
I will be with him still
In trouble, to deliver him,
And honor him I will.

15 A length of days to his desire
I will on him bestow,
And I in kindness unto him
Will my salvation show.

GALESBURG.

PSALM 91. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. By per.



2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge and my stay;
To him for safety I will flee;
My God, in him my trust shall be.

3 He shall with all protecting care
Preserve thee from the fowler's snare;
When fearful plagues around prevail,
No fatal stroke shall thee assail.

4 His outspread pinions shall thee hide;
Beneath his wings shalt thou confide;
His faithfulness shall ever be
A shield and buckler unto thee.

5 No nightly terrors shall alarm,
No deadly shaft by day shall harm,
Nor pestilence that walks by night,
Nor plagues that waste in noon-day light.

6 A thousand at thy side shall lie,
At thy right hand ten thousand die,
But thou unharmed, secure, shalt see
What wicked men's reward shall be.

7 Because thy trust is God alone,
Thy dwelling-place the Highest One,
No evil shall upon thee come,
Nor plague approach thy guarded home.

8 O'er thee his angels he commands,
To bear thee safely in their hands;
To keep thee in thy ways each one,
Nor dash thy foot against a stone.

9 Thy foot shall crush the adder's head,
On lions and on dragons tread;
And since on me he set his love,
I will his constant Saviour prove.

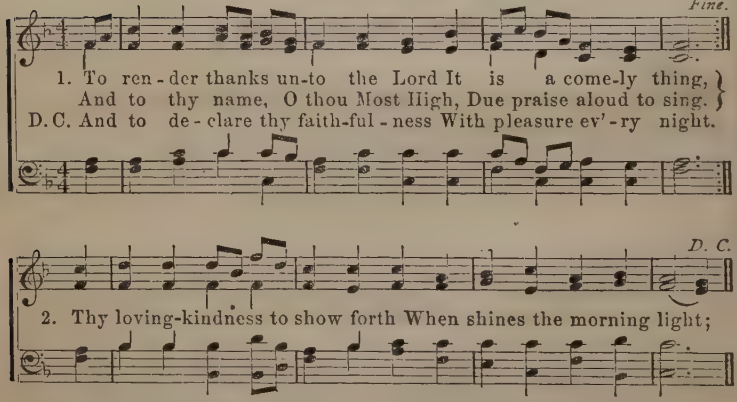
10 Because to him my name is dear,
I'll him exalt above all fear.
To me he'll lift his earnest cry,
And I will answer from on high.

11 I will be near when troubles press;
I'll save him, and with honors bless;
With life he satisfied shall be,
And my salvation he shall see.

PINNEO.

PSALM 92. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. By per.



3 Upon a ten-stringed instrument,
And on the psaltery,
Upon the harp with solemn sound,
And grave sweet melody.

4 For thou, Jehovah, by thy work,
Hast made my heart right glad;
And I will triumph in the works
Which by thy hands were made.

5 How great, O Lord, are all thy works!
A deep thy ev'ry thought.
A brutish person doth not know,
Fools understand it not.

6 When they that wicked are, spring up
As grass upon the ground,
And they that work iniquity
Do flourish and abound;

7 It is that they forevermore
May be destroyed and slain:
But, O Jehovah, thou Most High,
Shalt evermore remain.

8 For lo, thy foes, yea, all thy foes,
Shall be destroyed, O God!
And all that work iniquity
Shall be dispersed abroad.

9 But like the horn of unicorns,
My horn thou wilt exalt,
And raise on high: thou with fresh oil
Anoint me also shalt.

10 My eye shall also my desire
See on my enemies;
My ears shall of the wicked hear,
That do against me rise.

11 But like the palm-tree flourishing
Shall be the righteous one;
And he shall like the cedar grow
That is in Lebanon.

12 Those that within the house of God
Are planted by his grace,
They shall grow up, and flourish all
In our God's holy place.

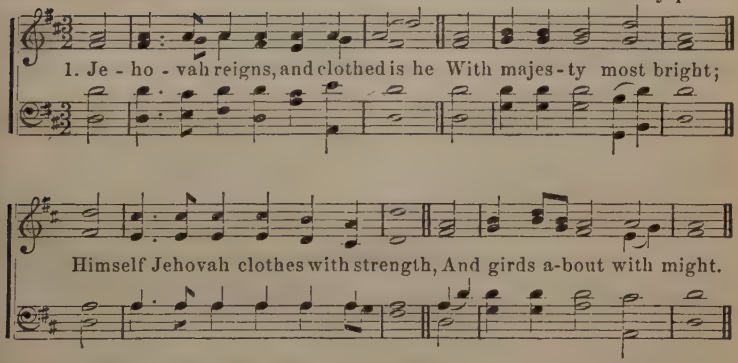
13 And in old age, when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring;
They shall be fat, and full of sap,
And always flourishing;

14 To show that upright is the Lord;
He is a rock to me;
And he from all unrighteousness
Is altogether free.

MASON'S CHANT.

PSALM 93. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 The world is also firmly fixed,
That it cannot depart.
Thy throne is fixed of old, and thou
From everlasting art.

3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

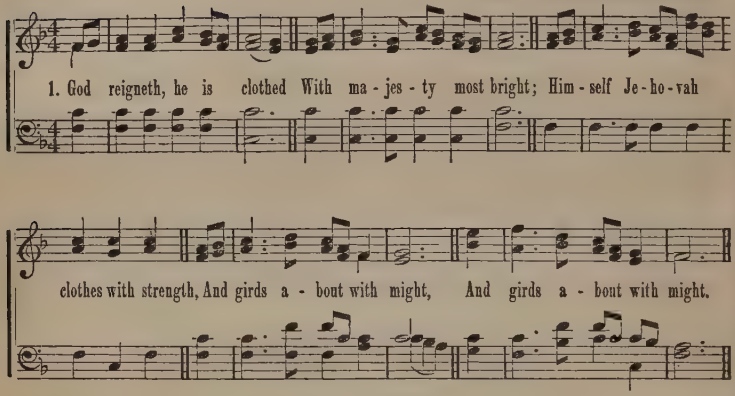
4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is mightier by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

5 Thy testimonies ev'ry one
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness forever, Lord,
Thy house becometh well.

WARTON.

PSALM 93. S. M.

Arr. from a French air.



2 The world is firmly fixed,
That it can not depart;
Thy throne is fixed of old, and thou
From everlasting art.

3 The floods have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice,
The floods have lifted up their waves
And made a mighty noise.

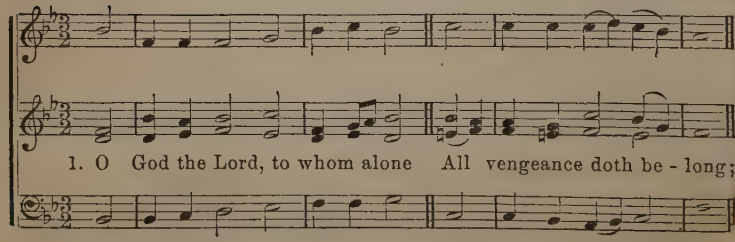
4 But yet the Lord on high,
Is mightier by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

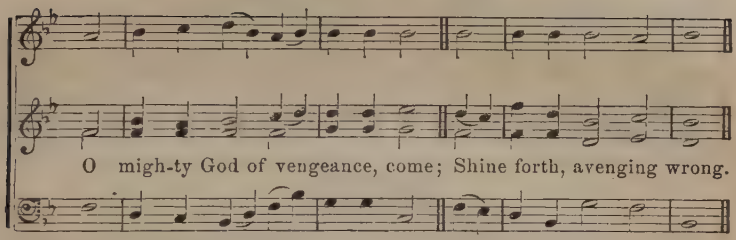
5 Thy testimonies all
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness forever, Lord,
Thy house becometh well.

BUTLER.

PSALM 94. C. M.

Rev. J. S. Boyd.





2 Lift up thyself, thou of the earth
The sov'reign Judge that art;
And unto those that are so proud,
A due reward impart.

3 How long, O mighty God, shall they
Who work iniquity—
How long shall they who wicked are
Thus triumph haughtily?

4 How long shall things so hard by them
Still uttered be and told?
And all that work iniquity
To boast themselves be bold?

5 For they thy people crush, O Lord,
Thy heritage oppress;
The widow and the stranger slay,
They kill the fatherless.

6 And yet they say, God will not see,
Nor God of Jacob know.
Ye brutish people! understand:
Fools! when wise will ye grow?

7 The Lord did plant the ear of man,
And hear then shall not he?
He also formed the eye, and then
Shall he not clearly see?

8 He that the nations doth correct.
Shall he not chasten you?
He knowledge unto man doth teach,
And shall himself not know?

9 Man's thoughts to be but vanity
The Lord doth well discern.
Blest is the man thou chast'nest, Lord,
And mak'st thy law to learn:

10 That thou mayst give him rest from days
Of sad adversity,
Until the pit be digged for them
That work iniquity.

11 Because the Lord will not cast off
His people utterly,
Nor shall his own inheritance
By him forsaken be.

12 But judgment unto righteousness
Shall yet return again;
And all shall follow after it
That are right-hearted men.

13 O who will rise for me against
Those that do wickedly?
And who will stand for me 'gainst those
That work iniquity?

14 Unless the Lord had been my help
When I was sore opprest,
My soul had almost in the house
Of silence been at rest.

15 When I through fear had spoken thus,
"My foot doth slip away,"
Thy mercy held me up, O Lord,
Thy goodness did me stay.

16 When anxious thoughts my heart oppress,
And fill my soul with grief,
The consolations of thy grace
To me afford relief.

17 Shall of iniquity the throne
Have fellowship with thee,
Which mischief, cunningly contrived,
Doth by a law decree?

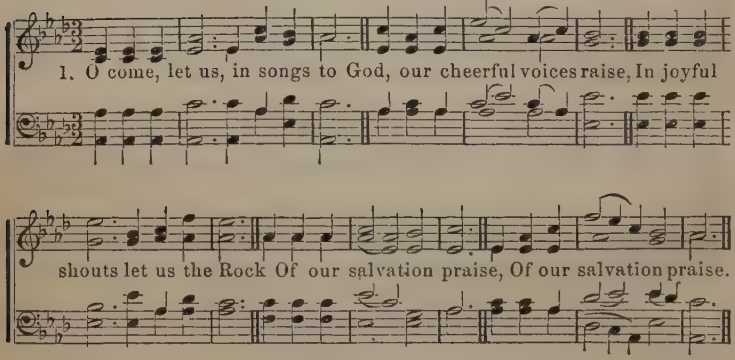
18 Against the righteous souls they join,
They guiltless blood condemn.
But of my refuge God's the rock,
And my defence from them.

19 On them their own iniquity
The Lord himself shall lay.
He'll cut them off in their own sin:
The Lord our God them slay.

CHOPIN.

PSALM 95. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. By per.



2 Before his presence let us come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.

3 For God, a mighty God, and King,
Above all gods he is.
The depths of earth are in his hand,
The strength of hills is his.

4 To him the spacious sea belongs,
For he the same did make;
The dry land also from his hands
Its form at first did take.

5 O come, and let us worship him,
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees, before the Lord
Our Maker, let us fall.

6 Because he only is our God;
And we the people are
Of his own pasture, and the sheep
Of his almighty care.

7 To-day, if ye his voice will hear,
Your hearts then harden not;
As they in desert did provoke
And tempt his anger hot.

8 Your fathers did me tempt and prove,
They did my working see;
And for the space of forty years
This race hath grievèd me.

9 I said, This people errs in heart,
My ways they do not know:
To whom I sware in wrath, that to
My rest they should not go.

PSALM 95. L. M. 6 lines.

REV. J. S. BOYD.

1. O come, and let us sing to God, The rock of our salvation laud; Let us in psalms our tongues employ; Before him render thanks with joy;

The Lord ..... is great..... whose praise..... we sing,..... A - bove all gods..... a ..... migh - ty King.

The Lord is great whose praise we sing, A - bove all gods a migh-ty King Above all gods a migh - ty King.

mighty King, A - bove all gods a migh - ty King.

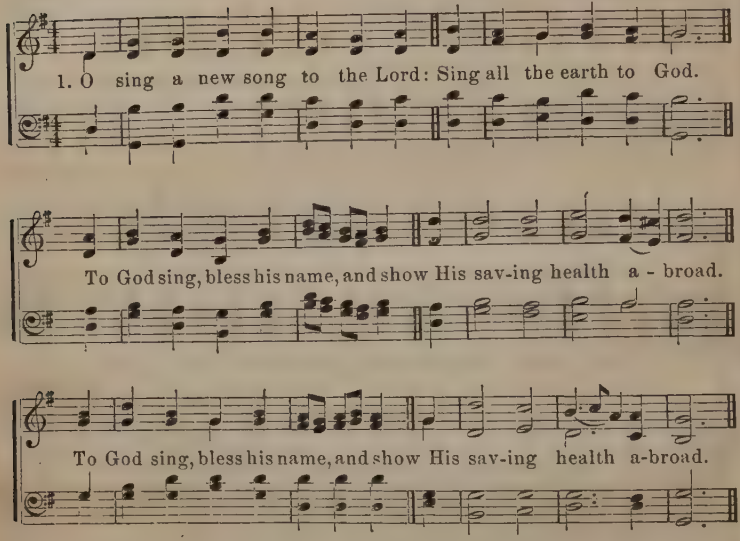
2 The vast deep places of the land,
And strength of hills, are in his hand;
The sea is his, he gave it birth,
His hands prepared the solid earth:
O come, and let us worship now,
Before the Lord our Maker bow.

3 He is our God, we are the sheep
His hand doth feed and safely keep;
If ye his voice will hear to-day,
Then harden not your hearts, as they
Who in the wilderness beheld
His mighty works, and yet rebelled.

4 Your fathers there my works did see,
But still they proved and tempted me;
For forty years I did them bear;
I said, in heart and ways they err;
To whom in wrath I did protest
They shall not see my promised rest.

PSALM 96. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



2 Among the heathen nations all
His glory do declare;
And unto all the people show
His works that wondrous are.

3 The Lord is great, and greatly he
Is to be magnified:
Yea, worthy to be feared is he
Above all gods beside.

4 For all the gods are idols dumb,
Which binded nations fear;
But by Jehovah's mighty hand
The heav'ns created were.

5 Great honor is before his face,
And majesty divine;
Strength is within his holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.

6 O, do ye to Jehovah give
Of people ev'ry tribe,
Yea, to Jehovah glory give,
And mighty pow'r ascribe.

7 The glory to Jehovah give
That to his name is due;
O come into his courts, and bring
An offering with you.

8 And, beautified with holiness,
Bow down before the Lord.
Before his face let all the earth
Fear him with one accord.

9 Among the heathen say, God reigns;
The world shall steadfastly
Be fixed from moving; he shall judge
The people righteously.

10 Let heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
And let the earth rejoice;
Let seas, and all that is therein,
Cry out, and make a noise.

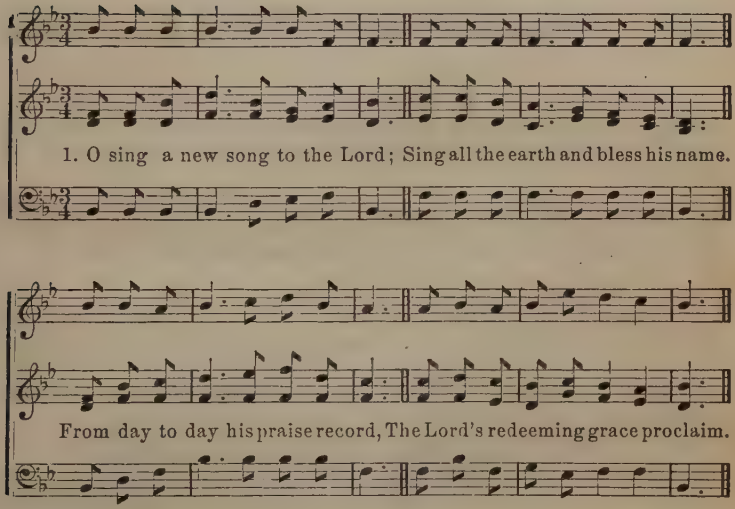
11 Let fields rejoice, and ev'ry thing
That springeth of the earth:
Then woods and ev'ry tree shall sing
With gladness and with mirth

12 Before the Lord: because he comes,
To judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
The people faithfully.

SABBATH BELL.

PSALM 96. L. M.

J. H. Tenney. By per.



2 Tell all the world his wondrous ways,
Tell heathen nations far and near;
Great is the Lord, and great his praise,
Feared more than gods that nations fear.

3 The heathen gods are idols vain;
He made the heavens, and he supports.
Both light and honor lead his train,
While strength and beauty fill his courts.

4 O give the Lord, ye tribes and tongues.
O give the Lord due praise, and sing;
Give strength and glory in your songs,
Come, throng his courts, and offerings bring.

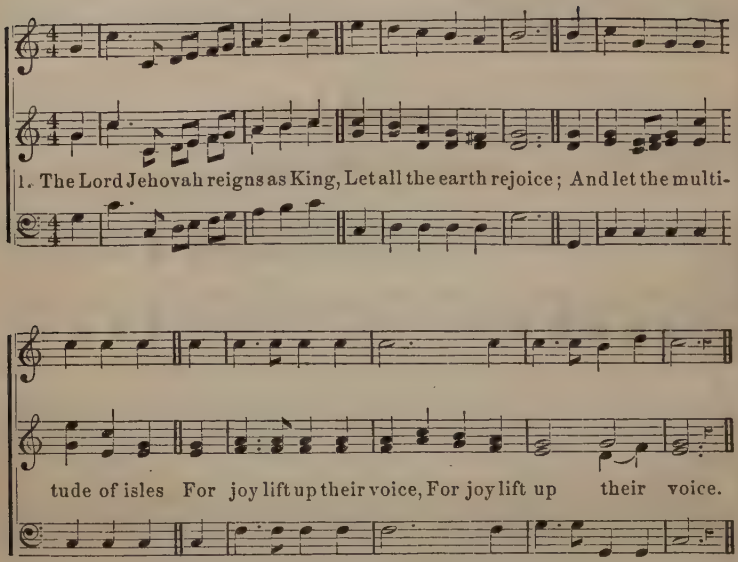
5 O fear and bow, adorned with grace,
And tell each land that God is King.
He fixed the earth's unchanging base;
Just judgment to the world he'll bring.

6 Let heav'n exult, let earth rejoice,
Let seas and all their fulness roar;
Let waving fields lift high their voice,
The wood's wild joy in songs shall soar.

7 So let them shout before our God,
For lo, he comes, he comes with might,
To wield the sceptre and the rod,
To judge the world with truth and right.

ABBEYVILLE.

PSALM 97. C. M.



2 With thickest clouds and darkness deep
The Lord himself surrounds;
His lofty throne on righteousness
And judgment just he founds.

3 Before him goes a fire; his foes
It burns up round about:
His lightnings lighten did the world;
Earth saw, and shook throughout.

4 Before the Lord the hills did melt
As wax before the flame;
Before the Lord of all the earth,
When he in glory came.

5 The heav'ns declare his righteousness,
All men his glory see.
All who serve graven images,
Confounded let them be.

6 They who of idols boast themselves,
Shall all be brought to shame.
O all ye gods, see that ye give
Due worship to his name.

7 When Zion heard, she joyful was,
Glad Judah's daughters were;
They much rejoiced, O Lord, because
Thy judgments did appear.

8 For thou, O Lord, art high above
All things on earth that are;
Above all other gods thou art
Exalted very far.

9 Hate ill, all ye that love the Lord:
His saints' souls keepeth he;
And from the hands of wicked men
He sets them safe and free.

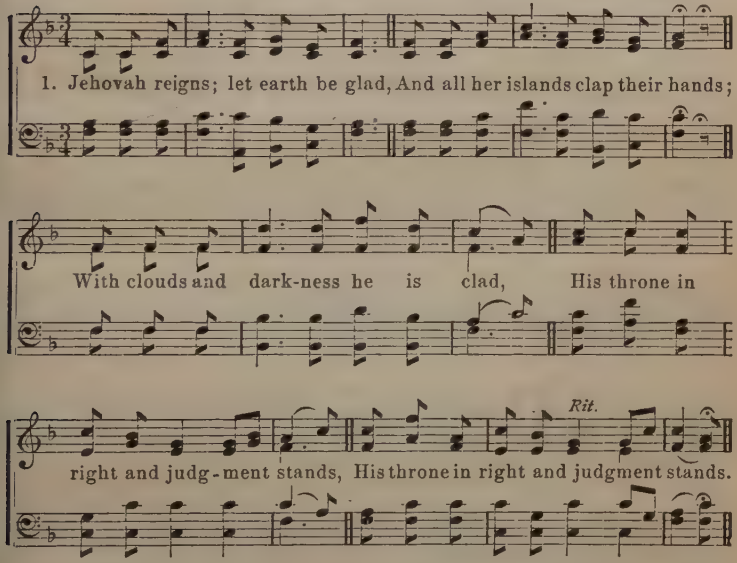
10 For them that follow righteousness
Is sown a joyful light,
And gladness great is sown for them
That are in heart upright.

11 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
Express your thankfulness,
When ye into your memory
Do call his holiness.

ANVERN.

PSALM 97. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 A fiery stream before him goes,
And burns around him all his foes;
His lightning shafts, in vengeance hurled,
Blaze lurid o'er the trembling world.

3 Like wax the mountains melt away,
Before his majesty divine;
The heavens his righteousness display,
All nations see his glory shine.

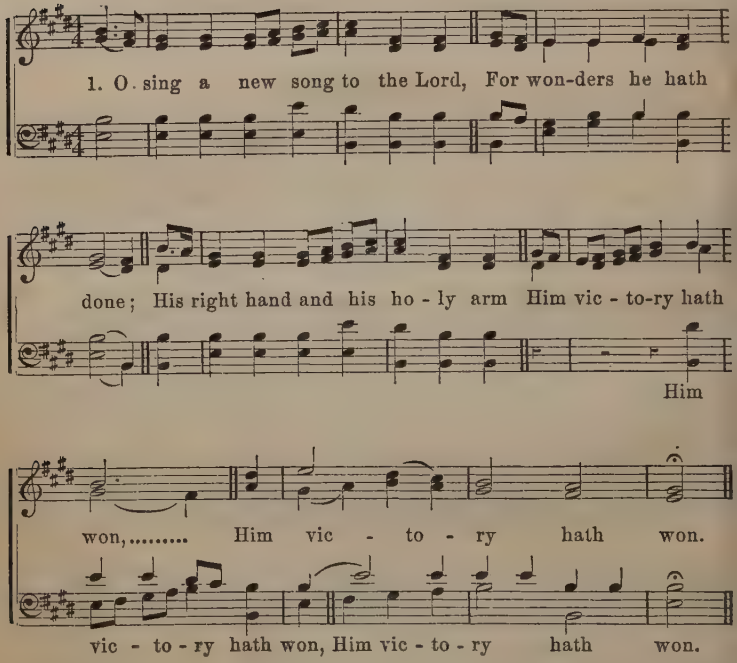
4 Be shamed who idols serve and boast,
Fear him, ye gods, with all your host;
When Zion glad, thy judgments heard,
Then Judah's daughters praised the Lord.

5 Exalted is thy throne, O Lord,
Above all gods, above all lands;
Hate evil, ye who love his word,
His saints he frees from wicked hands.

6 For all the righteous sown is light,
And joy for men in heart upright,
Ye saints rejoice in God; him bless,
When musing on his holiness.

PSALM 98. C. M.

Theme from BEETHOVEN.



2 The great salvation wrought by him,
Jehovah hath made known;
His justice in the heathen's sight
He openly hath shown.

3 He mindful of his grace and truth
To Isr'el's house hath been;
The great salvation of our God
All ends of earth have seen.

4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
Send forth a joyful noise;
Lift up your voice aloud to him,
Sing praises, and rejoice.

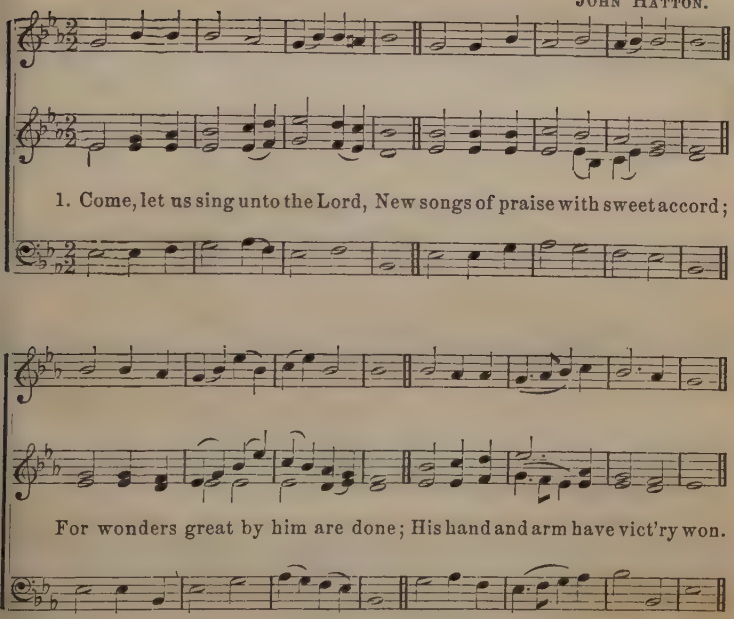
5 With harp, with harp, and voice of psalms,
Unto JEHOVAH sing:
With trumpets, cornets, gladly sound
Before the Lord the King.

6 Let seas and all their fulness roar;
The world, and dwellers there;
Let floods clap hands, and let the hills
Together joy declare

7 Before the Lord; because he comes
To judge the earth comes he;
He'll judge the world and people all
With truth and equity.

PSALM 98. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



2 The great salvation of our God
Is seen through all the earth abroad;
Before the heathen's wondering sight,
He hath revealed his truth and right.

3 He called to mind his truth and grace
In promise made to Isr'el's race;
And unto earth's remotest bound,
Glad tidings of salvation sound.

4 All lands to God lift up your voice;
Sing praise to him, with shouts rejoice;
With voice of joy and loud acclaim,
Let all unite and praise his name.

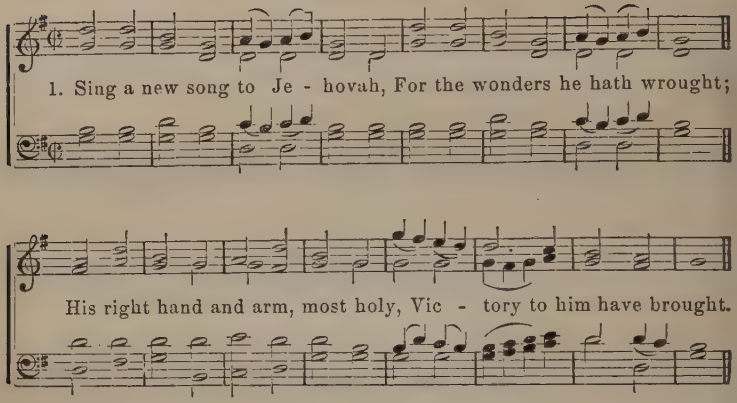
5 Praise God with harp, with harp sing praise,
With voice of psalms his glory raise;
With trumpets, cornets, gladly sing,
And shout before the Lord the King.

6 Let earth be glad, let billows roar,
And all that dwell from shore to shore;
Let floods clap hands with one accord,
Let hills rejoice before the Lord;

7 For, lo, he comes; at his command
All nations shall in judgment stand;
In justice robed, and throned in light,
The Lord shall judge, dispensing right.

SAXONY.

PSALM 98. 8s & 7s.



2 Lo, Jehovah his salvation
Hath to all the world made known;
In the sight of ev'ry nation
He his righteousness hath shown.

3 Mindful of his truth and mercy
He to Isr'el's house hath been,
And the Lord our God's salvation
All the ends of earth have seen.

4 All the earth, sing to Jehovah,
Shout aloud, sing and rejoice;
With the harp sing to Jehovah,
With the harp and tuneful voice.

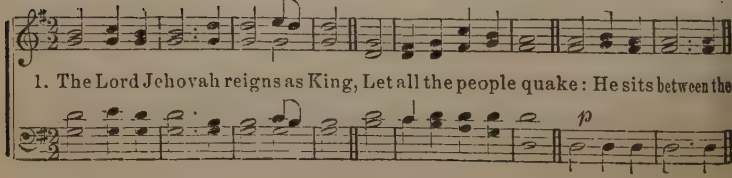
5 Sound the trumpet and the cornet,
Shout before the Lord the King;
Sea, and all its fulness thunder;
Earth, and all its people sing.

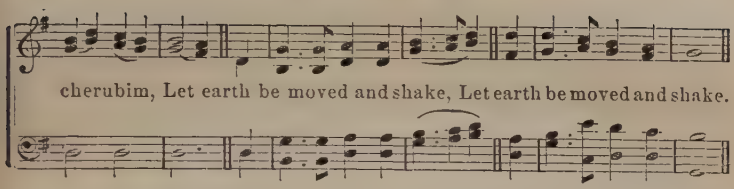
6 Let the rivers in their gladness
Clap their hands with one accord;
Let the mountains sing together
And rejoice before the Lord.

7 For, to judge the earth he cometh,
And with righteousness shall he
Judge the world; and all the nations
He will judge with equity.

NICHOLS.

PSALM 99. C. M.





2 Jehovah is in Zion great,
Above all people high;
Thy fearful, great, and holy name,
O let them magnify.

3 The King's strength also judgment loves;
Thou settlest equity:
Thou judgment just dost execute
In Jacob righteously.

4 The Lord our God exalt on high,
And rev'rently do ye
Before his footstool worship him:
The Holy One is he.

5 Moses and Aaron, with his priests,
Samuel, with them that call
Upon his name: these called on God,
And he did answer all.

6 Within the pillar of the cloud
He unto them did speak:
His statutes they observed; the laws
He gave they did not break.

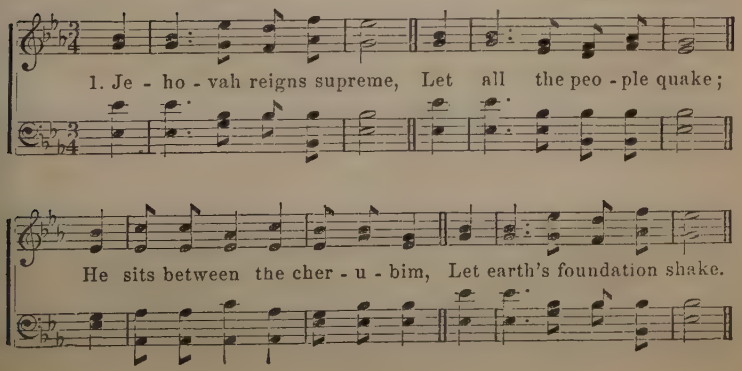
7 O Lord, our God, thou wast a God,
Who didst them answer send;
Though punishing their deeds, to them
Thou pardon didst extend.

8 Do ye exalt the Lord our God,
And at his holy hill
Do ye him worship: for the Lord,
Our God, is holy still.

BEECHER.

PSALM 99. S. M.

HENRY TUCKER.



2 In Zion God is great;
O'er nations high his throne;
His fearful, great, and holy name
In praises let them own.

3 The King's strength judgment loves;
Thou justice dost maintain:
Both righteousness and judgment thou
In Jacob dost sustain.

4 Do ye exalt the Lord,
Our God in praises laud:
And at his footstool worship him,
For holy is our God.

5 Moses and Aaron, priests,
'Midst those that on him call,
And Samuel, too, these called on God,
And he them answered all.

6 In pillar of a cloud,
To them Jehovah spake;
He testimonies gave to them,
And laws they did not break.

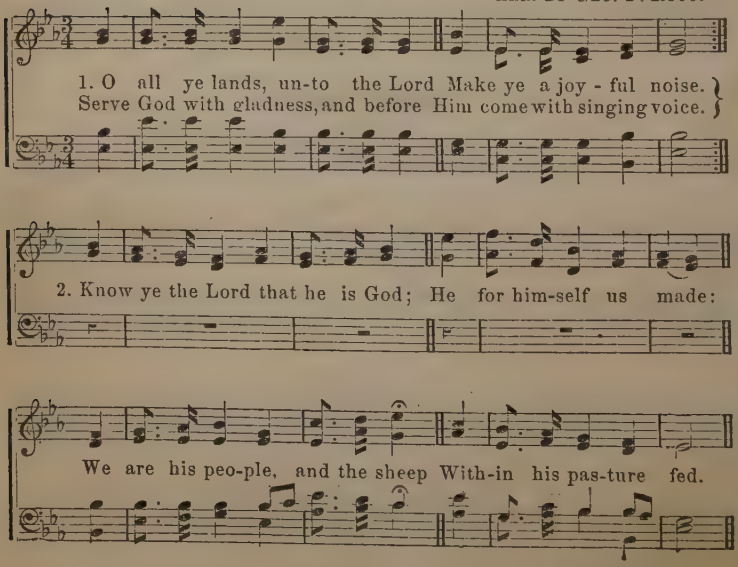
7 O Lord, our gracious God,
Thou didst an answer send;
Though taking vengeance on their deeds,
Thou pardon didst extend.

8 Do ye exalt the Lord;
Our God in praises laud,
And worship at his holy hill,
For holy is our God.

VARINA.

PSALM 100. C. M.

ARR. BY GEO. F. ROOT.

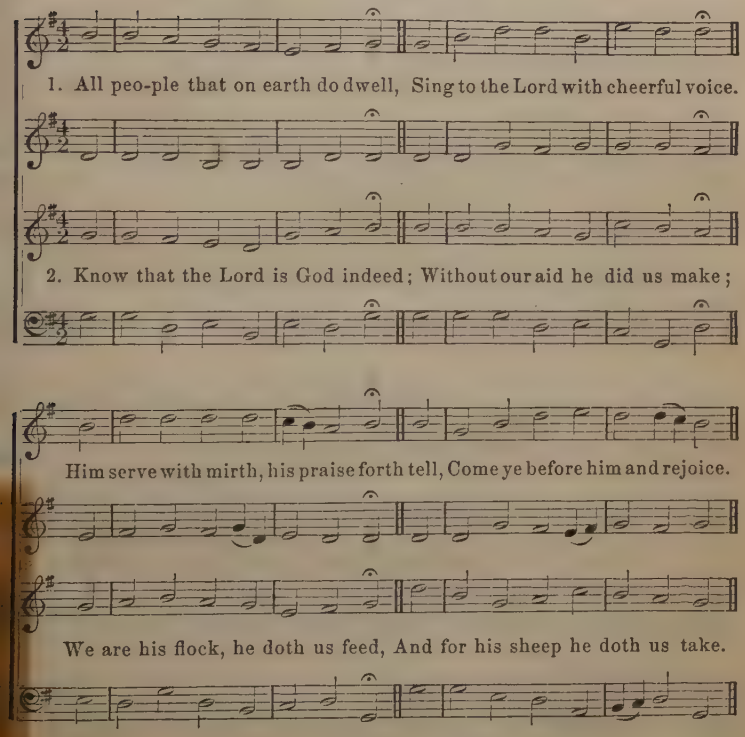


3 Enter his gates and courts with thanks,
His praise in songs proclaim;
To him express your thankfulness,
And ever bless his name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy never ends;
And unto generations all
His faithfulness extends.

OLD HUNDRED.*

PSALM 100. L. M.

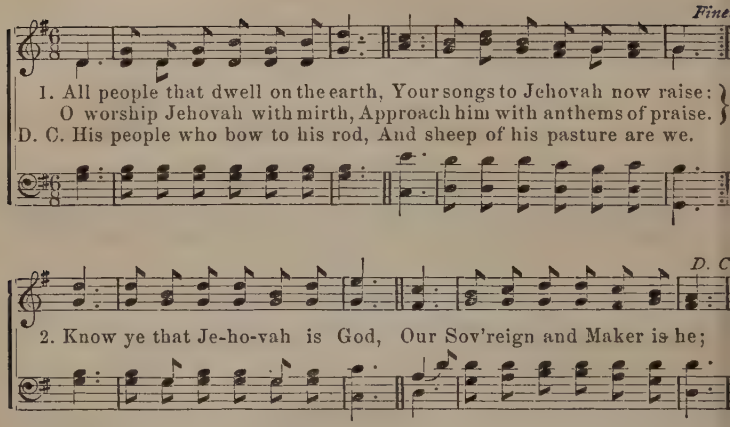


3 O enter then his gates with joy,
Within his courts his praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify his name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

* By request.

PSALM 100. 8s.



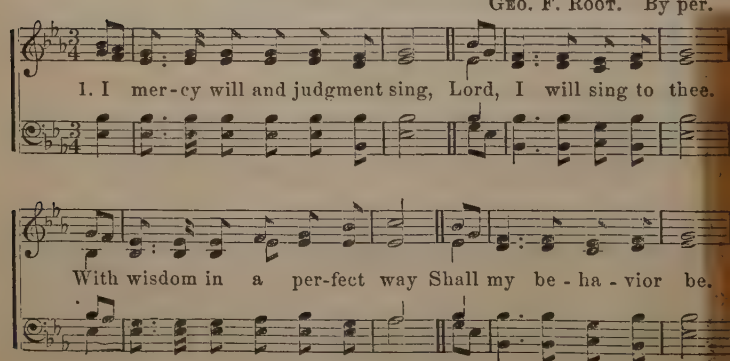
3 O enter his temple with praise,
His portals with thankful acclaim;
Your voices in thanksgiving raise,
And bless ye his glorious name.

4 For good is Jehovah the Lord,
His mercy to us never ends;
His faithfulness true to his word,
Through ages unending extends.

LYRA.

PSALM 101. C. M.

Geo. F. Root. By per.



2 O when, in kindness unto me,
Wilt thou be pleased to come?
I with a perfect heart will walk
Within my house at home.

3 I will endure no wicked thing
Before mine eyes to be;
I hate their work that turn aside,
It shall not cleave to me.

4 A stubborn and a froward heart
Depart quite from me shall;
A person giv'n to wickedness
I will not know at all.

5 I'll cut him off that slandereth
His neighbor privily:
The haughty heart I will not bear,
Nor him whose looks are high.

6 Upon the faithful of the land
Mine eyes shall be, that they
May dwell with me; he shall me serve
Who walks in perfect way.

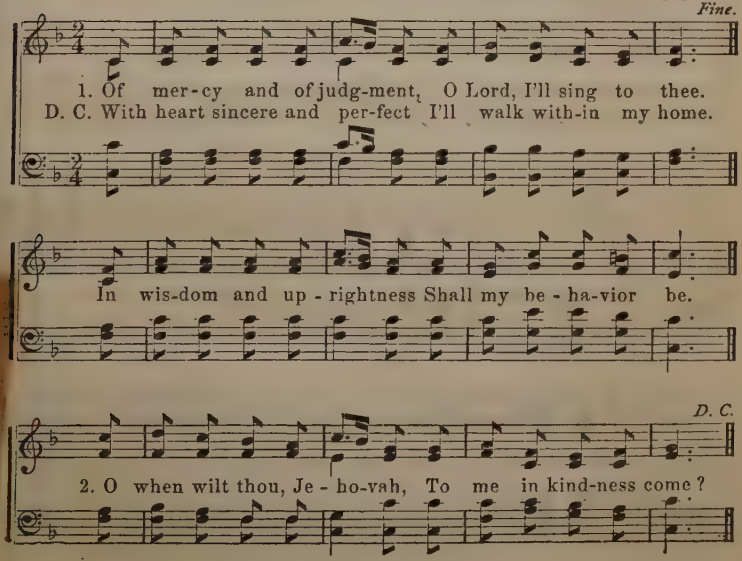
7 Who of deceit a worker is
In my house shall not dwell;
Nor in my presence shall remain
The man that lies doth tell.

8 Yea, all the wicked of the land
I early will destroy;
And from God's city cut them off
That work iniquity.

CHICAGO.

PSALM 101. 7s & 6s.

GEO. F. ROOT. By per.



3 No work of sin I'll suffer
Before my eyes to be:
I hate the work of sinners,
It shall not cleave to me.

4 The man whose heart is froward,
Shall from my presence go.
None who in sin takes pleasure
Will I consent to know.

5 The tongue of secret slander
Shall from my sight depart;
High looks I will not suffer,
Nor yet the haughty heart.

6 My eyes shall seek the faithful,
That they may dwell with me;
The man who walks uprightly,
He shall my servant be.

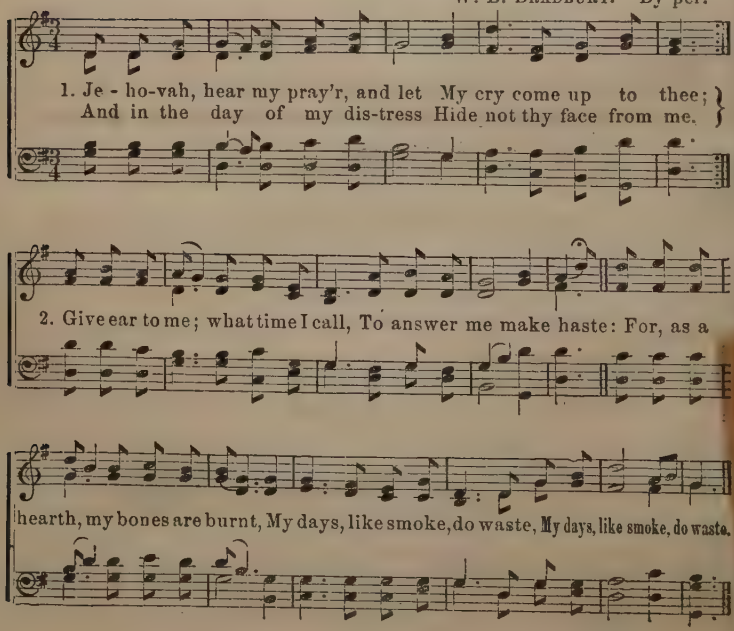
7 No man of works deceitful
Within my house shall dwell;
Nor in my sight shall tarry
The man who lies doth tell.

8 I'll everywhere on sinners
Inflict a swift reward;
To free from evil-doers
The city of the Lord.

LAKE PLEASANT.

PSALM 102. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



3 My smitten heart is like the grass,
When withered by the heat;
And so I have forgetful been,
My daily bread to eat.

4 By reason of my groaning voice
My bones cleave to my skin.
Like pelican in wilderness,
Forsaken I have been:

5 I like an owl in desert am,
That nightly there doth moan;
I watch, and like a sparrow am
On the house-top alone.

6 My bitter foes reproaches cast
Upon me all the day;
And, being mad at me, with rage
Against me sworn are they.

7 Because I ashes eaten have
Like bread, in sorrows deep;
My drink I also mingled have
With tears that I did weep.

8 Thy indignation and thy wrath
Did cause this grief and pain;
For thou hast lifted me on high,
And cast me down again.

9 My days are like a fleeting shade
So swiftly do they pass;
And I am withered all away,
Ev'n like the fading grass.

10 But thou, O Lord, forever art,
And thy remembrance shall
Continually endure, and be
To generations all.

11 Thou shalt arise, and mercy have
Upon thy Zion yet;
The time to favor her is come,
The time that thou hast set.

12 For in her rubbish and her stones
Thy servants pleasure take;
Yea, they the very dust thereof
Do favor for her sake.

13 So shall the heathen people fear
The Lord's most holy name;
And all the kings on earth shall dread
Thy glory and thy fame.

14 When Zion, by the mighty Lord
Built up again shall be,
In glory then and majesty
To men appear shall he.

15 The prayer of the destitute
He surely will regard;
Their prayer he will not despise,
By him it shall be heard.

16 For generations yet to come
This truth they shall record:
So shall the people that shall be
Created praise the Lord.

17 He from his sanctuary's height
Hath downward cast his eye;
Jehovah on the earth beneath
Did look from heaven high;

18 That of the mournful prisoner
The groanings he might hear,
To set them free that unto death
By men appointed are:

19 That they in Zion may declare
The Lord's most holy name,
And publish in Jerusalem
The praises of the same;

20 When all the people gather shall
In troops with one accord,
When kingdoms shall assembled be
To serve the highest Lord.

21 My wonted strength and force he hath
Abated in the way,
My days he also shortened hath,
Thus therefore did I say:

22 My God, O take me not away
Ere half my days are past:
Through generations all, thy years
Eternally do last.

23 The firm foundation of the earth
Of old time thou hast laid;
The heavens also are the work
Which thine own hands have made.

24 Thou shalt for evermore endure,
But they shall perish all;
Yea, ev'ry one of them wax old,
Like to a garment, shall;

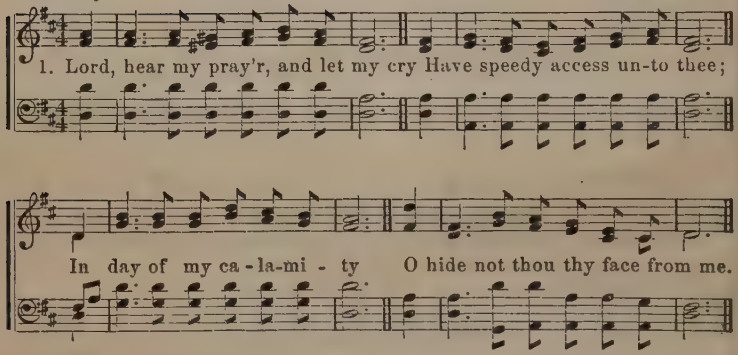
25 Thou, as a vesture, shalt them change,
And changed they all shall be;
But thou art still the same, thy years
Are to eternity.

26 The children of thy servants shall
Continually endure;
And in thy sight, O Lord, their seed
Shall be established sure.

MELMORE.

PSALM 102. L. M.

Slowly. W. Martin.



2 O hear me when I call; that day
An answer speedily return:
My days, like smoke, consume away,
And, as a hearth, my bones do burn.

3 My heart is smitten, and like grass
When withered by the scorching heat,
My days in weariness I pass,
And I forget my bread to eat.

4 By reason of my grief within,
And voice of my unceasing groans,
My flesh is all consumed, my skin,
All parched, doth cleave unto my bones.

5 The pelican of wilderness,
The owl in desert, I do match;
And, sparrow-like, companionless,
Upon the house top I do watch.

6 I all day long am made a scorn,
Reproached by my malicious foes:
The madmen are against me sworn,
The men against me that arose.

7 For ashes I, in sorrow deep,
Have eaten as my daily bread;
And of the tears which I did weep
I with my drink a mixture made.

8 Thy indignation unappeased,
And thy fierce wrath have caused this pain,
Because, O Lord, thou hast me raised,
And thou hast cast me down again.

9 My days of life with haste decline:
They like the shadows swiftly pass;
And I in deepest sorrow pine,
And wither like the fading grass.

10 But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure,
From change and all mutation free,
And to all generations sure
Shall thy remembrance ever be.

11 Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to Mount Zion shalt extend:
Now is the time for favor set,
That thou to her shouldst mercy send.

12 Thy saints take pleasure in her stones,
Her very dust to them is dear.
All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth thy glorious name shall fear.

13 The Lord in glory shall appear,
When Zion he again repairs.
He shall regard and lend his ear
To all the needy's humble pray'rs:

14 Th' afflicted's pray'r he will not scorn.
This ever shall be on record:
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.

15 He from his holy place looked down,
The earth he viewed from heaven high,
To hear the pris'ner's mourning groan,
And free them that are doomed to die;

16 That Zion, and Jerus'lem too,
His name and praise may well record;
When people and the kingdoms do
Assemble all to praise the Lord.

17 My strength he weakened in the way,
My days of life he short hath made.
My God, O take me not away
In mid-time of my days, I said.

18 Thy years through all the ages last,
And thou of old, O Lord, hast laid
The earth's foundation firm and fast;
Thy mighty hands the heav'ns have made.

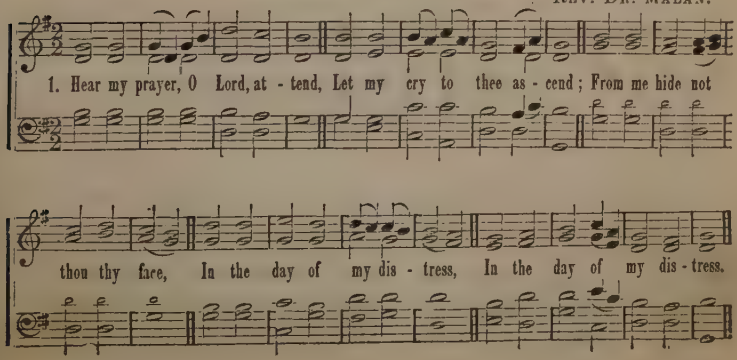
19 Thou shalt remain, they perish shall,
They all like garments shall decay;
Thou shalt as vestures change them all,
They shall be changed, and pass away.

20 But from all changes thou art free;
Thy endless years do last for aye.
Thy servants, and their seed who be,
Established shall before thee stay.

HENDON.

PSALM 102. 7s.

REV. DR. MALAN.



2 Unto me incline thy ear;
When I call, make haste to hear.
For my days to smoke are turned,
As a hearth my bones are burned.

3 As the grass my heart doth fade,
I forget to eat my bread.
Through my voice of ceaseless groans
Cleaves my flesh to all my bones.

4 Like the pelican am I,
Like the owl in desert dry;
Sparrow-like on housetop 'lone,
Through the sleepless night I moan.

5 From my foes, who speak with scorn,
Vile reproach I've daily borne;
They that mad against me are,
In their rage against me swear.

6 I ate ashes for my bread,
Mixed my drink with tears I shed;
This, for thy displeasure, Lord,
And thy wrath upon me poured.

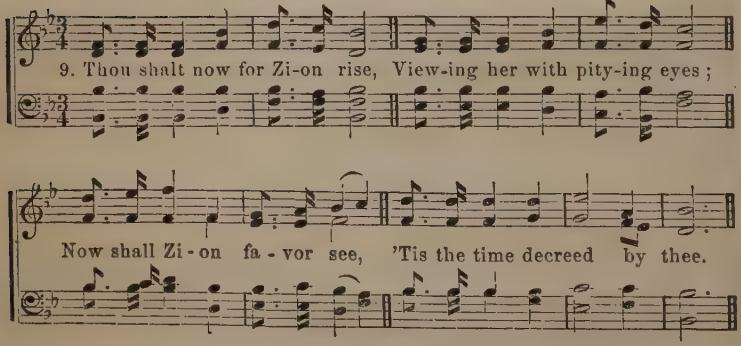
7 Thou hast lifted me on high,
But cast down again am I;
All my days as shadows pass;
And I wither like the grass.

8 But, O Lord, thou shalt endure,
Still the same, for evermore;
Thee to mind shall men recall
Through the coming ages all.

CIRCLE.

PSALM 102, v. 9. 7s.

R.



10 For thy saints thy promise trust,
Loving ev'n her stones and dust.
So shall heathen fear God's name;
All earth's kings thy glorious fame.

11 Zion's walls built up shall be;
All shall then God's glory see.
He the destitute shall hear,
And will not despise their prayer.

12 Of this truth shall record be,
That the coming race may see.
God shall into being bring,
People, that his praise shall sing.

13 From his sanctuary high
God hath looked with pitying eye;
Earth he viewed from heaven, his throne,
Listening to the prisoner's groan.

14 From the bonds in which they lie
Freeing those condemned to die;
This in Zion they'll proclaim,
And in Salem praise his name.

15 When the people of the Lord
Gathered are with one accord,
When to serve the Lord of might
Kingdoms of the earth unite.

16 In the way he made me weak,
Life he shortened, then I spake:
"Take me not, O God, away
In the midst of life, I pray."

17 Lord, thy years without an end
Through the ages all extend.
Earth's foundations thou hast laid;
Thou of old the heavens hast made.

18 They shall speedily decay,
But thy years shall last for aye;
Yea, the works we now behold
All like garments shall wax old.

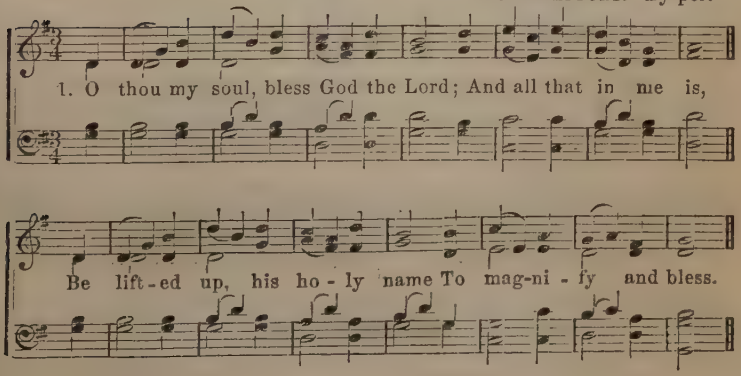
19 As a vesture shall they be,
They shall all be changed by thee;
Yet unchanged, as years extend,
Thy years, Lord, shall have no end.

20 Children of thy heritage
Shall endure through every age,
And their sons from race to race
Shall not fail before thy face.

PEORIA.

PSALM 103. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God.
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death mayst not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth,
And tender mercies crown:

5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
And even as the eagle's age,
He hath renewed thy youth.

6 God righteous judgment executes
For all oppressed ones.
His ways to Moses, he his acts
Made known to Isr'el's sons.

7 The Lord Jehovah gracious is,
And he is merciful,
Long-suffering and slow to wrath,
In kindness plentiful.

8 He will not chide continually,
Nor keep his anger still.
With us he dealt not as we sinned,
Nor did requite our ill.

9 For as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far;
So great to those that do him fear
His tender mercies are:

10 As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath he
From us removed, in tender love,
All our iniquity.

11 Such pity as a father hath,
Unto his children dear;
Like pity shows the Lord to them
Who worship him in fear.

12 For he remembers we are dust,
And he our frame well knows.
Frail man, his days are like the grass,
As flow'r in field he grows:

13 For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
It shall no more be known.

14 But unto them that fear the Lord
His mercy never ends;
And to their children's children all
His righteousness extends:

15 To such as keep his covenant,
And walk in wisdom's way;
Who mindful are of his commands,
That they may them obey.

16 Jehovah hath prepared his throne
In heavens firm to stand;
And ev'ry thing that being hath
His kingdom doth command.

17 O ye his angels, that excel
In strength, bless ye the Lord;
Ye who obey what he commands,
And hearken to his word.

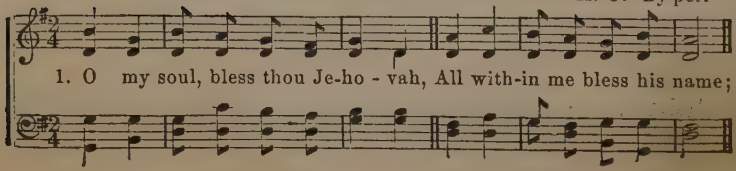
18 O bless and magnify the Lord,
Ye glorious hosts of his;
Ye ministers, that do fulfil
Whate'er his pleasure is.

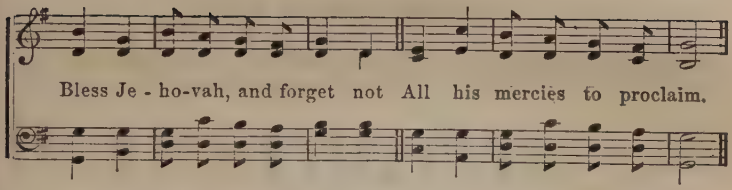
19 O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
Wherewith the world is stored,
In his dominions everywhere.
My soul, bless thou the Lord.

DUTTON.

PSALM 103. 8s & 7s.

M. O. By per.





2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In his righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

5 He made known his ways to Moses,
And his acts to Isr'el's race;
God is plentiful in mercy,
Slow to anger, rich in grace.

6 He will not forever chide us,
Nor keep anger in his mind,
Hath not dealt as we offended,
Nor rewarded as we sinned.

7 For as high as is the heaven,
Far above the earth below;
Ever great to them that fear him,
Is the mercy he will show.

8 Far as east from west is distant,
He hath put away our sin;
Like the pity of a father
Hath the Lord's compassion been.

9 Well he knows our frame, remembering
We are dust, our days like grass;
Man is like the flower blooming,
Till the hot winds o'er it pass.

10 Then 'tis gone, and is remembered
By its former place no more;
But on them that fear Jehovah
Rests his mercy evermore.

11 As it was without beginning,
So it lasts without an end:
To their children's children ever
Shall his righteousness extend;

12 Unto such as keep his cov'nant,
And are steadfast in his way;
Unto those who still remember
His commandments and obey.

13 In the heavens high, Jehovah
Hath for him prepared a throne,
And throughout his vast dominion
All his works his power shall own.

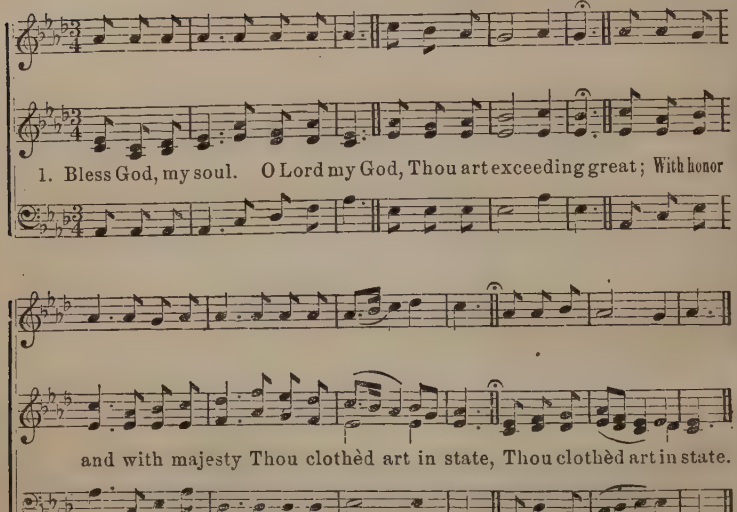
14 Bless Jehovah, ye his angels,
Spirits that excel in might;
Ye who hear what he commands you,
Ye that do it with delight.

15 Bless and magnify Jehovah,
All ye hosts that do his will;
Ye his servants, ever ready
All his pleasure to fulfil.

16 Bless Jehovah, all his creatures
Ever under his control;
All throughout his vast dominion;
Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

PSALM 104. C. M.

REV. J. S. BOYD.



2 With light, as with a robe, thyself
Thou coverest about;
And, like the curtain of a tent,
The heavens stretchest out.

3 He of his chambers doth the beams
Within the waters lay;
He doth the clouds his chariot make,
On wings of wind make way.

4 He doth the flames his ministers,
The winds his angels make:
He earth's foundations firmly laid
That it should never shake.

5 Thou didst it cover with the deep,
As with a garment spread:
The waters stood above the hills,
When thou the word hadst said.

6 But at the voice of thy rebuke
They fled, and would not stay;
They at thy thunder's dreadful voice
Did hasten fast away.

7 They by the mountains do ascend,
And by the valley-ground
Descend again to that same place
Which thou for them didst found.

8 To them a limit thou hast set,
O'er which they may not go,
That they do not return again
The earth to overflow.

9 He to the valleys sends the springs,
Which run among the hills:
They to all beasts of field give drink,
Wild asses drink their fills.

10 The fowls of heaven their dwellings have
Beside each flowing spring,
And there among the branches they
With joyful voices sing.

11 He from his chambers watereth
The hills when they are dried:
And with the fruit of these thy works,
The earth is satisfied.

12 He makes the grass for cattle grow,
He makes the herb to spring
For use of man, that food to him
He from the earth may bring;

13 And wine, that to the heart of man
Doth cheerfulness impart;
Oil that his face makes shine, and bread
That strengtheneth his heart.

14 The trees of God are full of life;
The cedars great that stand
On Lebanon, all planted were
By his almighty hand.

15 Where birds a place of safety choose
In which their nests to make;
As for the storks, the lofty firs
They for their dwelling take.

16 Wild goats a place of refuge find
Upon the mountains high;
The conies also to the rocks
Do for their safety fly.

17 He sets the moon in heav'n, thereby
The seasons to discern;
From him the sun his certain time
Of going down doth learn.

18 Thou darkness mak'st, 'tis night, then beasts
Of forests creep abroad.
The lions young do roar for prey,
And seek their meat from God.

19 The sun doth rise, and home they flock,
Down in their dens they lie.
Man goes to work, his labor he
Doth to the ev'ning ply.

20 How manifold, O Lord, thy works,
In wisdom wonderful
Thou ev'ry one of them hast made;
Earth's of thy riches full:

21 So is this great and spacious sea,
Wherein things creeping are,
Which numbered cannot be; and beasts
Both great and small are there.

22 The ships go there, and there thou mak'st
Leviathan to play.
These wait on thee, and from thy hand
In due time fed are they.

23 And what thy kindness gives to them
They gather for their food;
Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally,
And they are filled with good.

24 Thou hid'st thy face; they troubled are,
Their breath thou tak'st away;
They die, and to their kindred dust
Return again do they.

25 Thy Spirit then thou sendest forth,
And they created are;
The face of earth thou dost revive,
And all things new appear.

26 The glory of the mighty Lord
For ever shall endure;
And in his works Jehovah shall
Rejoice for evermore.

27 Earth, as affrighted, trembleth all
If he on it but look;
And if the mountains he but touch,
They presently do smoke.

28 I to the Lord Most High will sing
So long as I shall live;
And while I being have I will
To my God praises give.

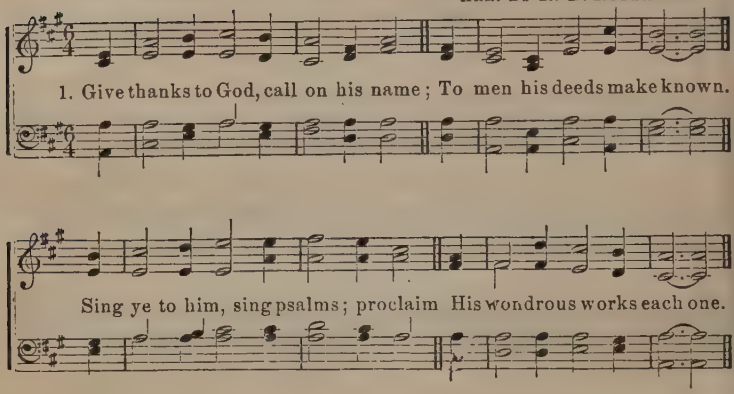
29 Of him my meditation shall
Sweet thoughts to me afford;
And as for me, I will rejoice
In God, my only Lord.

30 From earth let sinners be consumed,
Let ill men no more be.
O thou my soul, bless thou the Lord.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

FULLERTON.

PSALM 105. C. M.

ARR. BY R. B. ROBERTSON.



2 To glory in his holy name
Unite with one accord;
And let the heart of ev'ry one
Rejoice that seeks the Lord.

3 The Lord Almighty, and his strength,
With steadfast hearts seek ye:
His blessèd and his gracious face
Seek ye continually.

4 Remember all his mighty deeds,
The wonders he hath done,
The righteous judgments of his mouth,
Remember them each one.

5 O ye, the seed of Abraham,
Who served him faithfully;
Ye sons of Jacob whom he chose,
Keep these in memory.

6 Because he, and he only, is
The mighty Lord our God;
And his most righteous judgments are
In all the earth abroad.

7 His cov'nant he remembered hath,
That it may ever stand:
To thousand generations he
His promise did command.

8 Which covenant he firmly made
With faithful Abraham,
And unto Isaac, by his oath,
He did renew the same:

9 And unto Jacob, for a law,
He made it firm and sure,
A covenant to Israel,
Which ever should endure.

10 He said, I Canaan's land will give
For heritage to you;
While they were strangers there, and few,
In number very few:

11 While yet they went from land to land,
Without a sure abode;
And while through many kingdoms they
Did wander far abroad;

12 Yet, notwithstanding, suffered he
No man to do them wrong;
Yea, for their sakes he did reprove
Kings, who were great and strong.

13 He said, these my anointed are,
Touch not, nor do them wrong;
Nor do the prophets any harm
That unto me belong.

14 He called for famine on the land,
He broke the staff of bread:
But yet he sent a man before,
By whom they should be fed;

15 Ev'n Joseph, whom, by envy moved,
Sell for a slave did they;
Whose feet they with the fetters hurt,
And he in irons lay;

16 Until the time that his word came
To give him liberty;
The word and purpose of the Lord
Did him in prison try.

17 Then sent the king, and did command
That he enlarged should be:
He that the people's ruler was
Did send to set him free.

18 To be the lord of all his house
He raised him, as most fit;
To him of all that he possessed
He did the charge commit:

19 That at his pleasure he might bind
The princes of the land;
And also make his senators
True wisdom understand.

20 The people then of Israel
Down into Egypt came;
And Jacob for a time sojourned
Within the land of Ham.

21 And he did greatly by his pow'r
Increase his people there;
And stronger than their enemies
They by his blessing were.

22 Their heart he then to hatred turned
Against his people there,
To deal in subtlety with those
Who his own servants were.

23 His servant Moses then he sent
And Aaron, chosen one,
And they his signs and wonders great,
In land of Ham made known.

24 He darkness sent, and made it dark;
His word they did obey.
He turned their waters into blood,
And he their fish did slay.

25 The land in plenty brought forth frogs
In chambers of their kings.
His word all sorts of flies and lice
In all their borders brings.

26 Hail stones for rain, and flaming fire
Into their land he sent;
And he their vines and fig-trees smote;
Trees of their coasts he rent.

27 He spake, and caterpillars came,
And locusts did abound;
Which in their land all herbs consumed,
And fruits of all their ground.

28 He smote all first-born in their land,
Chief of their strength each one.
With gold and silver brought them forth,
Weak in their tribes were none.

29 Egypt was glad when forth they went,
Their fear on them did light.
He spread a cloud for covering,
And fire to shine by night.

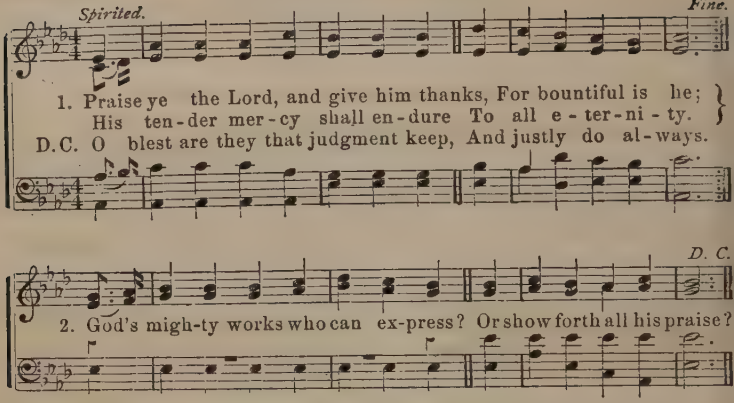
30 They asked, and quails he brought: with bread
Of heaven filled he them.
He opened rocks, floods gushed, and ran
In deserts like a stream.

31 For on his holy promise he,
And servant Abr'ham thought.
With joy his people, his elect,
With gladness, forth he brought.

32 And so the heathen's land to them,
He for possession gave;
That of the people's labor they
Inheritance might have.

33 That they his statutes might observe
According to his word;
And that they might his laws obey.
Give praises to the Lord.

PSALM 106. C. M.



3 Remember me, O Lord, with love,
Which thou to thine dost bear;
With thy salvation, O my God,
To visit me draw near.

4 That I thy chosen's good may see,
And in their joy rejoice;
And may with thine inheritance
Exult with cheerful voice.

5 We with our fathers have transgressed,
And done iniquity;
With them we have transgressors been,
We have done wickedly.

6 The wonders great, which thou, O Lord,
Didst work in Egypt land,
Our fathers, though they saw, yet them
They did not understand:

7 And they thy mercies' multitude
Kept not in memory;
But at the sea, ev'n the Red Sea,
Provoked him grievously.

8 Yet notwithstanding he them saved,
Ev'n for his own name's sake;
That so he might, to be well known,
His mighty power make.

9 The Red Sea also he rebuked,
And then dried up it was:
Through depths, as through the wilderness,
He made them safely pass.

10 From hands of him that hated them,
He did his people save;
And from the en'my's cruel hand
To them redemption gave.

11 The waters overwhelmed their foes;
Not one was left alive.
Then they believed his word, and praise
To him in songs did give.

12 But soon they did his mighty works
Unthankfully forget.
And on his counsel and his will
Did not with patience wait;

13 But much did lust in wilderness,
And God in desert tempt.
He gave them what they sought, but to
Their soul he leanness sent.

14 Moreover Moses, in the camp
They envied without cause:
At Aaron too, the saint of God,
Inflamed their envy was.

15 The earth did therefore open wide,
And Dathan did devour,
And all Abiram's company
It covered in that hour.

16 And likewise 'mong their company
A fire was kindled then;
And so the hot consuming flame
Burnt up these wicked men.

17 Yet they at Horeb made a calf,
A molten image praised:
Their glory changed to form of ox
That in the pastures grazed.

18 They soon forgot the mighty God,
Who had their Saviour been,
By whom such great things brought to pass
They had in Egypt seen.

19 In land of Ham his wondrous works,
Things terrible did he,
When he his mighty hand and arm
Stretched out at the Red Sea.

20 He said he would them all destroy,
Had not, his wrath to stay,
His chosen Moses stood in breach,
That them he should not slay.

21 Yea, they despised the pleasant land,
Nor did believe his word,
But murm'ring in their tents, refused
To hearken to the Lord.

22 In desert therefore them to slay
He lifted up his hand:
Through nations to o'erthrow their seed,
And scatter in each land.

23 They unto Baäl-peor did
Themselves associate;
The sacrifices of the dead
They did profanely eat.

24 Thus, by inventions of their own,
They much provoked his ire;
And then upon them suddenly
The plague broke in as fire.

25 Then Phin'has rose, and justice did,
And so the plague did cease;
That to all ages counted was
To him for righteousness.

26 And at the waters, where they strove,
They did him angry make,
In such a way that ill it fared
With Moses for their sake:

27 Because they there his spirit meek
Provoked so bitterly,
That he with hasty lips did speak
Words unadvisedly.

28 Nor, as the Lord commanded them,
Did they the nations slay:
But with the heathen mingled were,
And learned of them their way.

29 Moreover they their idols served,
Which to a snare was turned.
To demons they in sacrifice
Their sons and daughters burned.

30 In their own children's guiltless blood
Their hands they did imbrue,
Whom unto Canaan's idols they
For sacrifices slew.

31 So was the land defiled with blood.
Stained with their works were they,
And with inventions of their own,
To idols they did stray.

32 Against his people kindled was
The anger of the Lord,
They so provoked his wrath that he
His heritage abhorred.

33 He gave them to the heathen's power;
Their foes did them command.
Their en'mies them oppressed, they were
Made subject to their hand.

34 He many times delivered them;
But with their counsel so
They him provoked, that for their sin
They were brought very low.

35 Yet their affliction he beheld,
When he did hear their cry:
And he for them his covenant
Recalled to memory;

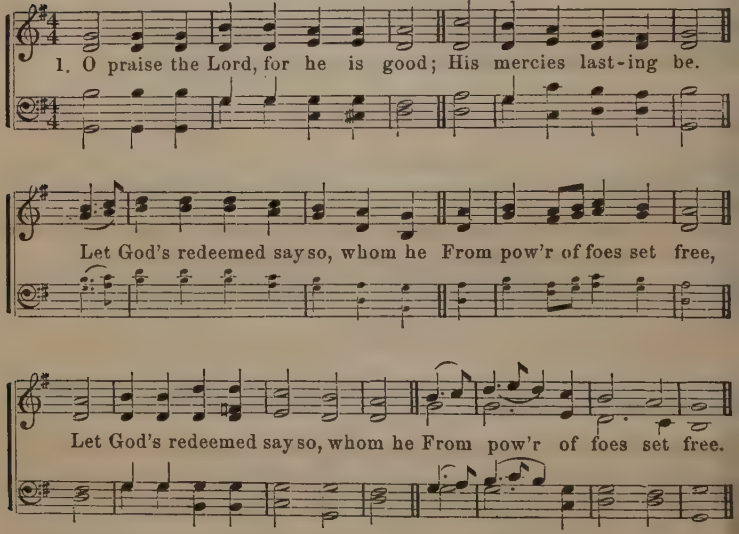
36 And in his mercies' multitude
He did repent, and make
Them to be pitied of all those
Who did them captive take.

37 Save us, O Lord our God, and us
From heathen nations bring,
That we thy holy name may thank,
Thy praises ever sing.

38 Blessed be JEHOVAH, Isr'el's God,
To all eternity:
Let all the people say, Amen.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

RINDGE.

PSALM 107. C. M.



2 He gathered them from all the lands,
From north, south, east, and west.
They strayed in desert's pathless way,
No city found to rest.

3 Their weary soul within them faints,
When thirst and hunger press;
In trouble then they cry to God,
He frees them from distress.

4 Them also in a way to walk
That right is he doth guide,
That they may to a city go,
Wherein they may abide.

5 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!

6 For he the soul that longing is
Doth fully satisfy;
With goodness he the hungry soul
Doth fill abundantly:

7 Such as shut up in darkness deep,
And in death's shade abide,
Whom strongly hath affliction bound,
And irons fast have tied:

8 Because against the words of God
They wrought rebelliously,
And they the counsel did contemn
Of him that is Most High.

9 Their heart with sorrow he brought down,
They fell, no help could have.
In trouble then they cried to God,
He them from straits did save.

10 He out of darkness did them bring,
And from death's shade them take:
The bands, wherewith they had been bound,
He did asunder break.

11 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!

12 Because the mighty gates of brass
In pieces he did tear;
By him in sunder also cut
The bars of iron were.

13 Fools, for their sin, and their offence,
Do sore affliction bear;
All kind of meat their soul abhors;
They to death's gates draw near.

14 In grief they cry to God; he saves
Them from their miseries.
He sends his word, them heals, and them
From their destruction frees.

15 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!

16 And let them sacrifice to him
Off'rings of thankfulness:
And let them show abroad his works
In songs of joyfulness.

17 To those who go to sea in ships,
And in great waters trade,
Jehovah's works and wonders great
Are in the deep displayed.

18 For he commands, and forth in haste
The stormy tempest flies,
Which makes the sea with rolling waves
Aloft to swell and rise.

19 They mount to heav'n, then to the depths
They downward go again;
Their soul doth faint and melt away
With trouble and with pain.

20 They reel and stagger like one drunk,
They are at their wit's end;
Then they to God in trouble cry,
And he relief doth send.

21 The storm is changed into a calm
At his command and will;
And so the waves which raged before,
Now quiet are and still.

22 Then they are glad, because at rest
And quiet now they be:
So to the haven he them brings,
Which they desired to see.

23 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!

24 Among the people when they meet,
Let them exalt his name;
Among assembled elders too,
In songs advance his fame.

25 He to dry land turns water-springs,
And floods to wilderness;
For sins of those that dwell therein
Fat land to barrenness.

26 He into deserts dry and parched
The standing water brings;
And grounds which dry and barren were
He turns to water-springs.

27 And there, for dwelling, he a place
Doth to the hungry give,
That they a city may prepare,
Where they in peace may live.

28 There sow they fields, and vineyards plant,
To yield fruits of increase;
His blessing makes them multiply,
Lets not their beasts decrease.

29 Again they much diminished are,
And brought to low estate,
Through sorrow and affliction sore,
And by oppression great.

30 He on the princes pours contempt,
He causes them to stray,
And wander in a wilderness,
In which there is no way.

31 Yet setteth he the poor on high,
From all his miseries;
And he, in number like a flock,
Doth make him families.

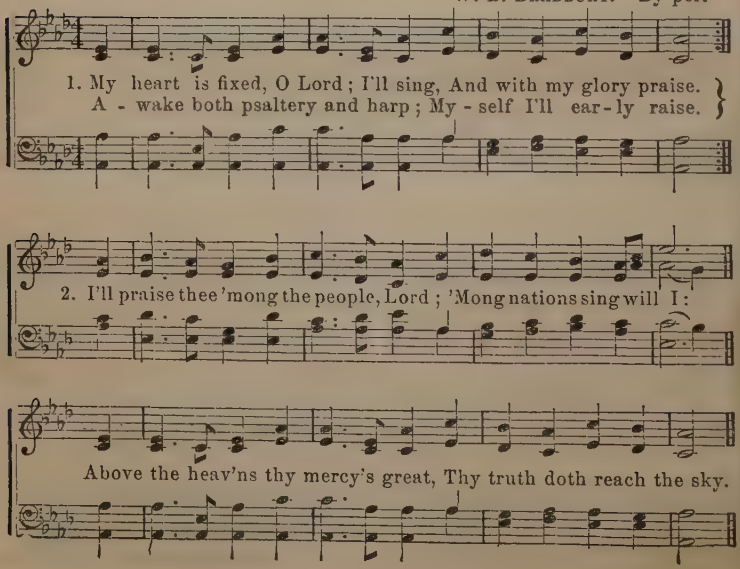
32 They who are righteous shall rejoice,
When they the same shall see;
And, as confounded, stop her mouth
Shall all iniquity.

33 Whoso is wise, and will these things
Observe, and them record,
Ev'n they shall understand the love,
And kindness of the Lord.

MONORA.

PSALM 108. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



3 Be thou above the heavens, Lord,
Exalted very high,
And far above the earth do thou
Thy glory magnify;

4 That thy belovèd people may
From bondage be set free:
O do thou save with thy right hand,
And answer give to me.

5 God in his holiness hath said,
In this rejoice I will;
I Shechem will divide, and I
Will measure Succoth's vale.

6 I Gilead claim as mine by right;
Manasseh mine shall be;
My head has strength in Ephraim,
Judah gives laws for me;

7 In Moab I will wash; my shoe
I will to Edom throw,
And o'er the land of Palestine
I will in triumph go.

8 O who is he will bring me to
The city fortified?
O who is he that to the land
Of Edom will me guide?

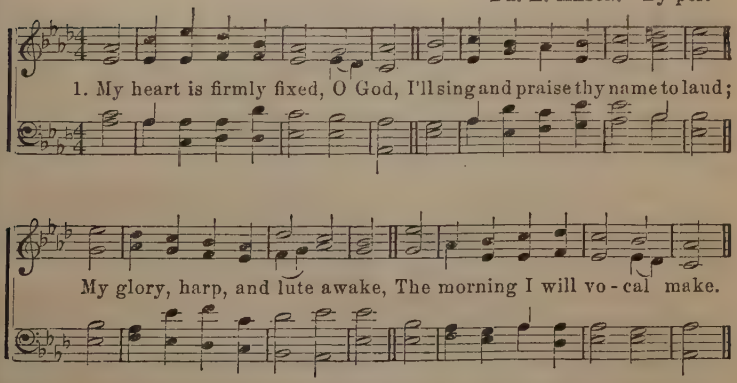
9 O God, who hadst rejected us,
This thing wilt thou not do?
Ev'n thou, O God, thou who didst not
Forth with our armies go?

10 Help us from trouble, for the help
Is vain which man supplies.
Through God we'll do great acts; he shall
Tread down our enemies.

UPTON.

PSALM 108. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason. By per.



2 I'll thank thee 'mid the nations, Lord,
Among the people praise accord;
The heavens vast thy grace transcends,
And to the clouds thy truth extends.

3 Be thou o'er heavens high, O God,
Thy glory o'er the earth abroad;
That thy belovèd free may stand,
Hear us, and save with thy right hand.

4 God spoken hath with holy voice,
And I will triumph and rejoice;
I'll Shechem's fields by lot assign,
O'er Succoth's vale will draw the line.

5 Manasseh, Gilead too, are mine,
On Ephraim shall my head recline;
My ruler I shall Judah greet,
In Moab I shall wash my feet.

6 To Edom I will cast my shoe,
In triumph o'er Philistia go.
Who to the city fortified—
To Edom, who will be my guide?

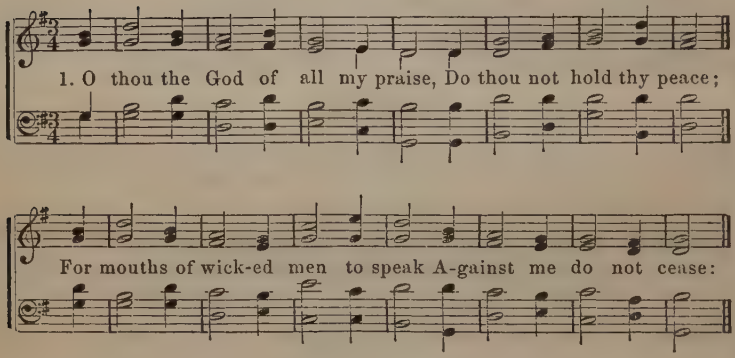
7 O God, do thou our leader be,
Though we are now cast off from thee;
And when our hosts to battle go,
O God, do thou thy presence show.

8 From trouble help, and us relieve,
For vain the help that man can give;
In God will we great valor show,
And he our foes will overthrow.

BRADRIDGE.

PSALM 109. C. M.

W. Mingle.



2 The mouths of vile, deceitful men
Against me opened be;
And with a false and lying tongue
They basely slandered me.

3 They did beset me round about
With words of hateful spite:
And though to them no cause I gave,
Against me they did fight.

4 They for my love became my foes,
But constantly I prayed;
Yea, ill for good and hate for love
To me they have repaid.

5 Set thou the wicked over him;
Do thou, on his right hand,
Give to his greatest enemy,
Ev'n Satan, leave to stand.

6 And when by thee he shall be judged,
Condemned then let him be;
And let his pray'r be turned to sin,
When he shall call on thee.

7 Make few his days, and in his room
His charge another take.
His children let be fatherless,
His wife a widow make.

8 His children let be vagabonds,
And beg continually;
And from their places desolate
Seek bread for their supply.

9 Let covetous extortioners
Catch all he hath away:
Of all for which he labored hath,
Let strangers make a prey.

10 Let there be none to pity him,
Nor any, help to lend,
Nor to his children fatherless
His mercy to extend.

11 Let his posterity from earth
Cut off forever be,
And in the coming age their name
Be blotted out by thee.

12 Let God his father's wickedness
Still to remembrance call;
And never let his mother's sin
Be blotted out at all.

13 But let them all before the Lord
Appear continually,
That he may wholly from the earth
Cut off their memory.

14 Because he mercy minded not,
But persecuted still
The poor and needy, that he might
The broken-hearted kill.

15 As he in cursing pleasure took,
So let it to him fall;
As he delighted not to bless,
So bless him not at all.

16 He cursing as a robe put on;
So let his curse recoil;
Like water through his bowels flow,
And in his bones like oil.

17 And like the garment cov'ring him,
So let it round him be,
And as a girdle wherewith he
Is girt continually.

18 From God let this be their reward
That en'mies are to me,
And their reward that speak against
My soul maliciously.

19 O God the Lord, for thy name's sake,
Do thou appear for me;
Since good and sweet thy mercy is,
From trouble set me free.

20 I am afflicted very much;
I needy am and poor;
My heart within me smitten is
And wounded very sore.

21 I like a shade declining pass,
I'm like the locust tossed:
My knees through fasting weakened are,
My flesh hath fatness lost.

22 A vile reproach I also am
Made unto them to be;
And they that did upon me look
Did shake their heads at me.

23 O do thou grant thy help to me,
Who art my God and Lord:
And, for thy tender mercy's sake,
Deliverance afford;

24 That they thereby may know that this
Is thy almighty hand;
And that, O Lord, thou hast done this,
They well may understand.

25 Although they curse with spite, yet, Lord,
Bless thou with loving voice:
Them fill with shame when they arise;
Thy servant let rejoice.

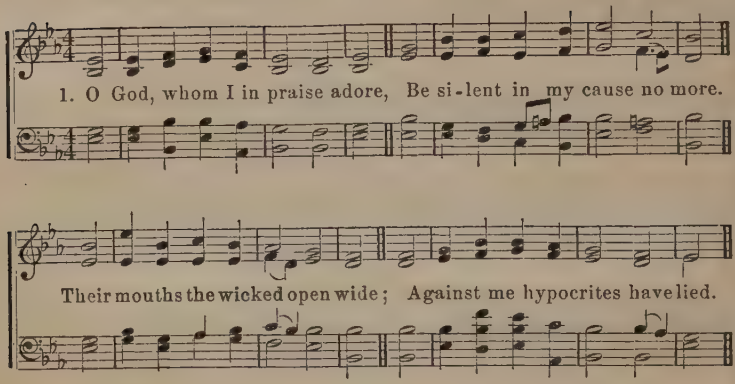
26 Those that my adversaries are,
Let them be clothed with shame;
And as a mantle, let their own
Confusion cover them.

27 But as for me, I with my mouth
Will greatly praise the Lord;
And I among the multitude
His praises will record.

28 For at the right hand of the poor
Shall stand the Lord Most High,
To save him from all those that would
Condemn his soul to die.

PSALM 109. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 With words of hate they throng around,
And fight, although no cause be found.
My love provokes their bitter spite,
But I in constant pray'r delight.

3 With evil they my good reward,
With hatred meet my kind regard.
Place him beneath the wicked's hand,
And on his right let Satan stand.

4 In judgment let his plea be spurned,
And let his prayer to sin be turned.
His days be few, and in his room
To office let another come.

5 A widow let his wife be left,
His children of their sire bereft;
Let them be scattered far from home,
And begging bread through deserts roam.

6 Extortioners his substance take,
His toil a prey let strangers make.
Let him from none compassion know,
None to his orphans favor show.

7 His seed let perish in their shame,
The coming age blot out their name;
His father's sin Jehovah mind,
His mother's sin no pardon find.

8 Let them with God ne'er be forgot,
Till he from earth their mem'ry blot;
For he remembered not to show
Compassion to the sons of woe.

9 The poor and those with want distressed,
He persecuted and oppressed;
He them pursued to make his prey,
And broken-hearted ones to slay.

10 The curse he loved on him shall rest,
He blessing not, shall not be blest.
Himself with cursing he arrayed,
To him shall cursing be repaid.

11 In him like water it shall flow,
Like oil through all his bones shall go;
Like raiment it shall clothe him o'er,
A girdle binding evermore.

12 Foes and accusers, from the Lord,
Shall find in cursing their reward;
But God the Lord, for thy name's sake,
For me in mercy undertake.

13 Because thy grace is rich and free,
From all my foes deliver me.
I'm poor and needy, grant relief,
My heart within is pierced with grief.

14 Like locust tossed, like fleeting shade,
My days to pass away are made.
Through many fasts my strength declines;
My knees are weak, my body pines.

15 To foes a vile reproach I'm made,
On me they look and shake the head.
O Lord, my God, my helper be,
In thy great mercy save thou me.

16 That this to them, Lord, may be known,
Has by thy mighty hand been done.
They curse, but let their curse be vain;
Thy blessing, Lord, let me obtain.

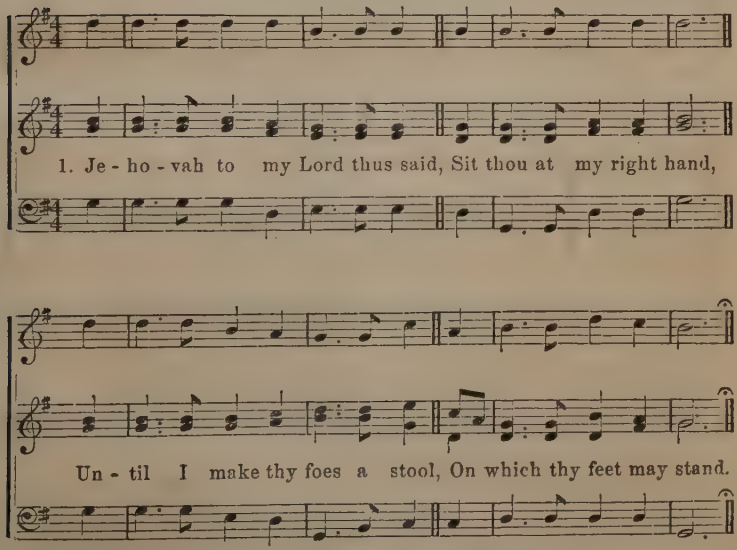
17 When they arise shamed let them be,
But make thy servant glad in thee.
Let foes be covered with disgrace,
And mantle o'er with shame their face.

18 My mouth shall greatly praise the Lord,
Yea, with the throng his praise record;
For on the poor's right hand shall he
Stand up, his soul from wrong to free.

LAWRANCE.

PSALM 110. C. M.

T. A. Hagerty.



2 The Lord shall out of Zion send
The rod of thy great pow'r:
In midst of all thine enemies
Be thou the governor.

3 A willing people in thy day
Of pow'r shall come to thee,
In holy beauties from morn's womb;
Thy youth like dew shall be.

4 The Lord hath sworn, and from his oath
He never will depart,
Of th' order of Melchisedec
A priest thou ever art.

5 The glorious and mighty Lord,
That sits at thy right hand,
Shall, in his day of wrath, strike through
The kings that him withstand.

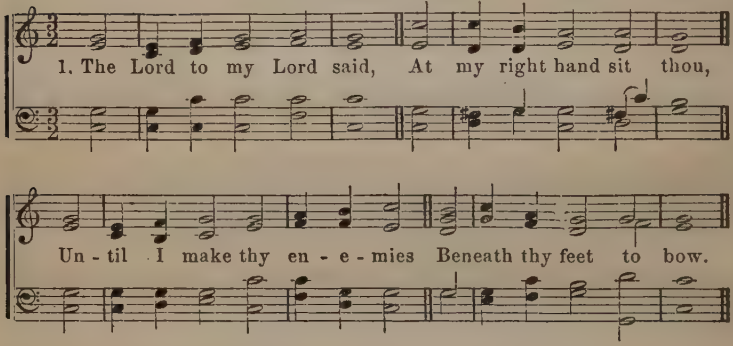
6 Among the heathen he shall judge,
The nations fill with dead,
And over all the countries wide
He wound shall every head.

7 The brook that runneth in the way
With drink shall him supply;
And, for this cause, in triumph he
Shall lift his head on high.

BOYLSTON.

PSALM 110. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 Thy rod of strength the Lord
Shall out of Zion send,
And over all thy enemies
Do thou thy pow'r extend.

3 And in the day when thou
Dost thy great power take,
Thy people shall themselves to thee
A free-will off'ring make.

4 In beauteous, holy robes,
Arrayed they come to thee;
As dew-drops from the morning womb,
Thy youth shall ever be.

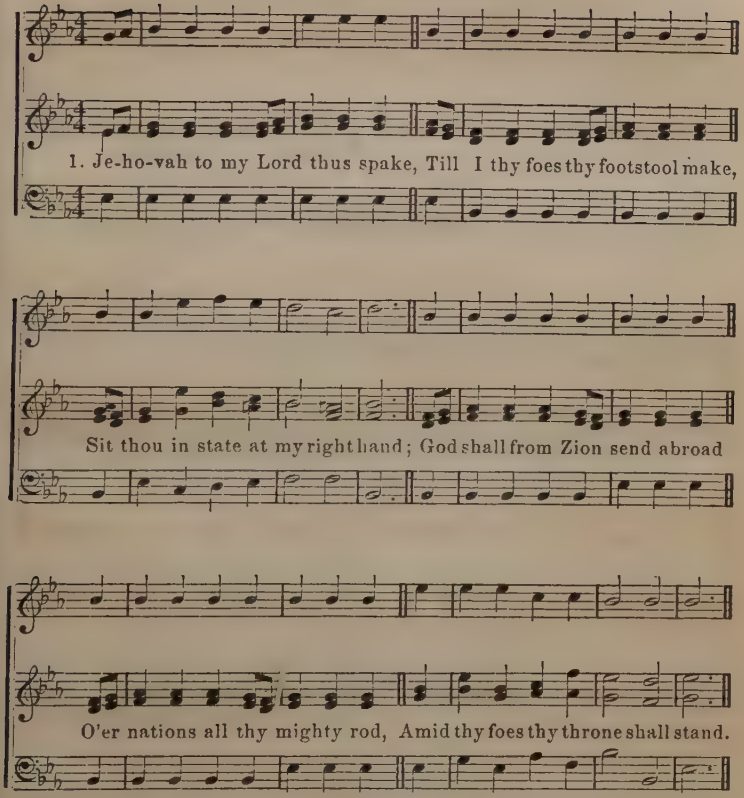
5 The Lord an oath hath sworn,
An oath he will not break:
Forever like Melchisedec's,
Thy priesthood I will make.

6 The sovereign Lord who sits
At thy right hand as king,
Shall strike through kings in that dread day
When he shall vengeance bring.

7 The heathen he shall judge,
And fill the land with dead;
He over countries great and wide,
Shall smite and wound the head.

8 And in his way, the brook
His thirst shall satisfy,
And thus refreshed, the conq'ring Lord
Shall lift his head on high.

PSALM 110. L. P. M.



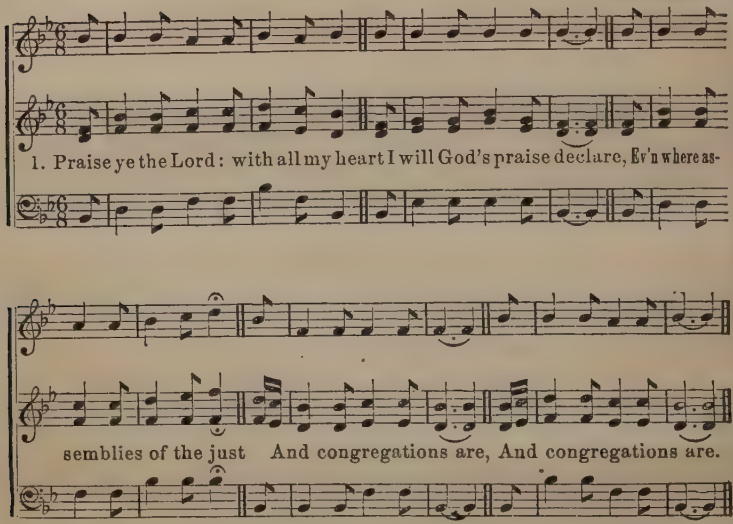
2 Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
The willing nations shall obey;
And when thy rising beams they view,
Shall all, redeemed from error's night,
Appear as numberless and bright
As crystal drops of morning dew.

3 The Lord unchanging oath has made,
"Melchisedec's thy priestly grade,
In everlasting priesthood crowned;"
The sovereign Lord, at thy right hand,
Shall strike through princes of the land,
While awful anger flames around.

4 Among the heathen judge he will;
Unnumbered dead the land shall fill,
The nations' chief shall smitten lie.
The brook that runneth in the way,
His burning thirst shall slake that day,
And he shall lift his head on high.

PSALM 111. C. M.

DR. HASTINGS.



2 Jehovah's works are very great,
The wonders of his might;
Sought out they are of every one
Who in them takes delight.

3 His work most honorable is,
Most glorious and pure,
And his untainted righteousness
For ever doth endure.

4 His works of wonder he hath made
To be remembered well:
In grace and in compassion great
Jehovah doth excel.

5 The Lord provideth food for all
Who truly do him fear;
And evermore his covenant
He in his mind will bear.

6 He did the power of his works
To his own people show,
That he the heathen's heritage
Upon them might bestow.

7 His hands' works all are truth and right;
All his commands are sure:
And, done in truth and uprightness,
They evermore endure.

8 He to his chosen people sent
Redemption by his pow'r;
His covenant he did command
To be forevermore.

9 His name alone most holy is,
In fear to be adored.
Of wisdom the beginning is
To truly fear the Lord.

10 Good understanding have they all
Who carefully obey
His just commandments ev'ry one;
His praise endures for aye.

PSALM 112. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Praise ye the Lord; that man is blest Who doth Je-ho - vah fear;
Yea, blest is he whose great delight His ho - ly pre-cepts are.

2. His off-spring for their might shall be Up - on the earth renowned;

The gen-e - ra - tion of the just In blessings shall a - bound.

3 Abundant wealth within his house
Shall ever be in store;
And his unspotted righteousness
Endures for evermore.

4 Light to the upright doth arise,
Though he in darkness be;
Compassionate, and merciful,
And ever just is he.

5 A good man doth his favor show
And doth to others lend:
He with discretion his affairs
Will guide unto the end.

6 There surely is not any thing
That ever shall him move:
The righteous man's memorial
Shall everlasting prove.

7 When evil tidings he shall hear,
He shall not be afraid:
His heart is fixed, his confidence
Upon the Lord is stayed.

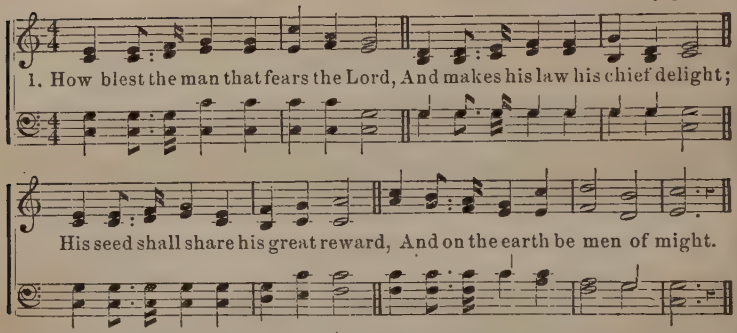
8 Established firmly is his heart,
Afraid he shall not be,
Until upon his enemies
He his desire shall see.

9 He hath dispersed his wealth abroad,
And given to the poor;
His horn with honor shall be raised,
His righteousness endure.

10 The wicked shall it see, and grieve,
His teeth gnash, melt away:
What wicked men do most desire
Shall utterly decay.

PSALM 112. L. M.

A. N. JOHNSON. By per.



2 Abounding wealth shall bless his home,
His righteousness shall still endure,
To him shall light arise in gloom;
He's kind, compassionate and pure.

3 The good will favor show, and lend,
And his affairs discreetly guide;
Unmoved he stands till life shall end,
His name and honor shall abide.

4 No evil tidings shall he fear;
His heart doth on the Lord repose;
He stands unmoved by dangers near.
Till he shall see his prostrate foes.

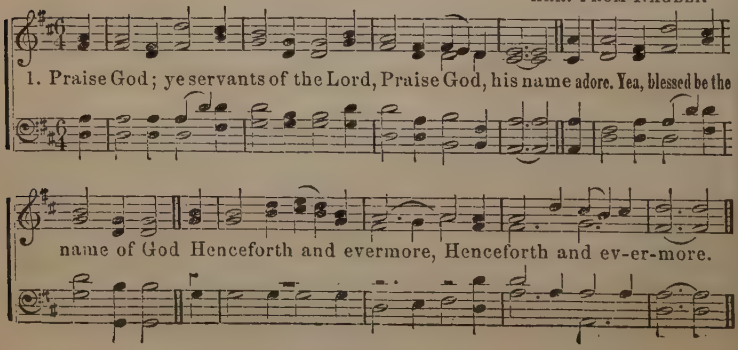
5 Dispersing gifts among the poor,
His lib'ral hands their wants supply;
His righteousness shall still endure,
His pow'r shall be exalted high.

6 The wicked shall his honor see,
Consume with grief, and gnash and wail;
Their hopes shall disappointed be,
And their desires forever fail.

MAIN.

PSALM 113. C. M.

ARR. FROM NAGELI.



2 From rising sun to where it sets,
God's name is to be praised.
Above all nations God is high,
'Bove heav'ns his glory raised.

3 Unto the Lord our God that dwells
On high, who can compare?
Himself that humbleth things to see
In heav'n and earth that are.

4 He from the dust doth raise the poor,
That very low doth lie;
And from the dunghill lifts the man
Oppressed with poverty.

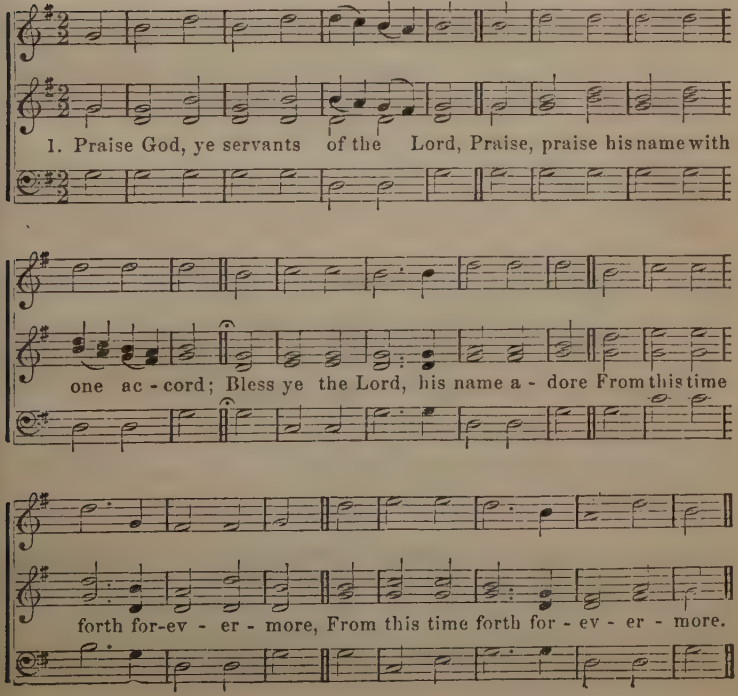
5 That he may highly him advance
And with the princes set;
With those that of his people are
The chief, ev'n princes great.

6 The barren woman house to keep
He maketh, and to be
Of sons a mother full of joy.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

ANDRE.

PSALM 113. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 From rising unto setting sun,
Praised be the Lord, the mighty one.
O'er nations all God reigns supreme,
Above the heavens his glories beam.

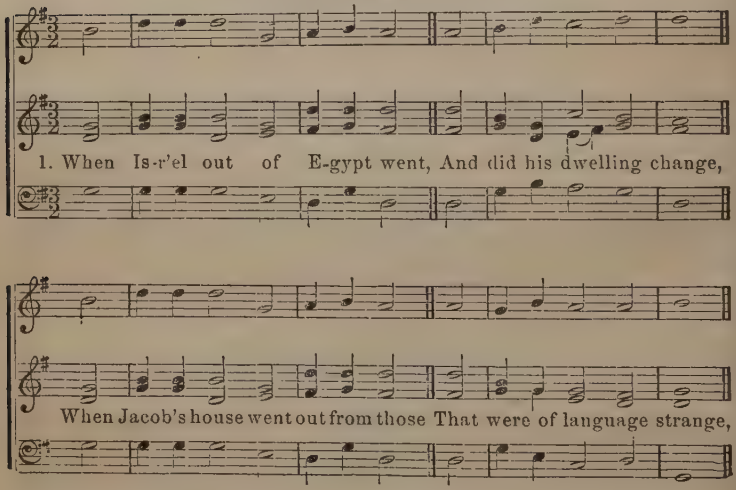
3 O who is like the Lord our God,
Who makes the heavens his abode;
Who stoops to see from his high throne
What things in heaven and earth are done?

4 From dust he makes the poor to rise,
The needy who in dunghill lies;
That he with princes may him place,
With princes of his chosen race.

5 He gives the barren woman joy,
In keeping house she finds employ.
And children joy to her afford.
Praise ye Jehovah; praise the Lord.

MARLOW.

PSALM 114. C. M.



2 He Judah did his holy place,
His kingdom Isr'el make:
The sea beheld, and quickly fled,
And Jordan hastened back.

3 Like rams the mountains, and like lambs
The hills skipped to and fro.
O sea, why fledd'st thou? Jordan, back
Why wast thou driven so?

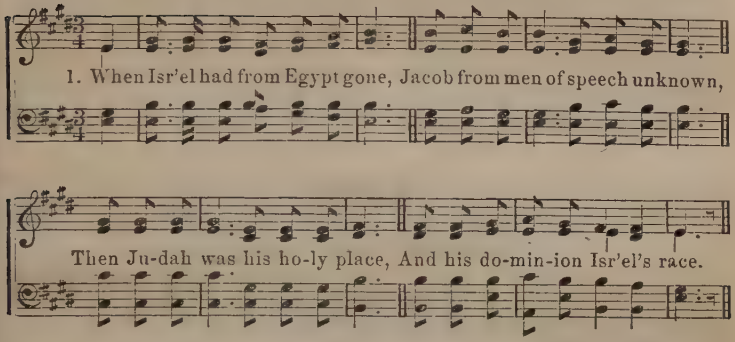
4 Ye mountains great, why was it so
That ye did skip like rams?
And wherefore was it, little hills,
That ye did leap like lambs?

5 O at the presence of the Lord,
Earth, tremble thou for fear,
Because the presence of the God
Of Jacob doth appear:

6 Who in the desert from the rock
Did standing water bring;
And by his power turned the flint
Into a water-spring.

PSALM 114. L. M.

DR. L. MASON. By per.



2 The sea, affrighted, saw and fled;
Back Jordan driven was with dread;
The lofty mountains skipped like rams,
And all the little hills like lambs.

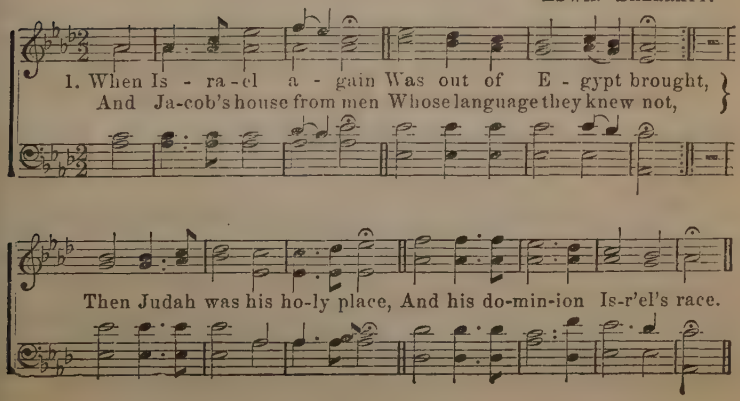
3 What ailed thee that thou fled'st, O sea?
Thou, Jordan, that thou back didst flee?
Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams?
And all ye little hills like lambs?

4 Earth, tremble, for the Lord is near,
Before the God of Jacob fear;
Who from the rock did water bring,
And made the flint a water-spring.

SALEM.

PSALM 114. H. M.

EDWIN SHERRATT.



2 His face the sea discerned,
  In haste away it fled;
The Jordan backward turned—
  Its waters were afraid;
Behold! the mountains skipped like rams,
And all the little hills like lambs.

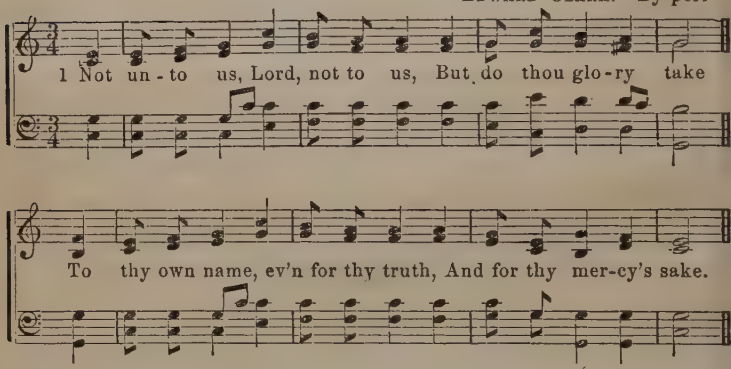
3 What ailed thee, O thou sea,
  That thou fledd'st at the sight?
Thou, Jordan! what ailed thee,
  That thou didst turn in flight?
Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams?
And you, ye little hills, like lambs?

4 Let all the earth abroad
  Before Jehovah fear;
And tremble when the God
  Of Israel draws near—
Who from the rock did water bring,
Who made the flinty rock a spring.

BARRE.

PSALM 115. C. M.

EDWARD CLARK. By per.



2 O wherefore should the heathen say,
  Where is their God now gone?
But our God in the heavens is,
  What pleased him he hath done.

3 Their idols silver are and gold,
  The work of men they be.
Though mouths they have, they do not speak;
  And eyes, they do not see;

4 Though ears they have, they do not hear;
  Their noses savor not;
Hands, feet, but handle not, nor walk;
  Nor speak they through their throat.

5 Like them their makers are, and all
  On them their trust that build.
O Isr'el, trust thou in the Lord,
  He is their help and shield.

6 O Aaron's house, trust in the Lord,
  Their help and shield is he.
Ye that fear God, trust in the Lord,
  Their help and shield he'll be.

7 The Lord of us hath mindful been,
  And he will bless us still;
He will the house of Isr'el bless,
  Bless Aaron's house he will.

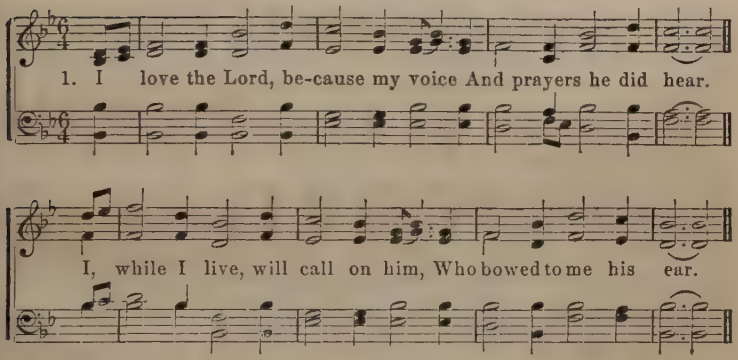
8 Both small and great, that fear the Lord,
  He will them surely bless.
The Lord will you, you and your seed,
  Still more and more increase.

8 Yea truly blest are ye of God,
Who made the earth and heav'n.
The heav'n, ev'n heav'ns, are God's, but he
Earth to men's sons hath giv'n.

10 The dead, and who to silence go,
God's praise do not record.
But henceforth we forever will
Bless God. Praise ye the Lord.

CROSS AND CROWN.

PSALM 116. C. M.



2 Of death the cords and sorrows did
About me compass round;
The pains of hell took hold on me,
I grief and trouble found.

3 Upon the name of God the Lord
I then did call, and say,
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord,
I do thee humbly pray.

4 God merciful and righteous is,
Yea, gracious is our Lord.
God saves the meek: I was brought low,
He did me help afford.

5 O thou my soul, do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest;
For, largely, unto thee, the Lord
His bounty hath exprest.

6 For my afflicted soul, from death
Delivered was by thee:
Thou didst my mourning eyes from tears,
My feet from falling, free.

7 I in the land of those that live
Will walk the Lord before.
I did believe, and therefore spoke:
I was afflicted sore.

8 I said, when I was in my haste,
That all men liars be.
What shall I render to the Lord
For all his gifts to me?

9 I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call:
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before his people all.

10 In God's sight dear is his saints' death
Thy servant, Lord, am I;
Thy servant, and thy handmaid's son
My bands thou didst untie.

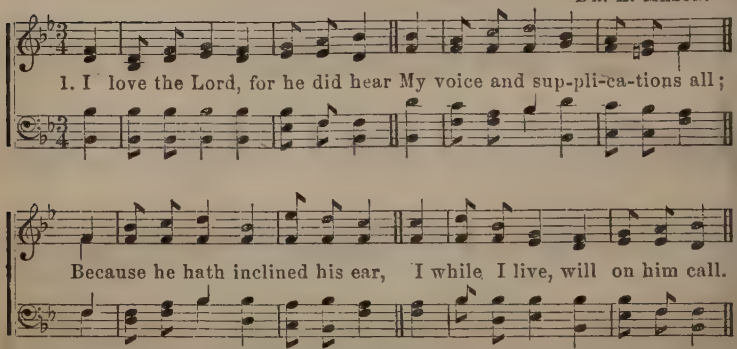
11 To thee thank-off'rings I will give,
And on God's name will call.
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before his people all;

12 Within the courts of God's own house,
Within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

HEBRON.

PSALM 116. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 Death's sorrows compassed me around,
The pains of hell shook all my frame,
I trouble great and sorrow found,
Then called I on Jehovah's name

3 O Lord, I humbly thee entreat,
From all distress redeem my soul:
The kindness of the Lord is great,
Our God is just and merciful.

4 The simple with his care are blest;
I was brought low, God rescued me;
My soul, return thou to thy rest,
Great love the Lord hath shown to thee.

5 For thou from death hast saved me, Lord,
And thou hast freed my eyes from tears,
My feet from falling hast secured.
With God I'll walk, through all my years.

6 As I believed, so spake I then,
When great affliction on me pressed:
"How false, how faithless are all men!"
Were words I uttered in my haste.

7 What fit return, Lord, can I make
For all thy gifts on me bestowed?
The cup of blessing I will take,
And call upon the name of God.

8 Before God's people I'll appear,
And pay my vows there with delight;
The death of saints to God is dear,
Most precious in Jehovah's sight.

9 O Lord, the high and holy one,
I am a servant unto thee,
Thy servant and thy handmaid's son,
Thou hast from bonds delivered me.

10 With sacrifice of thanks I'll go,
And on Jehovah's name will call;
Will pay to God the vows I owe,
In presence of his people all.

11 Yea, I will pay my vows to God
In midst of thee, Jerusalem,
Within the courts of God's abode.
Praise ye Jehovah, praise his name.

ANTIOCH.

PSALM 117. C. M.

1. O all ye nations of the earth, Praise ye the mighty Lord; And all ye peo - ple mag - ni - fy His name with one ac-cord, His name with one ac-cord, His name, his name with one accord.
2. For great to us his mercies are, And loving-kindnesses: His truth endures for ev - er - more. The Lord O do ye bless, The Lord O do ye bless, The Lord, the Lord O do ye bless.

RIPLEY.

PSALM 117. 8s & 7s.

From a GREGORIAN CHANT.

Fine.

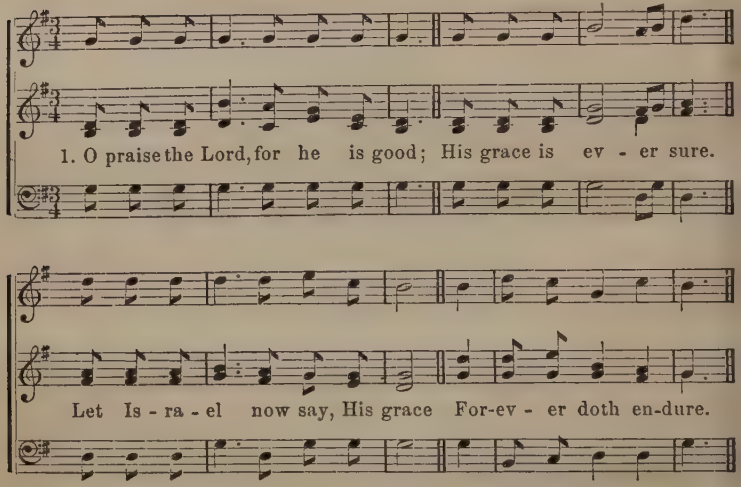
1. Praise Je - ho-vah, all ye na-tions, All ye peo-ple praise proclaim; For his grace and loving-kindness, O sing praises to his name.
D. C. Through all a-ges it en-du-reth, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

D. C.

2. Great to us hath been his mer-cy, Ev-er faith-ful is his word;

PSALM 118. C. M.

A. N. JOHNSON. By per.



2 Let Aaron's house now say, His grace
Forever doth endure.
Let those who fear the Lord now say,
His grace is ever sure.

3 I on the Lord in trouble called,
The Lord gave ear to me;
He in a large place did me set,
From trouble made me free.

4 The mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not be afraid;
For anything that man can do
I shall not be dismayed.

5 The Lord doth take my part with them
That render help to me,
And therefore my desire on those
Who hate me I shall see.

6 It better is to trust the Lord,
Than trust in man's defence;
Yea, better trust the Lord than place
In princes confidence.

7 Against me all the nations joined,
They compassed me about;
But in the Lord's most holy name,
I shall them all root out.

8 They have encompassed me about,
They compassed to annoy;
But in the Lord's most holy name,
I shall them all destroy.

9 As bees they compassed me about,
But, like the thorns that flame,
They have been quenched; and them shall I
Destroy in God's own name.

10 Thou sore hast thrust, that I might fall
The Lord gave help to me;
Jehovah is my strength and song,
And my salvation free.

11 In dwellings of the just, the voice
Of joy and health shall be;
The right hand of the mighty Lord
Doth ever valiantly.

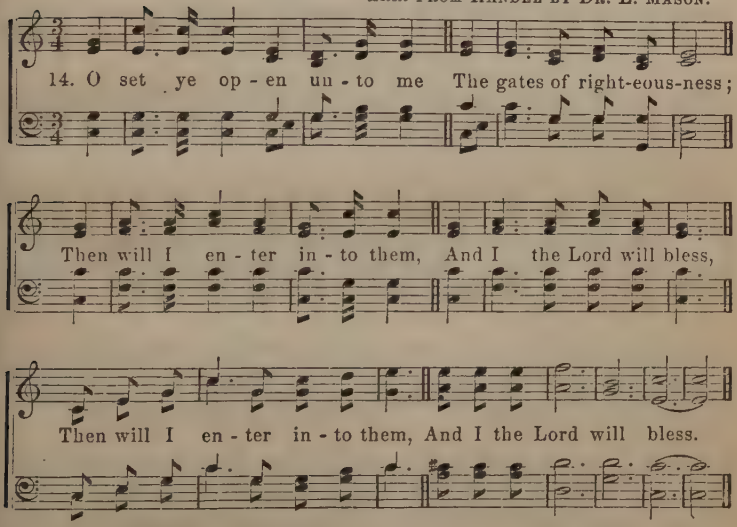
12 The right hand of the mighty Lord
Exalted is on high;
The right hand of the mighty Lord
Doth ever valiantly.

13 I shall not die, but live, and shall
The works of God declare.
The Lord hath sorely chastened me,
But yet my life did spare.

ZERAH.

PSALM 118, v. 14. C. M.

ARR. FROM HANDEL BY DR. L. MASON.



15 This is the gate of God, by it
The just shall enter in.
I will thee praise, for thou me heard'st,
And hast my safety been.

16 That stone is made head corner-stone
Which builders did despise:
This is the doing of the Lord,
And wondrous in our eyes.

17 This is the day the Lord hath made,
In it we glad will be.
Save now, I pray thee, Lord; I pray,
Send now prosperity.

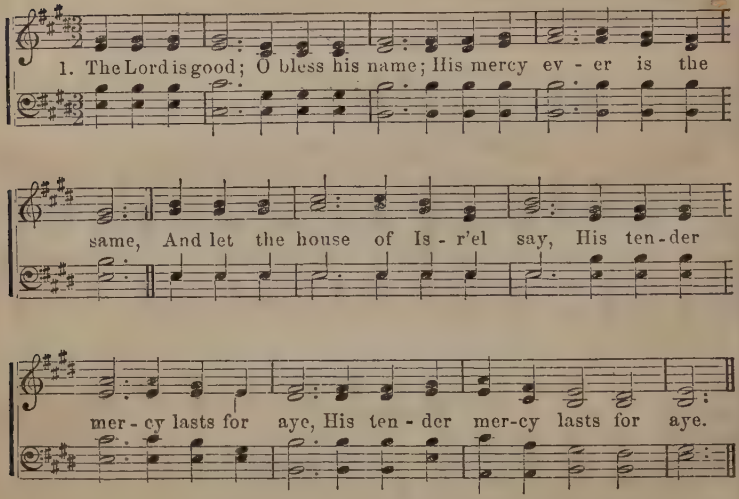
18 O blest be he who comes to save
In God's most holy name;
The blessing from the house of God
Upon you we proclaim.

19 The Lord is God; he unto us
Hath made the light arise;
O bind ye to the altar's horns,
With cords, the sacrifice.

20 Thou art my God, I will thee praise;
My God, I'll thee extol.
Praise God, for he is good; his grace
Endures through ages all.

PSALM 118. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Let Aaron's house this truth declare
Jehovah's mercies endless are.
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim,
His mercy ever is the same.

3 I called on God in time of grief;
He heard my prayer, and sent relief.
The Lord to rescue me is near;
What man can do I will not fear.

4 The Lord doth take my part with those
Who give me help against my foes;
I my desire shall therefore see
On those who hatred bear to me.

5 Better to trust the Lord Most High,
Than on the help of man rely.
Better to trust Jehovah's grace,
Than confidence in princes place.

6 The nations all around me came;
I'll them destroy in God's great name.
They gathered, and around me came;
I'll cut them off in God's great name.

7 Like bees they swarm in fiercest ire,
They shall be quenched like thorns on fire.
In God's great name I shall prevail,
And those destroy who me assail.

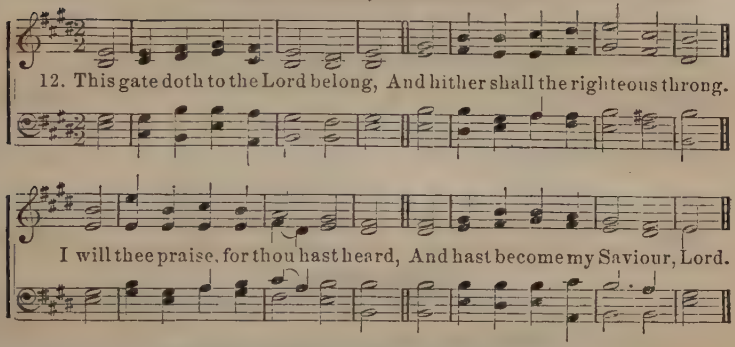
8 Thou hast thrust sore at me to slay,
But God has been my help and stay.
My strength and song is God the Lord;
To me he safety doth afford.

9 The voice of joy and saving grace
Is in the just man's dwelling-place;
The right hand of the Lord above,
In mighty deeds, doth valiant prove.

10 The Lord's right hand is lifted high,
The Lord's right hand doth valiantly.
I shall not die, but live, and praise
Jehovah's gracious works and ways.

11 Jehovah hath me chastened sore,
But unto death did not give o'er.
Unfold the gates of righteousness,
I'll enter in the Lord to bless.

PSALM 118, v. 12. L. M. Dr. L. Mason.



13 The stone which builders did disown
Is now become chief corner-stone.
This from Jehovah doth arise,
And it is wondrous in our eyes.

14 This day God made; with cheerful voice
In it we'll triumph and rejoice.
Save now, O Lord, we plead with thee;
Lord, send us now prosperity.

15 Him ever blest do we proclaim,
Who cometh in Jehovah's name;
We from the place of his abode
Have blest you in the name of God.

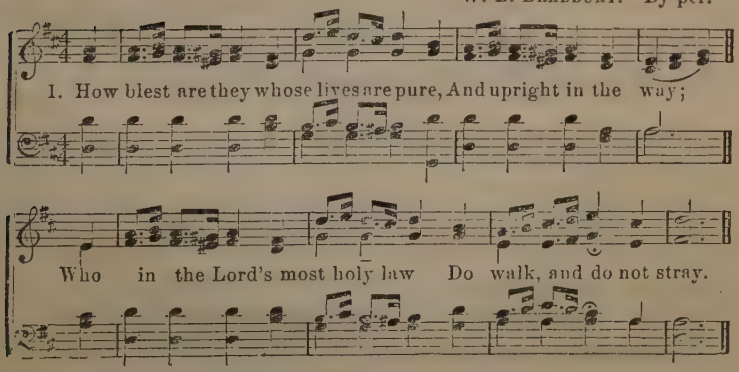
16 Jehovah is the God of might;
And he to us hath given light.
Bring to the altar's horns, and bind
The sacrifice with cords confined.

17 My God thou art; thee will I laud;
I will exalt thee, O my God.
The Lord is good; O praise his name;
His mercy ever is the same.

RIVER BANK.

PSALM 119, Part 1. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 O blest are they who to observe
His statutes are inclined;
And who do seek the living God
With their whole heart and mind.

3 Such in his ways do walk, and they
Do no iniquity.
Thou hast commanded us to keep
Thy precepts carefully.

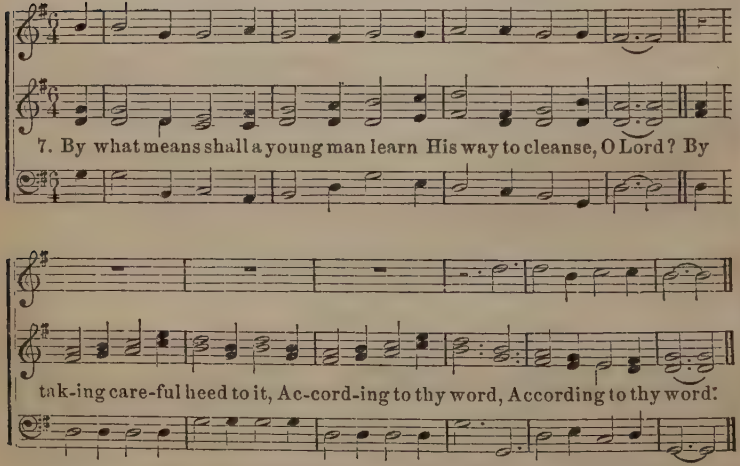
4 O that thy statutes to observe
Thou wouldst my ways direct!
Then shall I not be shamed, when I
Thy precepts all respect.

5 Then with integrity of heart
Thee will I praise and bless,
When I the judgments all have learned
Of thy pure righteousness.

6 That I will keep thy statutes all,
Firmly resolved have I:
O do not then, most gracious God,
Forsake me utterly.

HERBERT.

PSALM 119, Part 2. C. M.



8 Unfeignedly thee have I sought
With all my soul and heart:
O never let me from the path
Of thy commands depart.

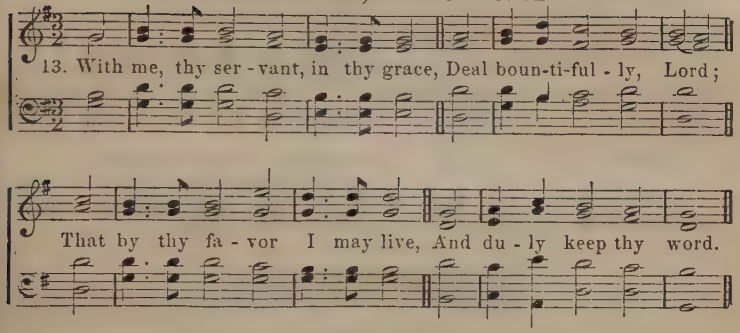
9 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I offend not thee.
O Lord, thou ever blessèd art,
Thy statutes teach thou me.

10 The judgments of thy mouth, each one
My lips recounted have:
More joy thy testimonies' way
Than riches all me gave.

11 I will thy holy precepts make
My meditation still,
And have respect to all thy ways
Continually I will.

12 Upon thy statutes my delight
Shall constantly be set:
And by thy grace I never will
Thy holy law forget.

PSALM 119, Part 3. C. M. Dr. Arne.



14 Unveil my eyes, that of thy law
The wonders I may see.
I am a stranger on this earth,
Hide not thy laws from me.

15 My soul within me breaks, and doth
Much fainting still endure,
Through longing that it hath all times
Unto thy judgments pure.

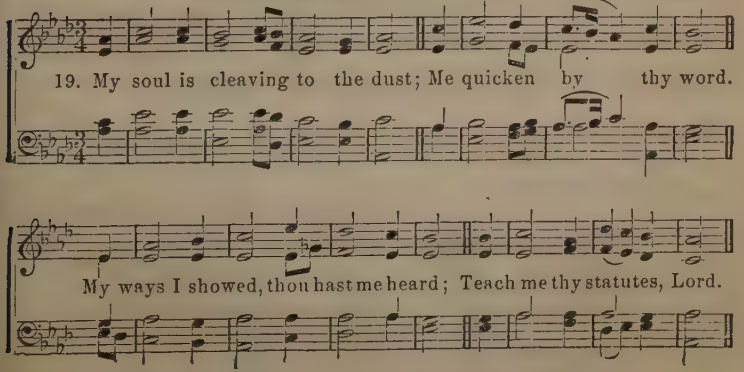
16 Thou hast rebuked the cursèd proud,
Who from thy precepts swerve.
Reproach and shame remove from me,
For I thy laws observe.

17 Against me princes spoke with spite,
While they in council sat:
But I thy servant did upon
Thy statutes meditate.

18 Thy testimonies also are
My comfort and delight:
They ever are my counsellors,
To guide my steps aright.

BARBY.

PSALM 119, Part 4. C. M. W. Tausur.



20 The way of thy commandments teach,
And make me well to know;
So all thy works that wondrous are
I will to others show.

21 My soul doth melt, and drop away,
For heaviness and grief:
To me, according to thy word,
Give strength, and send relief.

22 O let the wicked way of lies
Removed far from me be,
And graciously thy holy law
Do thou grant unto me.

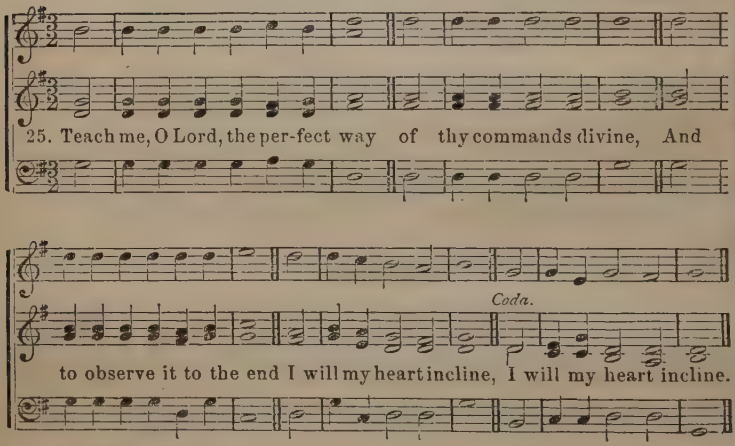
23 I of the perfect way of truth
My choice have freely made;
Thy judgments that most righteous are
Before me I have laid.

24 I to thy testimonies cleave;
Shame do not on me cast.
I'll run thy precepts' way, because
My heart enlarged thou hast.

HARVEY'S CHANT.

PSALM 119, Part 5. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



26 Give understanding unto me,
So keep thy law shall I;
I'll with integrity of heart
Observe it carefully.

27 In thy law's path make me to go:
For I delight therein.
My heart unto thy precepts turn,
And not to worldly gain.

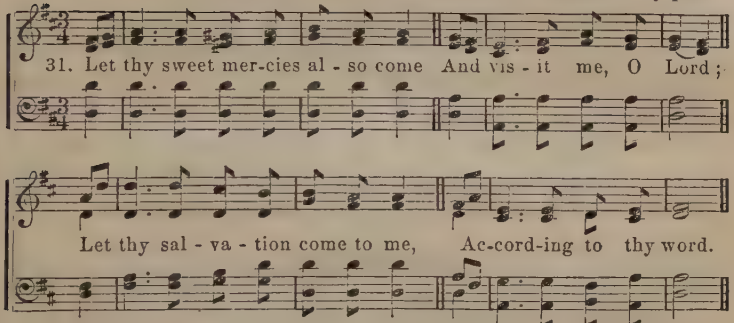
28 O do thou turn away mine eyes
From viewing vanity;
And in thy good and holy way
Be pleased to quicken me.

29 Confirm to me thy gracious word,
Which I did gladly hear,
To me, thy servant, Lord; I am
Devoted to thy fear.

30 Turn thou away my feared reproach;
For good thy judgments be.
Lo, for thy precepts I have longed:
In thy truth quicken me.

PSALM 119, Part 6. C. M.

A. J. Abbey. By per.



32 So shall I have wherewith I may
  Give him an answer just,
Who spitefully reproacheth me;
  For in thy word I trust.

33 The word of truth out of my mouth
  Take thou not utterly;
For on thy righteous judgments, Lord,
  Doth all my hope rely.

34 So will I keep forevermore
  Thy law continually.
Because I all thy precepts seek,
  I'll walk at liberty.

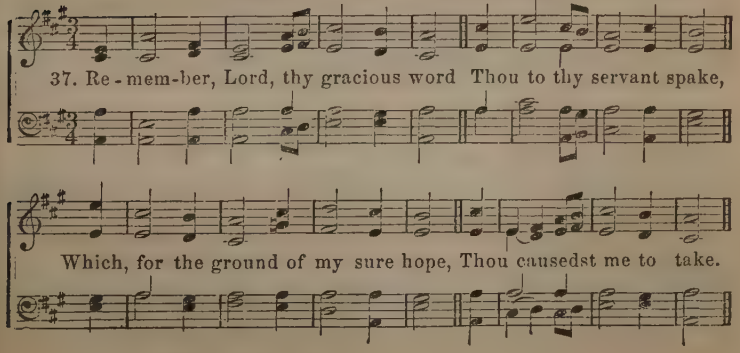
35 I'll speak thy word to kings, and I
  With shame will not be moved;
I ever will delight myself
  In those thy laws I loved.

36 To thy commandments, which I loved,
  My hands lift up I will;
And I will also meditate
  Upon thy statutes still.

AVON.

PSALM 119, Part 7. C. M.

Scotch.



38 By this thy word in my distress
Great comfort I have known,
For in my straits I am revived
By this thy word alone.

39 The men whose hearts with pride are filled
Did greatly me deride;
But yet from thy most perfect law
I have not turned aside.

40 Thy righteous judgments which thou didst
Make known of old, O Lord,
I have remembered, and to me
They comfort did afford.

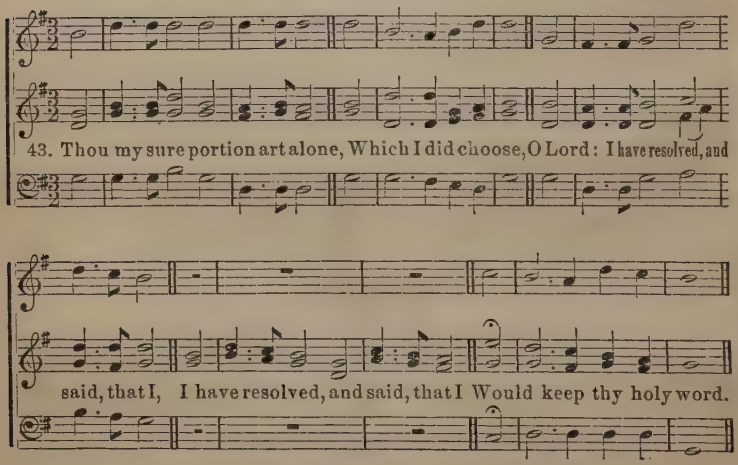
41 Great fear took hold on me, because
Ill men thy law forsake.
I in my house of pilgrimage
Thy laws my songs do make.

42 Thy name by night, Lord, I recalled,
And I have kept thy law.
And this I had, because that I
Thy precepts kept with awe.

WOODLAND.

PSALM 119, Part 8. C. M.

N. D. Gould.



44 With all my heart I did entreat
Thy face and favor free:
According to thy gracious word
Be merciful to me.

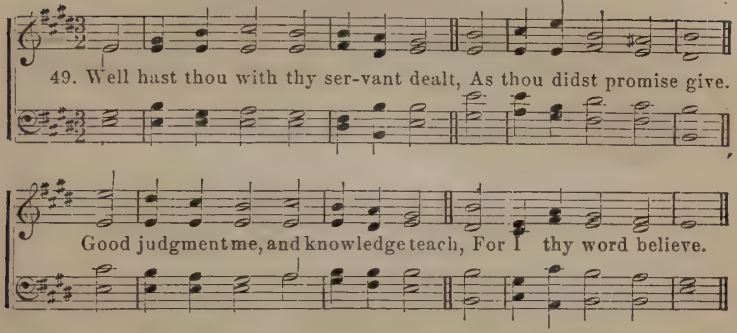
45 I thought upon my former ways,
With care did meditate;
And to thy testimonies pure
I then did turn my feet.

46 I did not stay, nor linger long,
As those that slothful are;
But hastily thy laws to keep
Myself I did prepare.

47 The wicked bands me robbed; yet
Thy precepts did not slight.
I'll rise at midnight thee to praise,
Ev'n for thy judgments right.

48 I am companion to all those
Who fear, and thee obey,
O Lord, thy mercy fills the earth:
Teach me thy laws, I pray.

PSALM 119, Part 9. C. M.



50 Before I chastened was I strayed;
But now I keep thy word.
Both good thou art, and good thou dost;
Teach me thy statutes, Lord.

51 The men whose hearts are full of pride
Against me forged a lie;
But as for me, with all my heart
Thy precepts keep will I.

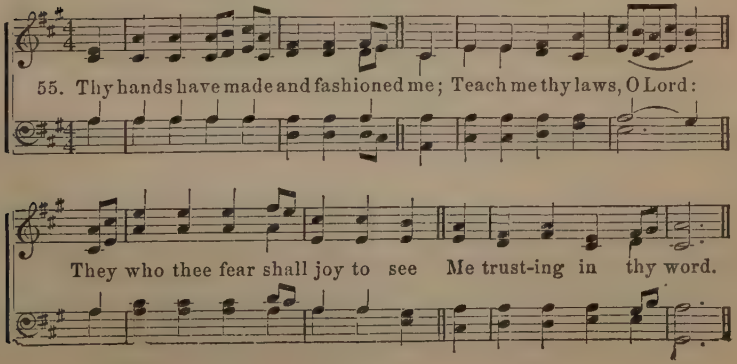
52 Their hearts through worldly ease and wealth
Are gross and heavy grown;
But my delight, O Lord, is placed
Upon thy law alone.

53 It hath been very good for me
That I afflicted was,
That I might well instructed be,
And learn thy holy laws.

54 The law which from thy mouth proceeds,
To me is better far
Than many thousands and great sums
Of gold and silver are.

MELROSE.

PSALM 119, Part 10. C. M.



56 That righteous all thy judgments are
I know, and do confess;
And that thou hast afflicted me
In truth and faithfulness.

57 O let thy kindness merciful,
I pray thee, comfort me,
As to thy servant promised was,
In faithfulness, by thee.

58 And let thy tender mercies come
To me, that I may live;
Because thy holy laws to me
A pure delight do give.

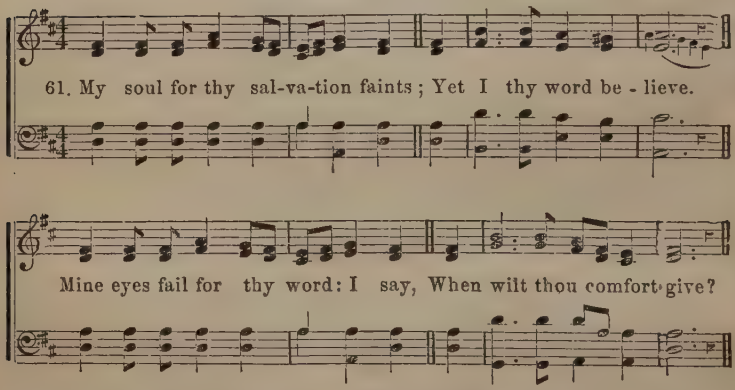
59 O let the proud be put to shame,
For they, without a cause,
With me perversely dealt; but I
Will muse upon thy laws.

60 Let such as fear thee, and have known
Thy statutes, turn to me.
My heart make sound in all thy laws,
That shamed I never be.

NAOMI.

PSALM 119, Part 11. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



62 For like a bottle I'm become,
Which in the smoke is set:
But still thy righteous statutes, Lord,
I never do forget.

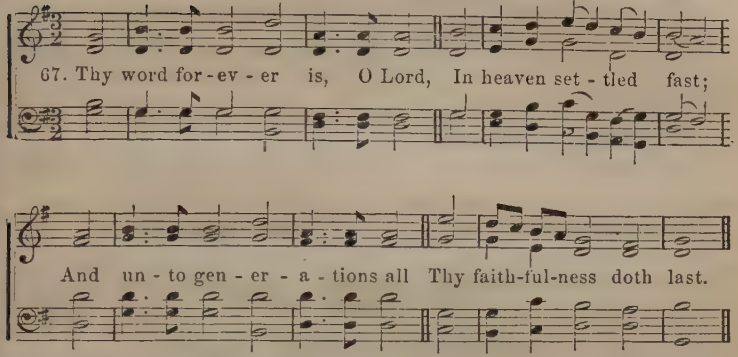
63 How many are thy servant's days?
When wilt thou execute
Just judgment on these wicked men
That do me persecute?

64 The proud for me have pits prepared,
Which is against thy laws.
Thy words all faithful are: help me,
Pursued without a cause.

65 They so consumed me, that on earth
My life they scarce did leave:
Thy precepts yet forsook I not,
But close to them did cleave.

66 According to thy mercy, Lord,
Me quicken and preserve:
The testimony of thy mouth
So shall I still observe.

PSALM 119, Part 12. C. M. Dr. Dutton.



68 The earth by thee established was,
By thee it doth remain.
This day they stand thy servants all,
For thou didst so ordain.

69 Unless in thy most perfect law
My soul delights had found,
I should have perished at the time
My troubles did abound.

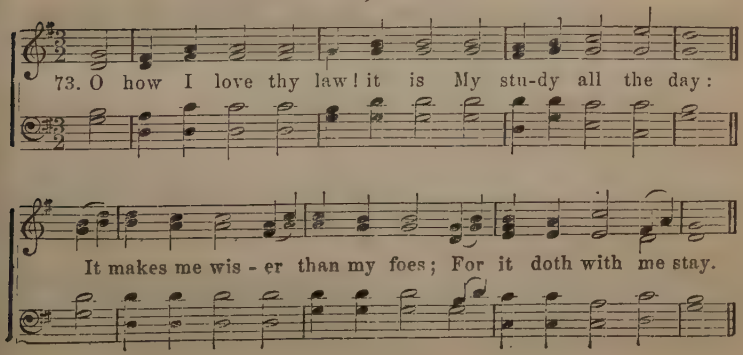
70 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget;
They quick'ning to me brought,
Lord, I am thine; O save thou me:
Thy precepts I have sought.

71 For me the wicked have laid wait,
Me seeking to destroy:
But I thy testimonies true
Consider will with joy.

72 An end of all perfection here
I have beheld, O God:
But as for thy commandment, Lord,
It is exceeding broad.

BELIEVE.

PSALM 119, Part 13. C. M.



74 Than all my teachers now I have
More understanding far;
Because my meditations all,
Thy testimonies are.

75 In understanding I excel
Those that the ancients are;
Because to keep thy precepts all
Has been my constant care.

76 My feet from each ill way I stayed,
That I might keep thy word.
I from thy judgments have not swerved;
For thou hast taught me, Lord.

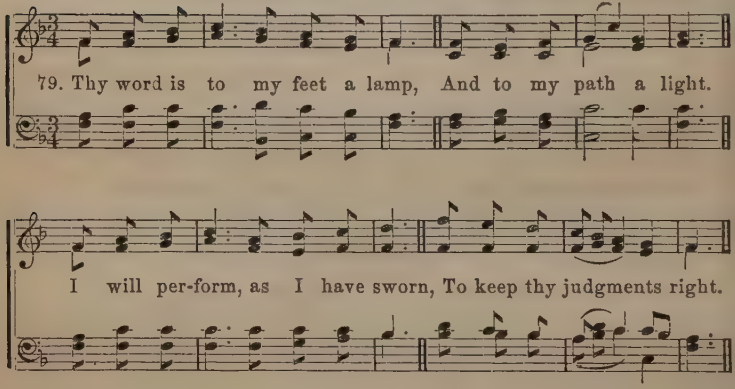
77 How sweet unto my taste, O Lord,
Are all thy words of truth!
Yea, I do find them sweeter far
Than honey to my mouth.

78 I through thy precepts that are pure,
Do understanding get;
I therefore ev'ry way that's false
With all my heart do hate.

NEW JERUSALEM.

PSALM 119, Part 14. C. M.

R. S. T.



80 I with affliction very sore
Am overwhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to thy word.

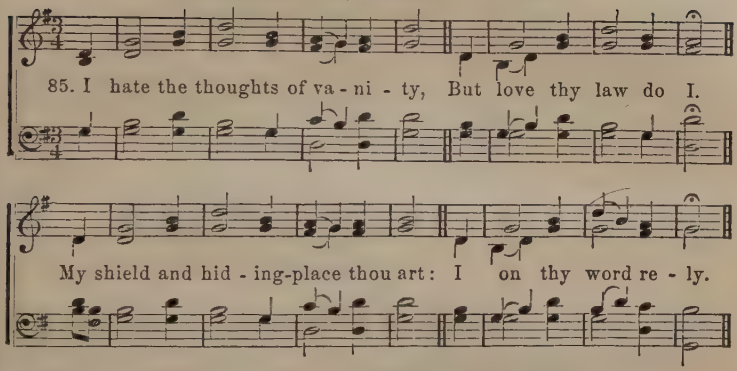
81 The free-will off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I thee beseech:
And unto me, O Lord, do thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.

82 Though still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget.
I erred not from them, though for me
The wicked snares did set.

83 I of thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye;
For they my heart rejoice.

84 With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend,
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

PSALM 119, Part 15. C. M.



86 All ye that evil-doers are
From me depart away;
Because the precepts of my God
I purpose to obey.

87 According to thy faithful word
Uphold and strengthen me,
That I may live, and of my hope
Ashamed may never be.

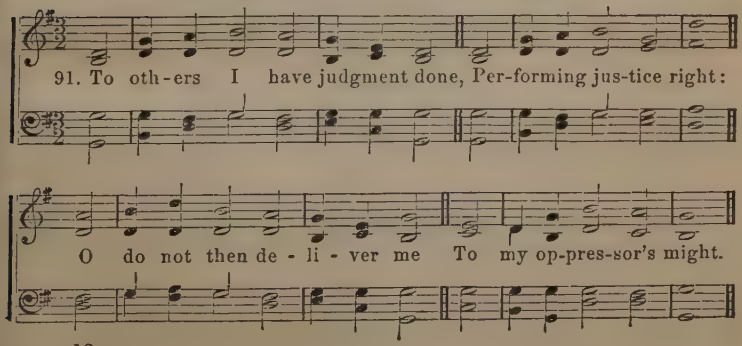
88 Hold thou me up, so shall I be
In peace and safety still;
And to thy statutes have respect
Continually I will.

89 Thou tread'st down all that love to stray;
False their deceit doth prove.
Vile men, like dross, thou dost cast off:
Thy law I therefore love.

90 For fear of thee my very flesh
Doth tremble, all dismayed;
And of thy righteous judgments, Lord,
My soul is much afraid.

KNOX.

PSALM 119, Part 16. C. M.



92 For good to me thy servant, Lord,
Thy servant's surety be:
And from oppression of the proud
Do thou deliver me.

93 My eyes do fail with looking long
For thy salvation great,
While for thy word of righteousness
I earnestly do wait.

94 In mercy with thy servant deal,
Thy statutes to me show;
I am thy servant, wisdom give,
That I thy laws may know.

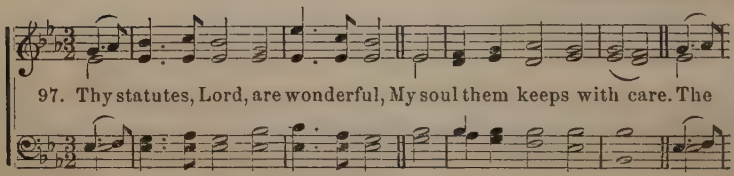
95 'Tis time for thee to work, O Lord;
They break thy law divine.
Thy precepts therefore more I love
Than gold, yea, gold most fine.

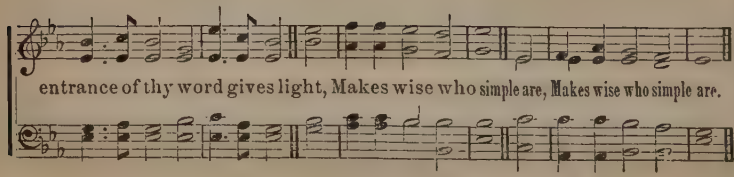
96 Concerning all things thy commands
I therefore judge are right;
And ev'ry false and wicked way
Is hateful in my sight.

FOUNTAIN.

PSALM 119, Part 17. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.





98 My mouth I also opened wide,
And panted earnestly,
While after thy commandments all,
I longed exceedingly.

99 Lord, look on me, and merciful
Do thou unto me prove,
As thou art wont to do to those
Thy name who truly love.

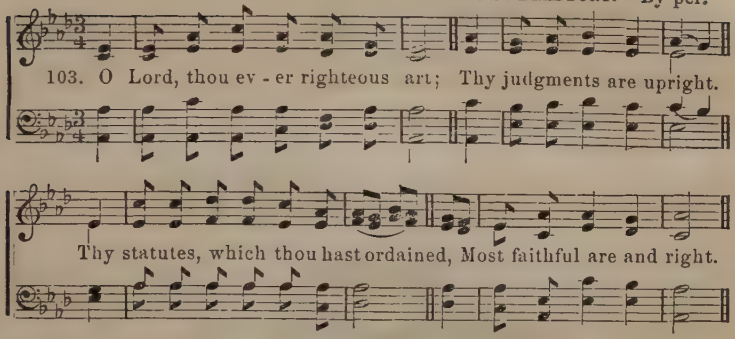
100 O let my footsteps in thy word
Aright still ordered be:
Let no iniquity obtain
Dominion over me.

101 From man's oppression save thou me:
So keep thy laws I will.
Thy face make on thy servant shine;
Teach me thy statutes still.

102 Great streams of waters from my eyes
Ran down, because I saw
How wicked men run on in sin,
And do not keep thy law.

PSALM 119, Part 18. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



104 My zeal hath me consumed, because
They who against me rise,
Thy holy words forgotten have
And they thy laws despise.

105 Thy word is very pure; on it
Thy servant's love is set.
Despised and small am I; yet I
Thy laws do not forget.

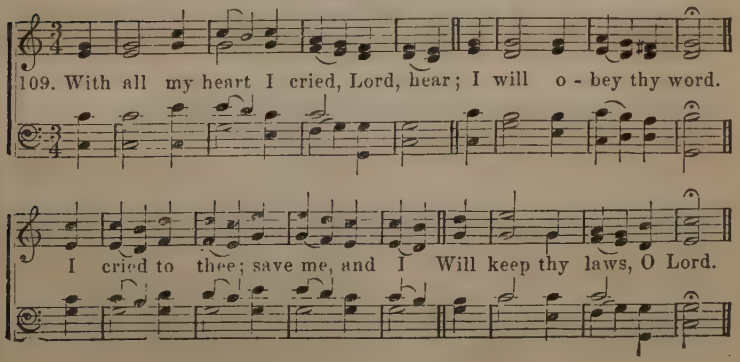
106 Thy righteousness is righteousness
Which ever doth endure:
Thy holy law, Lord, also is
The very truth most pure.

107 Distress and anguish have me found,
On me fast hold they take;
Yet in my trouble my delights
I thy commandments make.

108 Eternal righteousness is in
Thy testimonies all:
Give understanding unto me,
And ever live I shall.

COVENTRY.

PSALM 119, Part 19. C. M.



110 Before the morning's dawn I rose,
And unto thee I cried;
Because upon thy faithful word
I constantly relied.

111 My wakeful eyes anticipate
The watches of the night,
That on thy word with earnest mind
Then meditate I might.

112 In lovingkindness let my pray'r
And cry be heard by thee;
According to thy judgment, Lord,
Revive and quicken me.

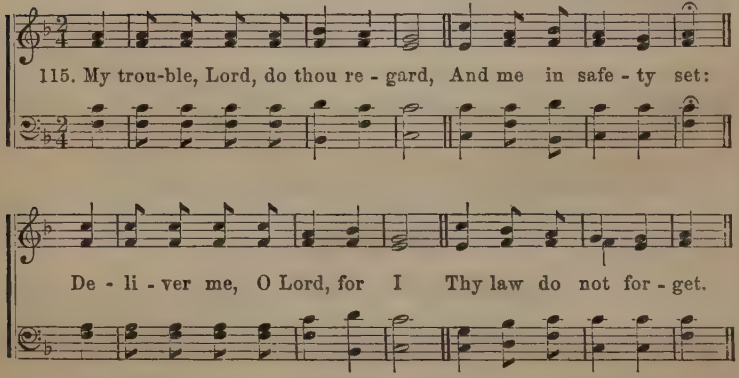
113 The men who follow crime draw nigh;
They from thy law are far:
But thou art near, O Lord; and truth
All thy commandments are.

114 As for thy testimonies all,
Of old this have I seen,
That thou hast surely founded them
Forever to remain.

JAYNE.

PSALM 119, Part 20. C. M.

O. M. Brewster.



116 And by thy word revive thou me;
Save me, and plead my cause.
Salvation is from sinners far;
For they seek not thy laws.

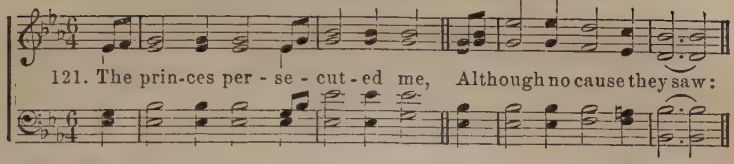
117 Thy tender mercies, Lord, are great,
They numbered cannot be.
According to thy judgments just,
Revive and quicken me.

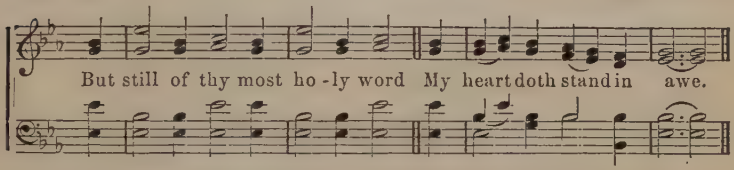
118 My persecutors many are,
And foes that do combine;
Yet from thy testimonies pure
My heart doth not decline.

119 I saw transgressors, and was grieved;
For they keep not thy word.
See how I love thy law! as thou
Art kind, me quicken, Lord.

120 For from beginning, all thy word
Hath been most true and sure:
Thy righteous judgments every one
For evermore endure.

PSALM 119, Part 21. C. M.





122 I at thy word rejoice, as one
Of spoil that finds great store.
Thy law I love; but lying all
I hate and do abhor.

123 To praise thy name sev'n times a day
Hath been my constant care;
Because of all thy judgments, Lord,
Which righteous ever are.

124 Great peace have they who love thy law;
Offence they shall have none.
I hoped for thy salvation, Lord,
And thy commands have done;

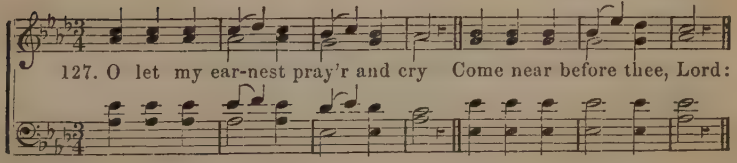
125 My soul thy testimonies all
Observed most carefully;
On them my heart is set, and them
I love exceedingly.

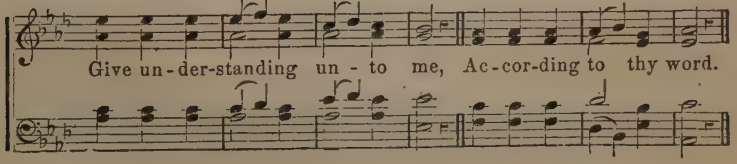
126 Thy testimonies and thy laws
I kept with special care;
For all my works and ways each one
Before thee open are.

TABLER.

PSALM 119, Part 22. C. M.

E. H. Frost. By per.





128 Let my request before thee come:
After thy word me free.
My lips shall utter praise, when thou
Hast taught thy laws to me.

129 My tongue of thy most blessèd word
Shall speak, and it confess;
Because thy holy statutes all
Are perfect righteousness.

130 O let thy hand bring help to me:
Thy precepts are my choice.
I longed for thy salvation, Lord,
And in thy law rejoice.

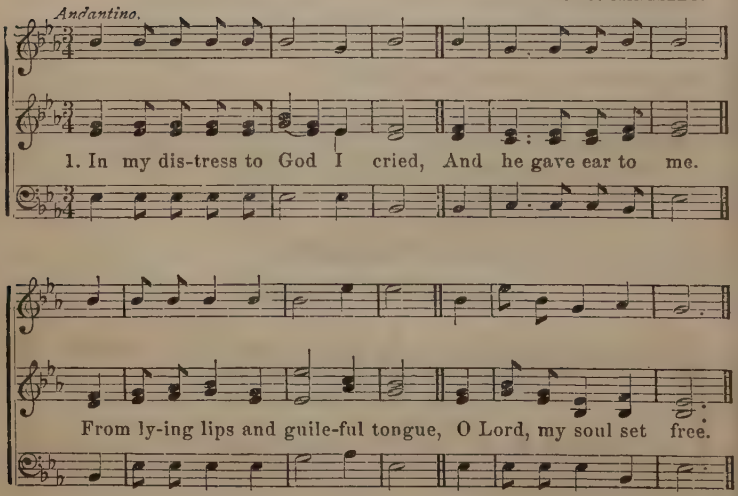
131 My soul revive, and then it shall
Give praises unto thee;
And let thy judgments evermore
Be helpful unto me.

132 I, like a lost sheep, went astray;
Thy servant seek and find:
For thy commandments all, O Lord,
I ever keep in mind.

ELIZABETHTOWN.

PSALM 120. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



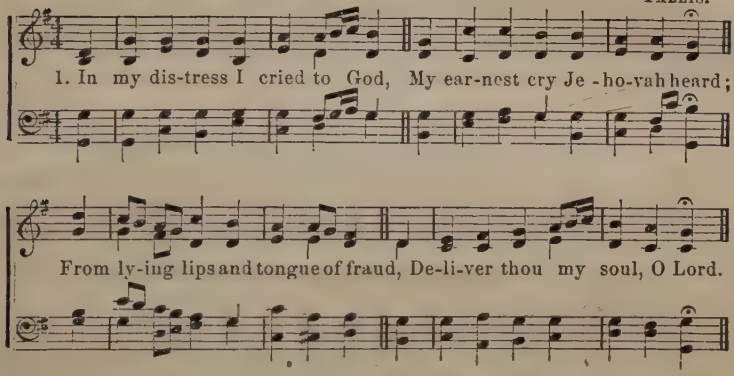
2 What shall be given thee? or what
Be done to thee, false tongue?
Ev'n burning coals of juniper,
Sharp arrows of the strong.

3 Alas for me, that I abide
In Mesech's land so long!
That I in tabernacles dwell,
To Kedar that belong.

4 My soul with him that hateth peace
Hath long a dweller been.
I am for peace; but when I speak,
For battle they are keen.

PSALM 120. L. M.

TALLIS.



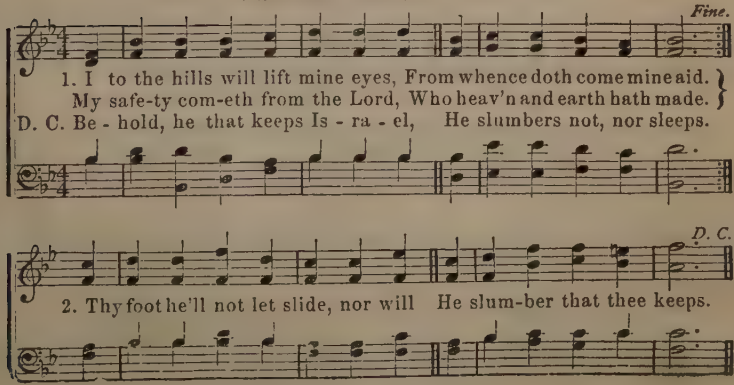
2 To thee, false tongue, what shall be done?
What for thy lies a fit return?
Sharp arrows of a mighty one,
With coals of juniper that burn.

3 Alas for me! that I so long
Sojourn with Mesech's godless race;
And near the tents of Kedar's throng
Am forced to make my dwelling-place.

4 I long have made my dwelling-place
With such as seek my peace to mar;
With them I fain would live in peace,
But when I speak, they are for war.

CHAMPS ELYSEES.

PSALM 121. C. M.



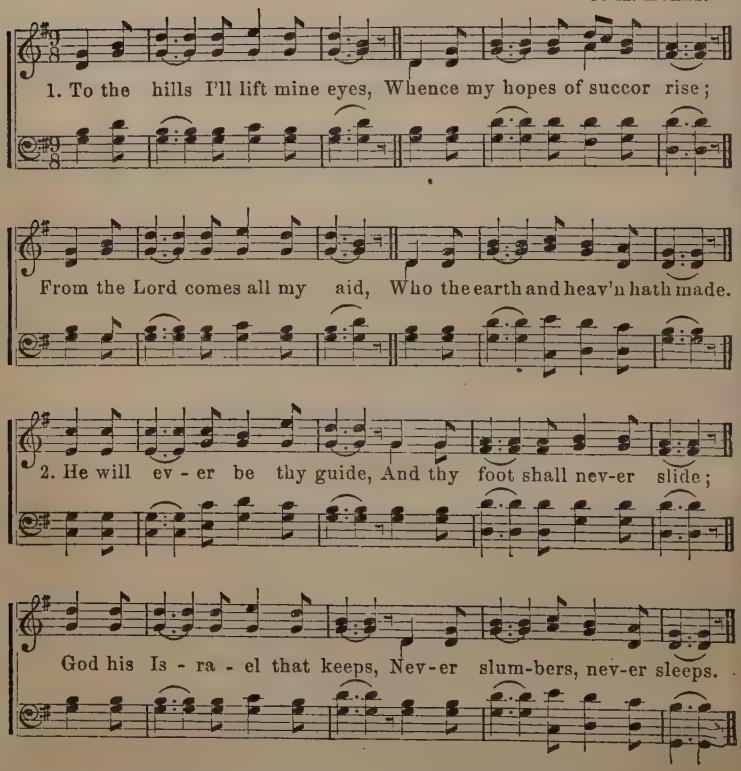
3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep forever will.

VAIL.

PSALM 121. 7s.

J. M. Evans.



3 God thy keeper still shall stand,
As a shade on thy right hand;
Neither sun by day shall smite,
Nor the silent moon by night.

4 God shall guard from every ill,
Keep thy soul in safety still;
Both without and in thy door,
He will keep thee evermore.

MONORA.

PSALM 122. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.

Fine.

1. I joy'd when to the house of God, Go up, they said to me.
Je - ru - sa - lem, within thy gates Our feet shall standing be.
D. C. To it the tribes go up; to it, The tribes of God re - pair:

D. C.

2. Je - rus'lem as a ci - ty is Com - pact - ly built, and fair;

3 To Isr'el's testimony, there
To God's name thanks to pay.
For thrones of judgment, ev'n the thrones
Of David's house, there stay.

4 Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
All those who love thee and thy peace
Shall have prosperity.

5 I therefore wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

6 And now, for friends' and brethren's sakes,
Peace be in thee, I'll say.
Yea for the house of God our Lord,
I'll seek thy good alway.

BRIGGS.

PSALM 122. L. M.

W. A. Tarbutton.

1. With joy I hear my friends exclaim, "Come let us in God's temple meet."

With-in thy gates, Je-ru-sa-lem, Shall ev-er stand our willing feet.

2 A city built compact and fair,
Jerus'lem stands, the sacred place
To which the gathering tribes repair,
Tribes of Jehovah's chosen race.

3 'Tis there by his command they meet,
To render thanks and pay their vows;
And there is judgment's royal seat,
There are the thrones of David's house.

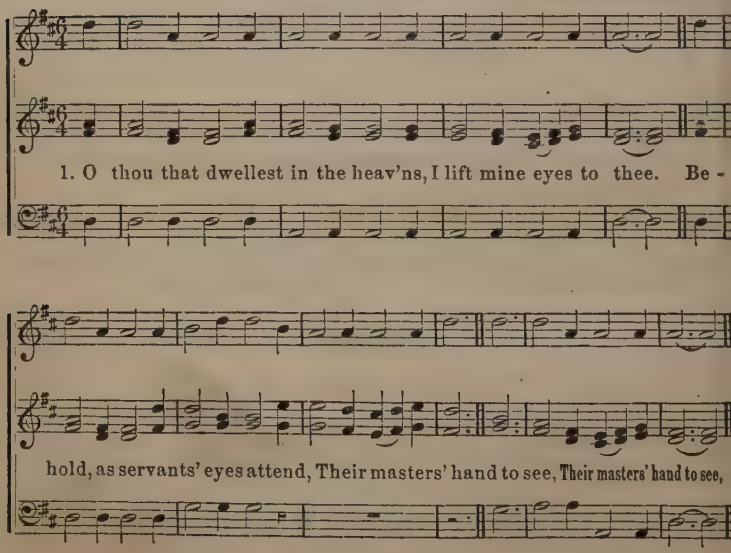
4 Pray that Jerus'lem's peace endure,
For all that love thee God will bless;
Peace dwell within thy walls secure,
And joy within thy palaces.

5 For sake of friends and kindred dear,
My heart's desire is "peace to thee;"
And for the house of God, my prayer
Shall seek thy good continually.

NEWELL.

PSALM 123. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



2 As handmaid's eyes her mistress' hand:
So do our eyes attend
Upon the Lord our God, until
To us he mercy send.

3 O Lord, be gracious unto us,
Unto us gracious be;
For filled with insolent contempt
Exceedingly are we.

4 Our soul is filled with scorn of those
That at their ease abide,
And with the insolent contempt
Of those that swell in pride.

PSALM 123. L. M. 6 lines.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.

1. To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes, O thou enthroned above the skies! }
As servants watch their master's hand, Or maids by mistress watching stand, } So to the Lord our

eyes we raise, Un - til his mer - cy he dis-plays, Un - til his mer - cy he dis-plays.

2 Have mercy, Lord, we cry to thee; }Who live in undisturbed repose!
Filled with contempt thy servants see! Beneath the scorning of the proud,
On us have mercy, scorned by those }And their contempt, our soul is bowed.

DEVIZES.

PSALM 124. C. M.

Henry Tucker.

1. Had not the Lord been on our side, May Is - ra - el now say;

Had not the Lord been on our side..... When

men rose us to slay, When men rose us to slay;

2 They had us swallowed up alive,
When their fierce wrath did flame:
The waters had us drowned, our soul
Had sunk beneath the stream.

3 Then had the waters, swelling high,
Above our soul made way.
O bless the Lord, who to their teeth
Us gave not for a prey.

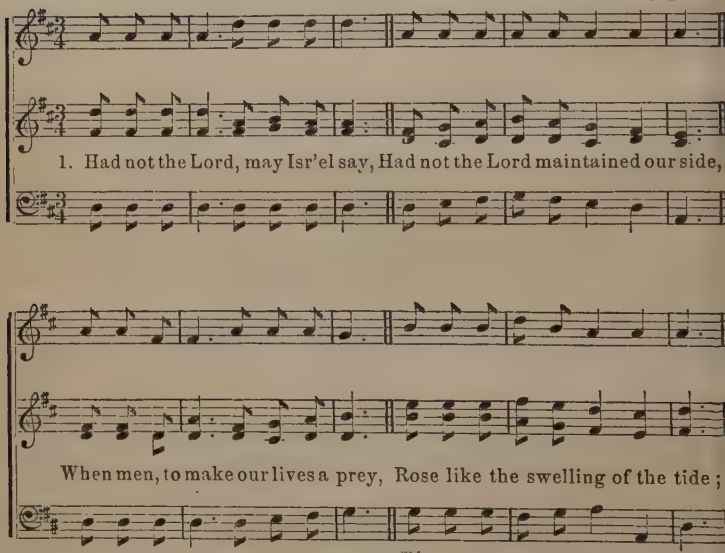
4 Our soul has, like a bird, escaped
The cruel fowler's snare;
The snare asunder broken is,
And we escapèd are.

5 Our sure and all-sufficient help
Is in JEHOVAH'S name;
His name who did the heav'n create,
And who the earth did frame.

ROGERS.

PSALM 124. L. M.

T. J. Cook. By per.



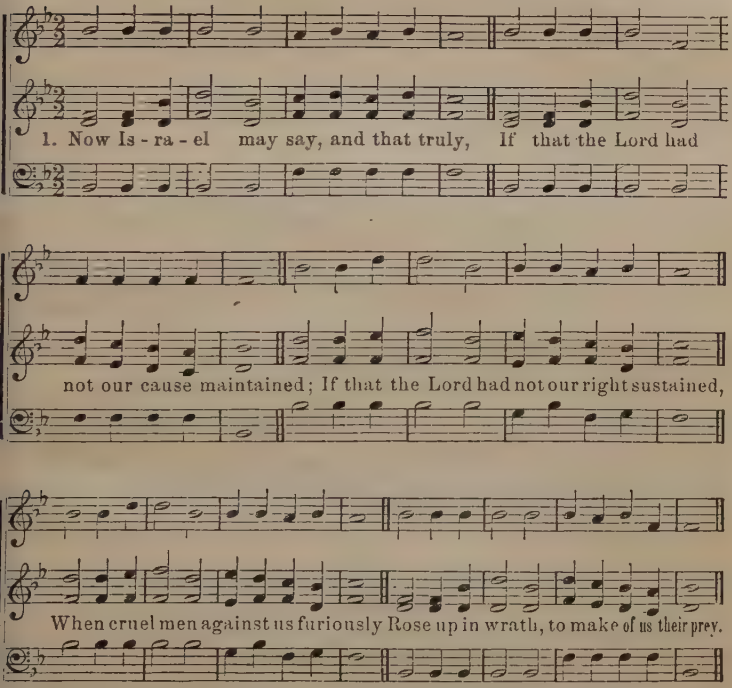
2 The swelling tide had been our grave,
So fiercely did the waters roll:
The waters proud, with wave on wave,
Had swept above our drowning soul.

3 Blest be the Lord; let praise be given,
That we escaped from death so nigh;
As when the fowler's snare is riven,
The bird escaping soars on high:

4 The snare is rent, and we are free,
Our grateful souls to God arise;
For all our help has come from thee,
Great maker of the earth and skies

PSALM 124. 10s. (Omitted by General Assembly, 1871.)

REV. E. S. WIDDEMAN.



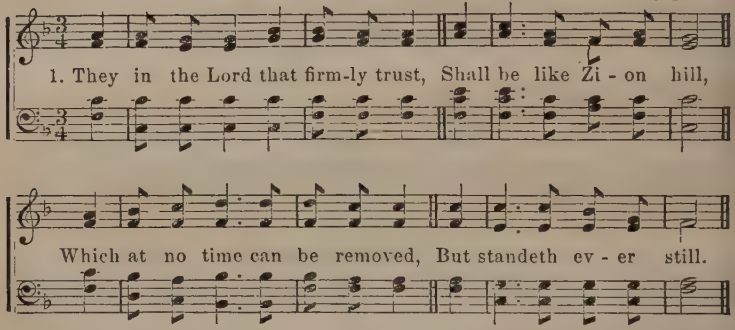
2 Then certainly
They had devoured us all,
And swallowed quick,
For aught that we could deem:
Such was their rage,
As we might well esteem:
And as fierce floods
Before them all things drown,
So had they brought
Our soul to death quite down.

3 The raging streams,
With their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
O'erwhelmed in the great deep.
But blessed be God,
Who doth us safely keep,
And hath not giv'n
Us for a living prey
Unto their teeth
And bloody cruelty.

4 Ev'n as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare,
Escapes away,
So is our soul set free:
Broke are their nets,
And thus escaped are we.
Therefore our help
Is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth
By his great pow'r did frame.

PSALM 125. C. M.

ASA HULL. By per.



2 As round about Jerusalem
The mountains ever stand,
So God his people will surround,
And evermore defend.

3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
Of just men shall not lie;
Lest righteous men stretch forth their hands
To work iniquity.

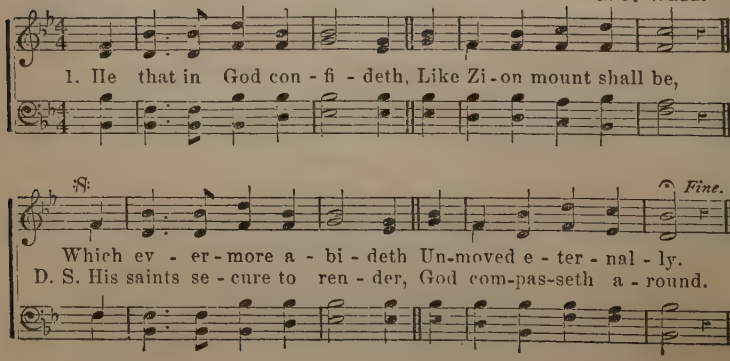
4 Do thou to all those who are good
Thy goodness, Lord, impart;
And also do thou good to them
Who upright are in heart.

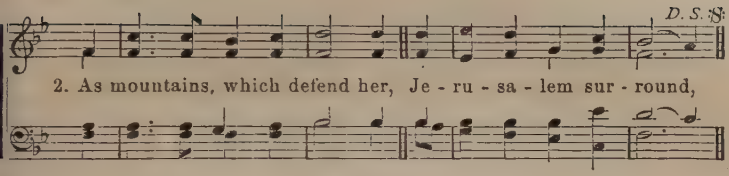
5 But as for such as turn aside
In their own crooked way,
God shall lead forth with wicked men:
On Isr'el peace shall stay.

WEBB.

PSALM 125. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.





3 The sinner's rod shall never
On just men's lot abide,
Lest upright men should ever
To sin be turned aside.

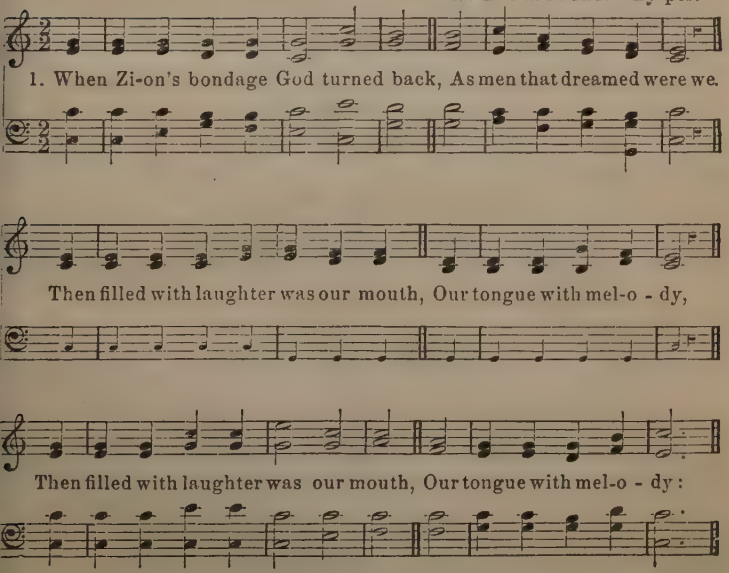
4 Thy goodness, Lord, our Saviour,
To all the good impart;
And ever show thy favor
To men of upright heart.

5 But those whose choice is rather
In crooked ways to go;
With sinners God shall gather;
On Israel peace bestow.

KEOKUK.

PSALM 126. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



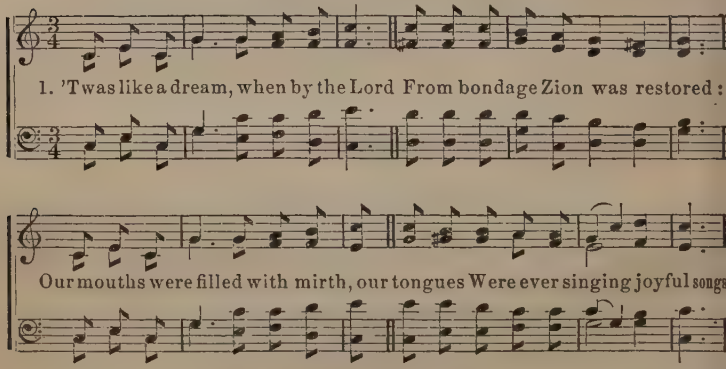
2 The heathen people said, The Lord
Great things for them hath wrought.
The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence joy to us is brought.

3 As streams of water in the south,
Our bondage, Lord, recall.
Who sow in tears, a reaping time
Of joy enjoy they shall.

4 That man who, bearing precious seed,
In going forth doth mourn,
He, doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
Rejoicing shall return.

ASHUR.

PSALM 126. L. M.



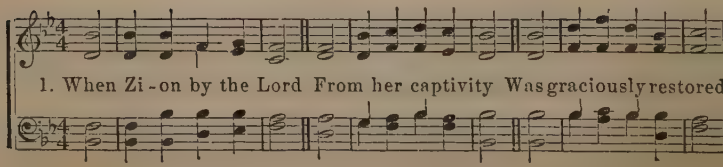
2 The heathen owned what God had wrought;
Great works, which joy to us have brought.
As southern streams, when filled with rain,
Lord, turn our captive state again.

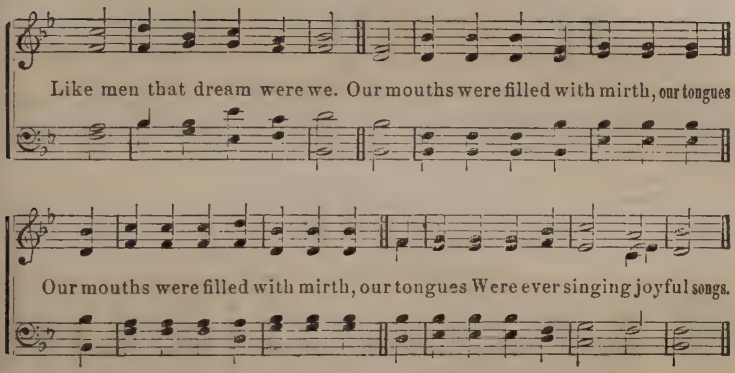
3 Who sow in tears, with joy shall reap
Though bearing precious seed they weep
While going forth, yet shall they sing
When coming back their sheaves they bring

LENOX.

PSALM 126. H. M.

EDSON.



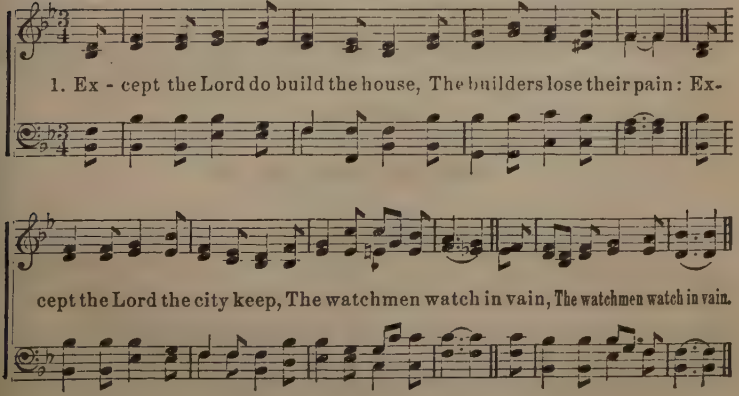


2 Great things the heathen own,
The Lord for them hath wrought;
Great things the Lord hath done,
Which joy to us have brought.
As southern streams sweep o'er the plain,
Lord, turn our captive state again.

3 The man in tears who sows,
With joyfulness shall reap;
With precious seed he goes,
And going forth doth weep.
Yet doubtless he his sheaves shall bring,
And coming back, with joy shall sing.

ADAIR.

PSALM 127. C. M. "Early Dew," By per. Rev. J. S. Boyd.



2 'Tis vain for you to rise betimes,
Or late from rest to keep,
To feed on sorrow's bread; so gives
He his belovèd sleep.

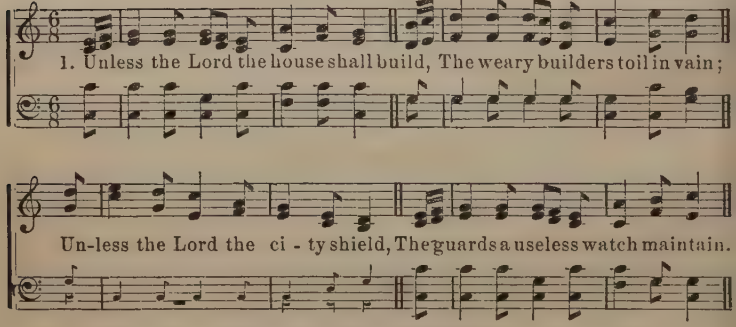
3 Lo, children are God's heritage,
To parents his reward.
The sons of youth as arrows are,
For strong men's hands prepared.

4 O happy is the man that hath
His quiver filled with those;
They, unashamed, within the gate
Shall speak unto their foes.

RETREAT.

PSALM 127. L. M.

DR. HASTINGS.



2 In vain you rise ere morning break,
And late your nightly vigils keep,
And bread of anxious care partake:
God gives to his belovèd sleep.

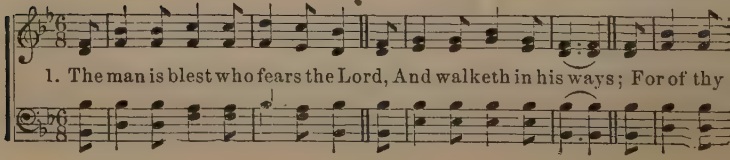
3 Lo, children are the gift of God,
And sons the blessing he commands;
These, when in youthful days bestowed,
Are like the shafts in warrior's hands.

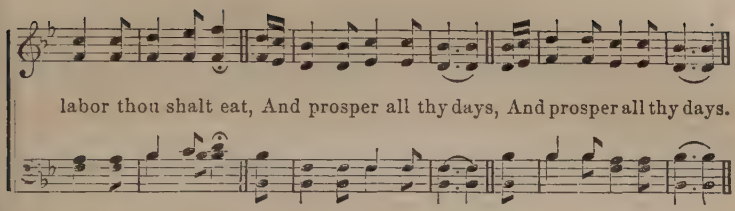
4 And happy they whose quivers bear
Full store of arrows such as these;
They in the gate are free from fear,
And boldly face their enemies.

ORTONVILLE.

PSALM 128. C. M.

DR. HASTINGS.





2 Thy wife shall as a fruitful vine
By thy house sides be found:
Thy children like to olive-plants
Thy table shall surround.

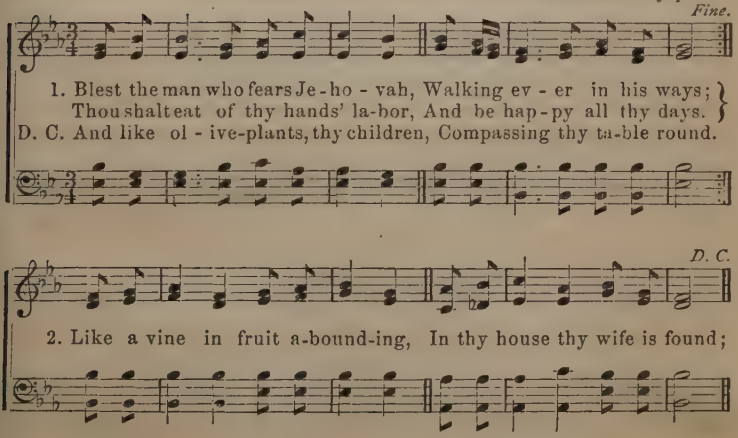
3 Behold, the man that fears the Lord,
Thus blessèd shall he be.
The Lord shall out of Zion give
His blessing unto thee.

4 Thou shalt Jerus'lem's good behold,
Whilst thou on earth dost dwell.
Thou shalt thy children's children see,
And peace on Israel.

WILHELMINA.

PSALM 128. 8s & 7s.

A. N. Johnson. By per.



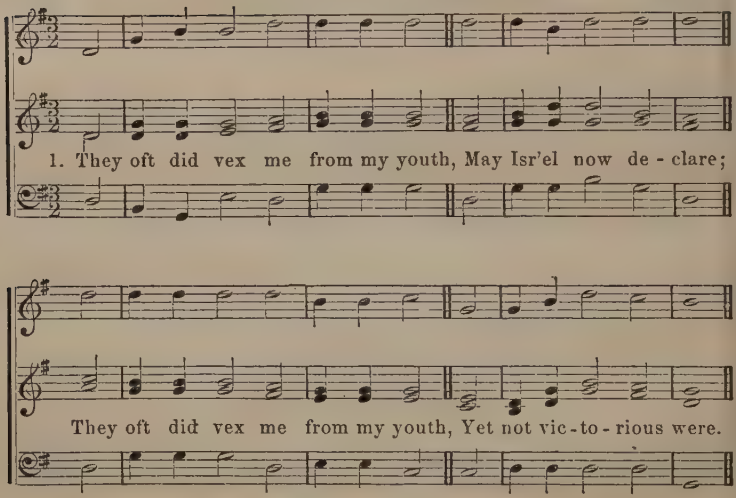
3 Lo, on him that fears Jehovah,
Shall this blessedness attend;
Thus Jehovah out of Zion
Shall to thee his blessings send.

4 Thou shalt see Jerus'lem prosper,
Long as thou on earth shalt dwell;
Thou shalt see thy children's children,
And the peace of Israel.

SPENCER.

PSALM 129. *C. M.*

Dr. A. B. Everett. By per.



2 The plowers plowed upon my back;
They long their furrows made.
The righteous Lord did cut the cords
Which sinners on me laid.

3 Let Zion's haters be turned back,
And in confusion thrown.
As grass on house-tops let them be,
Which fades ere it is grown:

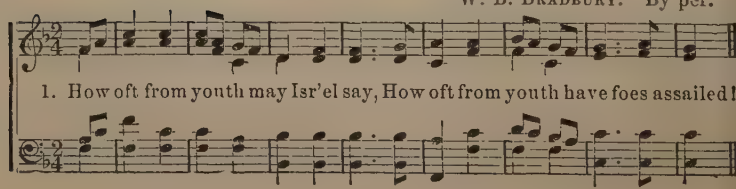
4 Of which enough to fill his hand
The mower cannot find;
Nor can the man his bosom fill,
Whose work is sheaves to bind.

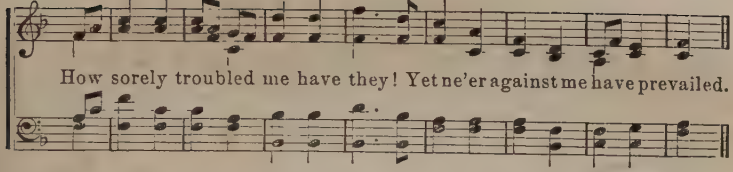
5 Nor say the men who pass them by,
God's blessing on you rest:
We in the name of God the Lord
Do wish you to be blest.

ELIDA.

PSALM 129. *L. M.*

W. B. Bradbury. By per.





2 Upon my back the plowers plowed,
Upon me long their furrows drew.
The righteous Lord subdued the proud,
In mercy cut their cords in two.

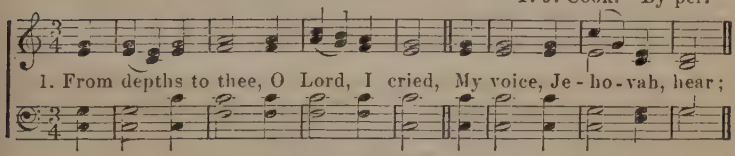
3 Let all be shamed, and made to flee,
Who have to Zion hatred shown;
As grass on house-tops let them be,
As grass which fades ere it be grown.

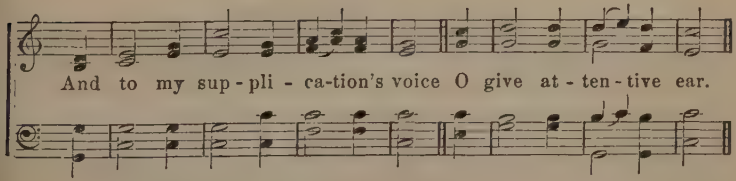
4 Its blades no mower's hand may press,
To sheaves no binder may lay claim;
No strangers say, "The Lord thee bless,
We bless you in Jehovah's name."

PRAYER.

PSALM 130. C. M.

T. J. Cook. By per.





2 Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O Lord,
Shouldst mark iniquity?
But yet with thee forgiveness is,
That feared thou mayest be.

3 I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
My hope is in his word.
Yea, more than they for morn that watch,
My soul waits for the Lord;

4 Yea, more I wait than they that watch
The morning light to see.
Let Isr'el in Jehovah hope,
For with him mercies be.

5 Redemption plentiful and free
Is ever found with him.
And he from all iniquity
Shall Israel redeem.

PSALM 130. 8s & 7s.

Fine.

1. From the depths do I in-voke thee, O Je - ho-vah, give an ear;
To my voice be thou at - ten-tive, And my sup-pli-cation hear.
D. C. But with thee there is forgiveness, That thy name may fear command.

D. C.

2. Lord, if thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who, before thee, Lord, shall stand?

3 For Jehovah I am waiting,
And my hope is in his word;
In his word of promise given,
Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.

4 For the Lord my soul is waiting,
More than watchers in the night,
More than they for morning watching,
Watching for the morning light.

5 Isr'el, hope thou in Jehovah,
Mercies great are found with him;
He abounding in redemption,
Isr'el will from sin redeem.

TAPPAN.

PSALM 131. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

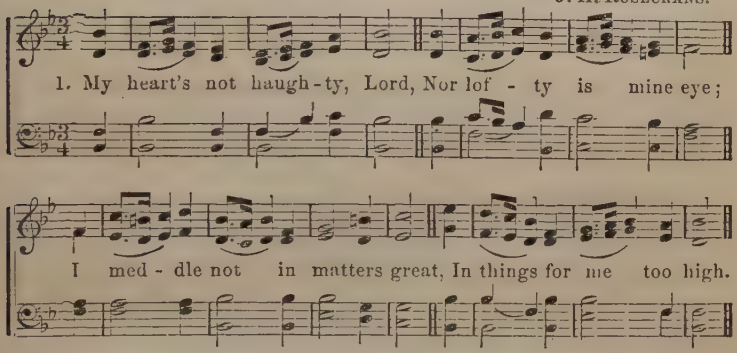
1. My heart not haughty is, O Lord, My eyes not lof-ty be; Nor do I deal in matters great, Nor do I deal in matters great, Or things too high for me.

2 I surely have myself behaved
With spirit meek and mild,
As child of mother weaned: my soul
Is like a weanèd child.

3 Upon Jehovah let the hope
Of Israel rely,
Ev'n from the time that present is
Unto eternity.

NORTH BLENHEIM.

PSALM 131. S. M. "True Choir," By per.
J. H. Rosecrans.

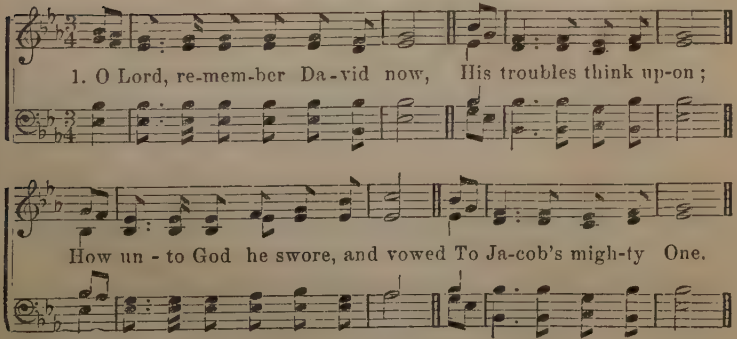


2 I surely have composed
And soothed myself to rest,
Yea, even as a weanèd child
Upon its mother's breast,

3 My soul is like a child
Weaned and submissive grown
O Isr'el, now and evermore
Trust in the Lord alone.

LYRA.

PSALM 132. C. M.
Geo. F. Root. By per.



2 I will not come within my house,
Nor rest in bed at all;
Nor shall my eyes take any sleep,
Nor eyelids slumber shall;

3 Till for the Lord a place I find,
Where he may make abode;
Until I find a dwelling-place,
For Jacob's mighty God.

4 Lo, at the place of Ephratah
Of it we understood;
We also found it in the fields,
And city of the wood.

5 We'll to his tabernacles go,
And at his footstool bow.
Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thy ark of strength bring thou.

6 Let all thy priests be clothed, O Lord,
In robes of righteousness;
And let all those that are thy saints
Shout loud for joyfulness.

7 And for thy servant David's sake,
Do not deny thy grace;
Nor of thy own anointed one
Turn thou away the face.

8 The Lord in truth to David swore,
He will not turn from it,
I of thy body's fruit will make
Upon thy throne to sit.

9 My cov'nant if thy sons will keep,
And laws to them made known,
Their children then shall also sit
Forever on thy throne.

10 For God of Zion hath made choice;
There he desires to dwell.
This is my rest, here will I stay;
For I do like it well.

11 Her food I'll greatly bless; her poor
With bread will satisfy.
Her priests I'll clothe with health; her saints
Shall shout forth joyfully.

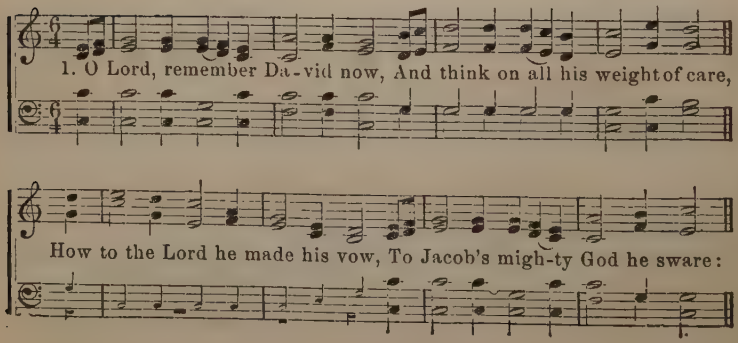
12 And there will I make David's horn
To bud forth pleasantly:
For him that mine anointed is
A lamp ordained have I.

13 As with a garment I will clothe
With shame his en'mies all;
But yet the crown that he doth wear
Upon him flourish shall.

RETREAT.

PSALM 132. L. M.

DR. HASTINGS.



2 I will not tread within my hall,
Nor on my bed will seek repose;
No sleep upon my eyes shall fall,
Nor slumber shall mine eyelids close;

3 Until for Jacob's mighty Lord
I find a sure and fit abode.
Of it at Ephratah we heard,
We found it in the fields of wood.

4 Arise, O Lord, come to thy rest;
Thy footstool is our sacred shrine;
With robes of truth thy priests invest;
And shouts shall hail the ark divine.

5 For thine own servant David's sake,
Turn not away Messiah's face;
The Lord his truth will never break,
The truth thus sworn to David's race:

6 "Upon thy throne thy seed shall reign;
And if their heart my cov'nant own,
And still my honored laws maintain,
Their seed shall hold an endless throne."

7 For high on Zion's hill above,
The Lord has fixed his dwelling bright:
This is the city of my love,
The chosen rest of my delight.

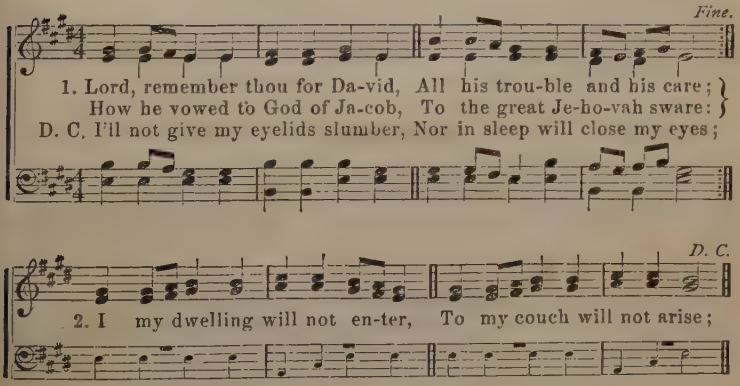
8 I'll bless her stores with large increase;
With bread her poor will satisfy;
Her priests I'll clothe in robes of peace,
And all her saints shall shout for joy.

9 There David's horn shall bud and grow,
Thence mine anointed's light shall stream.
With utter shame I'll clothe his foe,
But bright his endless crown shall beam.

GREENVILLE.

PSALM 132. 8s & 7s.

J. J. Rousseau.



3 Till I find a place of dwelling,
Where the Lord may make abode;
Till I find a habitation
Meet for Jacob's mighty God.

4 Lo, at Ephratah we heard it,
And of it we understood;
In the fields we also found it,
In the city of the wood.

5 Let us seek his courts, and worship
At his footstool with delight:
Rise, O Lord, thy rest to enter;
Come, and bring thy ark of might.

6 Let thy priests be clothed with justice;
Let thy saints rejoicing make;
See the face of thy anointed,
For thy servant David's sake.

7 God hath sworn in truth to David,
And his oath will not disown:
Of the children which I give thee,
I will place upon thy throne.

8 If thy sons will keep my cov'nant,
And observe what I command,
On thy throne forever sitting,
Shall their children rule the land.

9 For the Lord hath chosen Zion,
'Tis the dwelling loved of God;
Here I'll rest and dwell forever,
I delight in this abode.

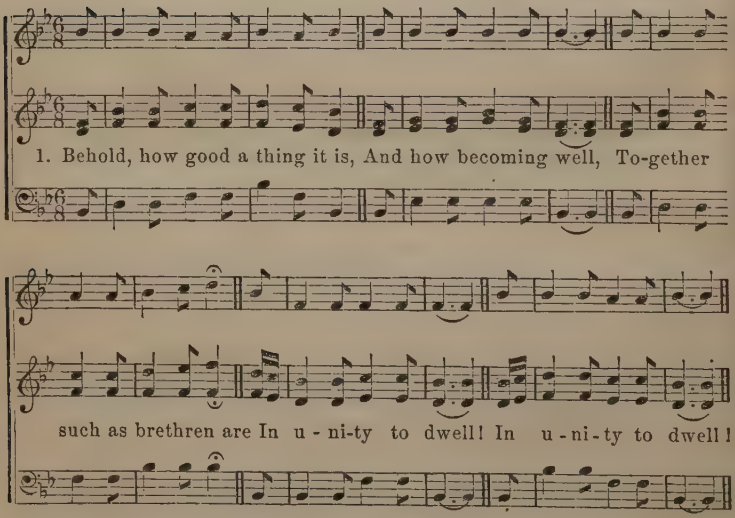
10 Richly blessing her provision,
I will fill her poor with bread;
Clothe her priests with my salvation,
Make her saints exceeding glad.

11 There shall David's power flourish,
For my king a lamp's ordained;
I with shame his foes will cover,
But his crown shall be maintained.

ORTONVILLE.

PSALM 133. C. M.

DR. HASTINGS.

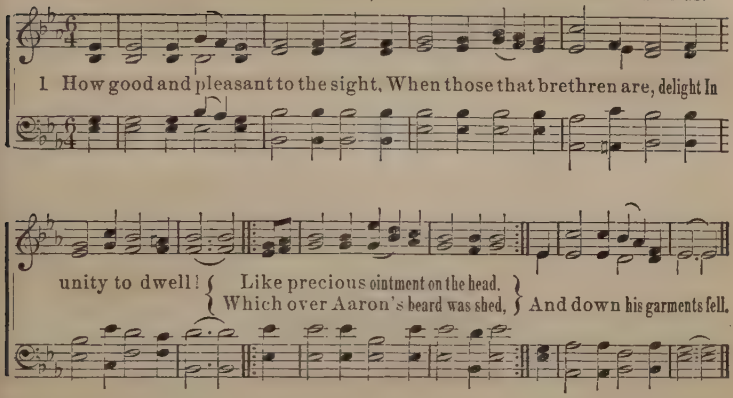


2 Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Zion's hills descend:
For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.

PSALM 133. C. P. M.

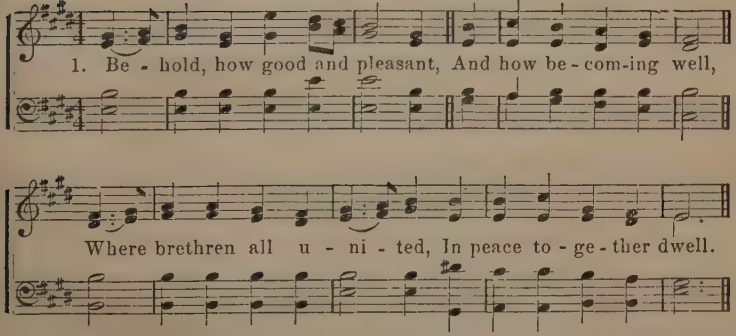
DR. HASTINGS.



2 Or like the dew which night distils,
Which over Hermon's lofty hills,
And Zion's mounts descends;
For there the Lord in love commands
The blessing from his gracious hands,
Even life that never ends.

HELP.

PSALM 133. 7s & 6s.



2 'Tis like the precious ointment
That on the head did flow,
Which down the beard of Aaron,
Did o'er his vesture go.

3 Like dews which on Mount Hermon
And Zion hills descend;
There God commands the blessing,
Life that shall never end.

OELFAM.

PSALM 134. C. M.

CORNELIUS BURLEW.

1. Be - hold, O bless the Lord, all ye That his at - tendants are,
2. Your han ls within God's ho-ly place Lift up, and praise his name.

Ev'n you who in God's temple stand, And praise him nightly there.
From Zi - on hill the Lord thee bless, That heav'n and earth did frame.

RAMOTH.

PSALM 134. C. P. M.

ENGLISH.

1. Be - hold, all ye that serve the Lord, Lift up your voice with

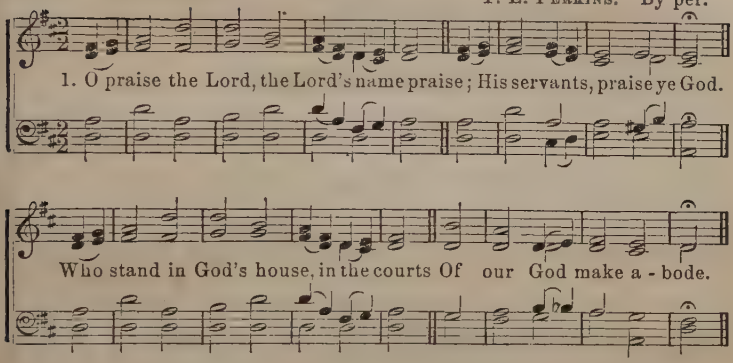
one ac-cord, Je-hovah's name to bless. To bless his ho - ly name unite,

Ye that are stand-ing night by night, With-in his ho - ly place.

2 Yea, in his place of holiness,
Lift up your hands the Lord to bless;
And unto you be given,
From out of Zion, by the Lord,
His blessing rich, who by his word
Created earth and heaven.

PSALM 135. C. M.

T. E. Perkins. By per.



2 Praise ye the Lord, for he is good,
Sing praises to his name;
For it is pleasant thus in songs
His praises to proclaim.

3 Because Jehovah for himself
Of Jacob choice did make:
For his peculiar treasure he
Did Israel also take.

4 Because I know Jehovah is
Above all others great,
And that our Lord above all gods
In glory hath his seat.

5 Jehovah hath in heaven done
Whatever he did please;
And in the earth and places deep,
And in the mighty seas.

6 From earth's remotest ends he makes
The vapors to ascend;
With rain he lightnings makes, and wind
Doth from his treasures send.

7 He first-born all of Egypt smote,
Sent signs and wonders grand
On Pharaoh and his servants all,
In thee, O Egypt land.

8 He smote great nations, slew great kings;
Ev'n Sihon, Heshbon's king,
And Og of Bashan, and to nought
Did Canaan's kingdoms bring:

9 And for a heritage their land
He unto Israel gave,
That there his chosen people might
A sure possession have.

10 Thy name, O Lord, shall still endure,
And thy remembrance shall
With honor great continued be
To generations all.

11 Because the Lord himself will judge
His people righteously;
Concerning those that do him serve,
Himself repent will he.

12 The idols of the nations all
Of silver are and gold,
They from the hands of men receive
Their fashion and their mould.

13 Though mouths they have, they do not speak,
And eyes, they do not see;
And ears, yet hear they not; and in
Their mouth no breath can be.

14 Like them their makers are, and all
Who do on them rely.
O Isr'el's house, bless God; bless God,
O Aaron's family.

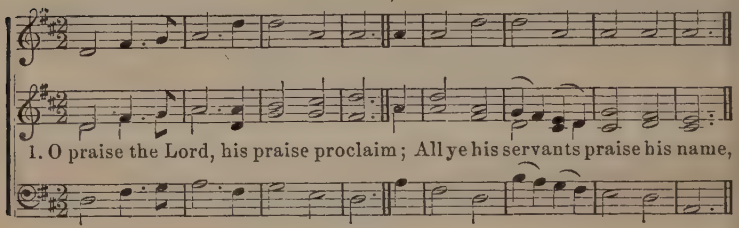
15 O house of Levi, bless the Lord,
All who his servants are;
And bless the holy name of God,
All ye the Lord that fear.

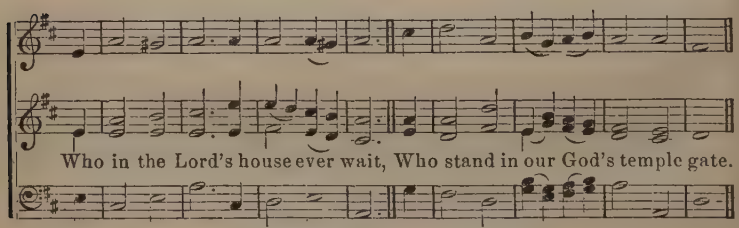
16 And blessèd be the Lord our God,
From Zion's holy hill,
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem.
The Lord O praise ye still.

WASHINGTON.

PSALM 135. L. M.

DR. C. BURNEY.





2 The Lord is good, his praise proclaim,
Since it is pleasant, praise his name;
He for himself did Jacob take,
And Isr'el his possession make.

3 I know the Lord is high in state,
Above all gods our Lord is great;
The Lord performs what he decrees,
In heaven and earth, in depths and seas.

4 He makes the vapors to ascend
In clouds from earth's remotest end;
He for the rain gives lightning wings,
The wind out from his treasures brings.

5 He smote from greatest to the least
Of Egypt's first-born, man and beast;
In midst of thee, O Egypt land,
Sent signs and wonders from his hand.

6 He made his wonders dread to fall
On Phar'oh and his servants all;
He many nations overthrew,
And mighty kings and princes slew.

7 He Sihon slew, and Bashan's king,
On Canaan's thrones did ruin bring;
Their land for heritage bestowed
On Isr'el for their own abode.

8 O Lord, eternal is thy name,
Thy mem'ry lives in endless fame;
God will his people's cause maintain,
And to his servants turn again.

9 The heathen idols all are nought.
But silver, gold, by man's hand wrought;
With mouths, no power of speech they find.
With eyes to see, they yet are blind.

10 With ears, they hear no voice or sound,
And in their mouth no breath is found;
Their makers all their likeness bear;
Who trust in them their fate shall share.

11 O house of Isr'el, bless the Lord;
Let Aaron's house him praise accord;
Him blest, let Levi's house proclaim;
Bless ye the Lord, who fear his name.

12 Forever let the Lord be blest;
From Zion let it be expressed;
Jerus'lem is his dwelling-place.
Praise ye the Lord, make known his grace.

SHINING SHORE.

PSALM 136. 8s & 7s.

GEO. F. ROOT. By per.

1. Give thanks to God, for good is he: For mer-cy hath he ev - er.

Thanks to the God of gods give ye: For his grace faileth nev - er.

2. Thanks give the Lord of lords unto: For mer-cy hath he ev - er.

Who on - ly wonders great can do: For his grace faileth nev - er.

3 Who by his wisdom made heav'ns high:
For mercy hath he ever.
Who stretched the earth above the sea:
For his grace faileth never.

4 To him that made the great lights shine:
For mercy hath he ever.
The sun to rule till day decline:
For his grace faileth never.

5 The moon and stars to rule by night:
For mercy hath he ever.
Who Egypt's first-born killed outright:
For his grace faileth never.

6 And Isr'el brought from Egypt land:
For mercy hath he ever.
With stretched-out arm, and with strong hand:
For his grace faileth never.

7 By whom the Red sea parted was:
For mercy hath he ever.
He through its midst made Isr'el pass:
For his grace faileth never.

8 He Phar'oh and his host did drown:
For mercy hath he ever.
And through the desert led his own:
For his grace faileth never.

9 To him great kings who overthrew:
For he hath mercy ever.
Yea, famous kings in battle slew:
For his grace faileth never.

10 Ev'n Sihon, king of Amorites:
For he hath mercy ever.
And Og, the king of Bashanites:
For his grace faileth never.

11 Their land in heritage to have:
For mercy hath he ever.
His servant Isr'el right he gave:
For his grace faileth never.

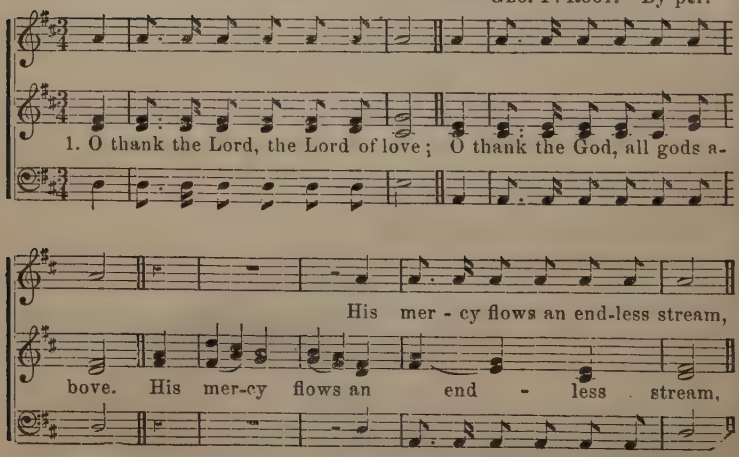
12 In our low state who on us thought:
For he hath mercy ever.
And from our foes our freedom wrought;
For his grace faileth never.

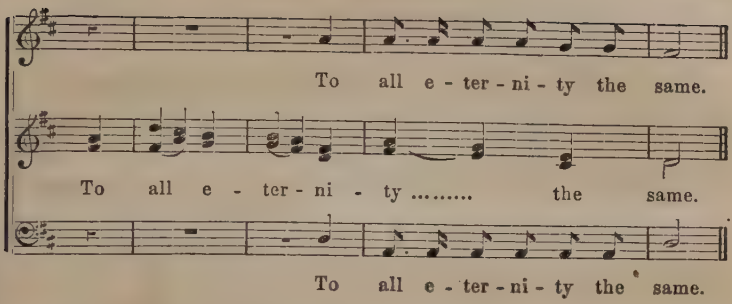
13 Who doth all flesh with food relieve:
For he hath mercy ever.
Thanks to the God of heaven give:
For his grace faileth never.

DAY-SPRING.

PSALM 136. L. M.

Geo. F. Root. By per.





2 O thank the mighty King of kings,
Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

3 Whose wisdom gave the heavens their birth,
And on the waters spread the earth.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

4 Who taught yon glorious lights their way,
The radiant sun to rule the day.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

5 The moon and stars to rule the night,
With radiance of a milder light.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

6 Who smote th' Egyptians' stubborn pride,
When in his wrath their first-born died.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

7 But led his Isr'el from their land,
With outstretched arm and conquering hand.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

8 Whose hand the Red sea's waters clave,
And guided Isr'el through the wave.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

9 But buried Pharaoh and his bands,
And led his flock through desert lands.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

10 Who smote proud monarchs in their might,
And warlike princes slew in fight.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

11 Sihon, the king of Heshbon's towers,
And Og, the lord of Bashan's powers.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

12 And for inheritance their land
He gave to Isr'el's chosen band.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

13 Who thought on us, amidst our woes,
And rescued us from all our foes.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

14 Who daily feeds each living thing;
O thank the heaven's Almighty King.
His mercy flows an endless stream,
To all eternity the same.

PSALM 136. H. M.

Rev. J. S. Boyd.

1. Praise God, for he is kind: His mer-cy lasts for aye:

Give thanks with heart and mind To God of gods al - way:

For cer - tainly His mercies dure Most firm and sure Eter-nal-ly.

Most firm and sure,

For certain-ly His mercies dure Most firm and sure Eternal - ly.

2 The Lord of lords praise ye,
Whose mercies always last:
The Lord alone is he
Who doeth wonders vast.
For certainly, etc.

3 To him, by wisdom's hand,
Who heavens did create;
To him who stretched the land
Above the waters great.
For certainly, etc.

4 To him great lights that made,
The sun to rule by day;
The moon and stars arrayed;
To rule the night are they.
For certainly, etc.

5 To him who Egypt smote
In first-born everywhere;
And Isr'el thence he brought,
From those who en'mies were.
For certainly, etc.

6 Who, with strong hand to guide,
And arm that stretched out was,
The Red sea did divide,
And through made Isr'el pass.
For certainly, etc.

7 But Phar'oh overthrew
In Red sea with his host;
And led his people through
The deserts to their coast.
For certainly, etc.

8 To him who great kings smote,
Yea famous kings he slew;
Sihon of Am'rites lot,
And Og of Bashan, too.
For certainly, etc.

9 By lot he gave their lands
To Israel for aye:
To those who his commands
Did faithfully obey.
For certainly, etc.

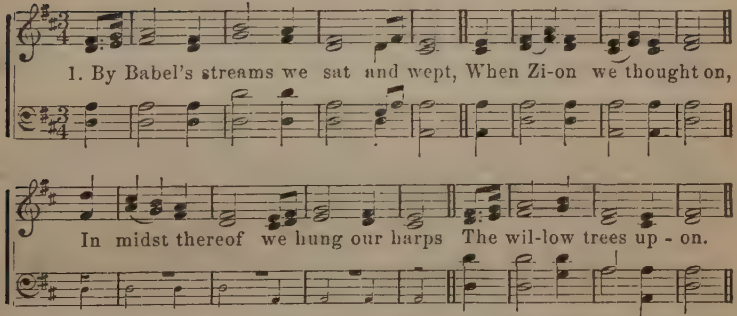
10 He thought on us when foes
Had brought to low estate;
And he from all our woes
Did grant deliv'rance great.
For certainly, etc.

11 And from his bounty he
All flesh its food hath given.
O thanks to God give ye;
He is the God of heav'n.
For certainly, etc.

SILOAM.

PSALM 137. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



2 For there a song required they
Who did us captive bring:
Our spoilers called for mirth, and said.
A song of Zion sing.

3 O how the Lord's song shall we sing
Within a foreign land?
If thee, Jerus'lem, I forget,
Skill part from my right hand.

4 My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
If I do thee forget,
Jerusalem, and thee above
My chief good do not set.

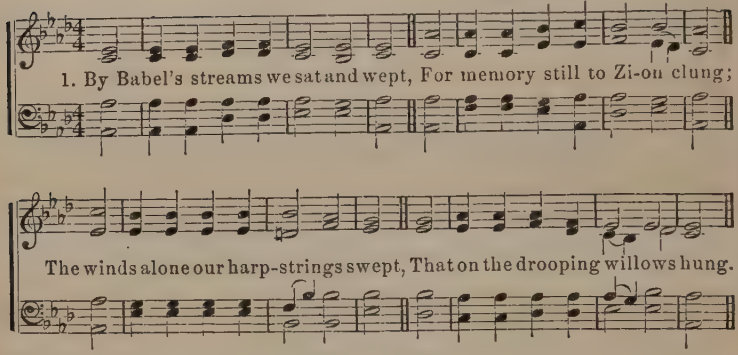
5 Remember Edom's children, Lord,
Who in Jerus'lem's day,
Ev'n unto its foundation stone,
Raze, raze it quite, did say.

6 O daughter thou of Babylon,
To ruin hastening on,
He shall be blest who thee rewards
As thou to us hast done.

7 Yea, happy surely shall he be,
Thy tender little ones
Who shall lay hold upon, and them
Shall dash against the stones.

PSALM 137. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. By per.



2 There our rude captors, flushed with pride,
A song required to mock our wrongs;
Our spoilers called for mirth, and cried,
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."

3 O how can we the Lord's song sing
While thus an exile captive band?
O how can we our voices bring
To sing God's song in this strange land?

4 Jerusalem, God's holy hill,
If I of thee forgetful prove,
Let my right hand forget its skill
With grace the harp's sweet strings to move.

5 If I do not remember thee,
Let my parched tongue its utterance cease;
If my chief joy be dear to me
Beyond Jerus'lem's joy and peace.

6 Remember, Lord, how Edom's crowd,
Glad in Jerus'lem's day of woe,
Urged on the victor, shouting loud,
"Down with her walls, o'erthrow, o'erthrow."

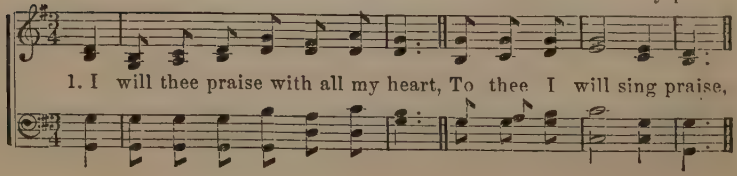
7 O Babel's daughter, God's decree
Dooms thee to wrath, a wretched prey;
And blest shall that avenger be
Who shall to thee our wrongs repay.

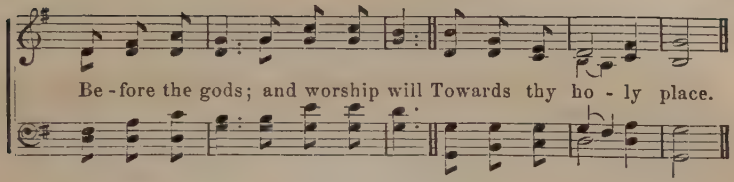
8 Yea, truly, shall that man be blest,
And with triumphal honor crowned,
Who rends thy children from the breast,
To dash them bleeding to the ground.

OORAL.

PSALM 138. C. M.

WILLIAM MASON. By per.





2 I'll praise thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
And kindness of thy love;
For thou thy word hast magnified
All thy great name above.

3 Thou didst me answer in the day
When I to thee did cry;
And thou my fainting soul with strength
Didst strengthen inwardly.

4 All kings upón the earth that are
Shall give thee praise, O Lord;
When as they from thy mouth shall hear
Thy true and faithful word.

5 Yea, in the righteous ways of God
With gladness they shall sing:
For great's the glory of the Lord,
Who is forever King.

6 Though God be high, yet he respects
All those that lowly be;
Whereas the proud and lofty ones
Afar off knoweth he.

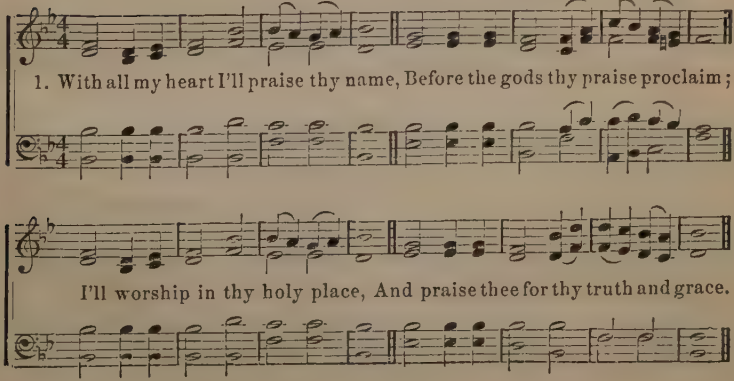
7 Though I in midst of trouble walk,
I life from thee shall have:
'Gainst my foes' wrath thou'lt stretch thy hand;
Thy right hand shall me save.

8 That which concerneth me the Lord
Will surely perfect make:
O Lord, thy mercy lasts; do not
Thine own hands' work forsake.

ERNAN.

PSALM 138. L. M.

DR. L. MASON. By per.



2 For thou o'er all thy name, O Lord,
Hast magnified thy faithful word;
Thou didst me answer when I cried,
Thou hast my soul with strength supplied.

3 All kings of earth shall give thee praise,
When from thy mouth they learn thy ways;
They in Jehovah's ways shall sing,
For great in glory is our King.

4 The Lord, though high, respects the low;
But he the proud far off doth know;
Though waves of trouble round me roll,
Thou, Lord, wilt yet revive my soul.

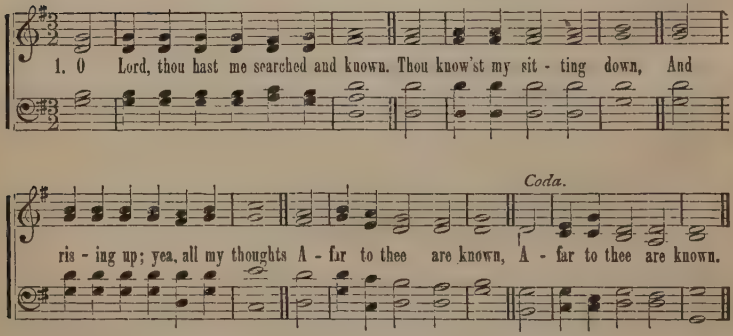
5 My foes enraged, my way withstand;
Against them thou wilt stretch thy hand;
Thine own right hand shall set me free,
And perfect make thy work for me.

6 O Lord, thy mercy never ends,
Throughout all ages it extends;
Then on thy servant pity take,
Thine own hands' work do not forsake.

HARVEY'S CHANT.

PSALM 139. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 My footsteps, and my lying down,
Thou compassest always;
Thou also most entirely art
Acquaint with all my ways.

3 For in my tongue, before I speak,
Not any word can be,
But altogether, lo, O Lord,
It is well known to thee.

4 Behind, before, thou hast beset,
And laid on me thine hand.
Such knowledge is too strange for me,
Too high to understand.

5 Where from thy Spirit shall I go?
Or from thy presence fly?
Ascend I heav'n, lo, thou art there;
There, if in hell I lie.

6 Take I the wings of morn and dwell
In utmost parts of sea;
Yet there, O Lord, thy hand shall lead.
Thy right hand hold shall me.

7 Or if I say that darkness shall
Me cover from thy sight,
Then surely shall the very night
About me be as light.

8 Yea, darkness hideth not from thee,
But night doth shine as day:
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike alway.

9 Because thou hast my reins possessed,
And thou didst cover me,
Ev'n when within my mother's womb
Inclosed I was by thee.

10 I will thee praise, for fearfully
And strangely made I am.
Thy works are wonderful, and well
My soul doth know the same.

11 My substance was not hid from thee,
When as in secret I
Was made; and in earth's lowest parts
Was wrought most curiously.

12 Ere yet my substance shape received
Thine eyes on it did look;
And all my members even then
Were written in thy book;

13 Then afterwards thou didst impart
Its form to ev'ry one;
Although as yet they shapeless were,
And of them there was none.

14 How precious unto me, O God,
Thy gracious thoughts appear,
And in their sum how very great,
How numberless they are.

15 If I should count them, than the sand
They more in number be:
What time soever I awake,
I ever am with thee.

16 Thou, Lord, wilt surely sinners slay:
Hence from me bloody men.
Thy foes against thee loudly speak,
And take thy name in vain.

17 Do not I hate all those, O Lord,
That hatred bear to thee?
With those that up against thee rise,
Can I but grieved be?

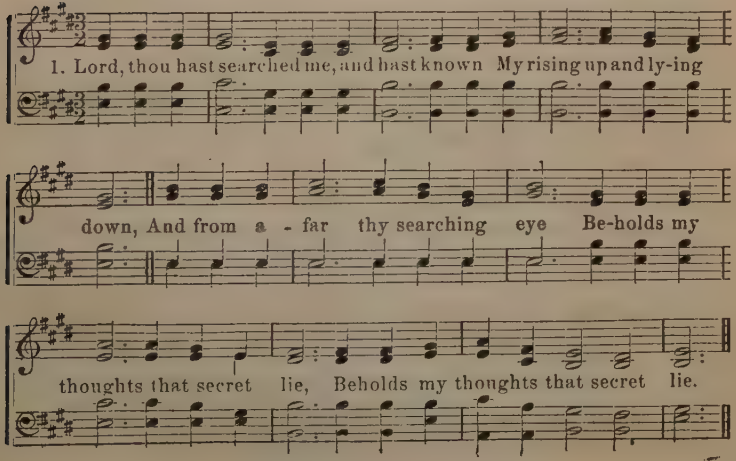
18 With perfect hatred them I hate,
My foes I them do hold.
Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my thoughts unfold:

19 And see if any wicked way
There be at all in me;
And in thine everlasting way
To me a leader be.

BACA.

PSALM 139. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Thou know'st my path and lying down,
And all my ways to thee are known;
For in my tongue no word can be,
But, lo, O Lord, 'tis known to thee.

3 Behind, before me, thou dost stand,
And lay on me thy mighty hand;
Such knowledge is for me too strange,
'Tis high beyond my utmost range.

4 O whither shall my footsteps fly,
Beyond thy Spirit's searching eye?
To what retreat shall I repair,
And find not thy dread presence there?

5 If I to heaven shall ascend,
Thy presence there will me attend;
If in the grave I make my bed,
Lo, there I find thy presence dread.

6 If on the morning wings I flee,
And dwell in utmost parts of sea;
Even there thy hand shall guide my way,
And thy right hand shall be my stay.

7 Or, if I say, to shun thine eye,
In shades of darkness I will lie,
Around me then the very night
Will shine as shines the noon-day light.

8 From thee the shades can nought disguise,
The night is day before thine eyes;
The darkness is to thee as bright
As are the beams of noon-day light.

9 My very reins belong to thee;
Thou in the womb didst cover me;
And I to thee will praise proclaim,
For fearful, wondrous is my frame.

10 Thy works are wonderful, I know,
And when in depths of earth below,
This complicated frame was made,
'Twas all before thine eyes displayed.

11 My substance yet unformed by thee,
Thy searching eyes did clearly see;
My days were written every one,
Within thy books, ere yet begun.

12 Thy thoughts, O God, to me are dear,
How vast their numbers do appear!
More than the sand my reck'nings make,
I'm still with thee when I awake.

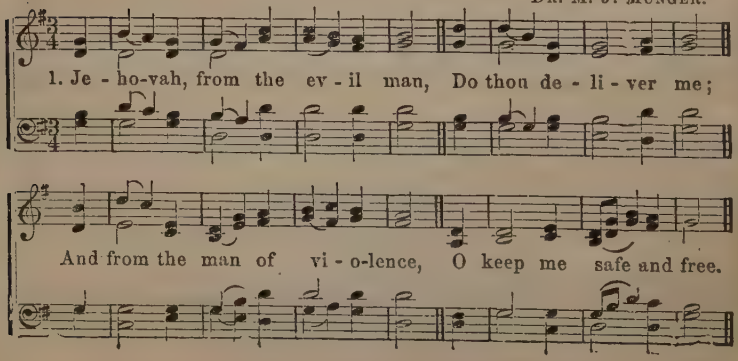
13 Thou wilt the wicked slay, O God;
Depart from me, ye men of blood;
Who speak of thee for ends profane,
Thy foes who take thy name in vain.

14 Do not I hate thy haters, Lord?
And thy assailants hold abhorred?
A perfect hatred them I show,
And count each one to me a foe.

15 Search me, O God, my heart discern,
Try me, my very heart to learn;
See if in evil paths I stray,
And guide me in th' eternal way.

LENA.

PSALM 140. C. M. "True Choir," By per.
DR. M. J. MUNGER.



2 They in their heart imagine wrong,
And evil meditate;
And they for battle and for war
From day to day are met.

3 For like a serpent's piercing tongue
Their tongues they sharp do make;
And underneath their lips there lies
The poison of a snake.

4 Lord, keep me from the wicked's hands,
From vi'lent men me save;
Who utterly to overthrow
My goings purposed have.

5 The proud a snare and cords have laid,
And they a secret net
Have by the way-side for me spread;
They traps for me have set.

6 I to Jehovah said, Thou art
My God; then to the cry
Of all my supplications, Lord,
Do thou thine ear apply.

7 O God the Lord, who art the strength
Of my salvation great;
A cov'ring in the day of war,
Thou on my head hast set.

8 Unto the wicked man, O Lord,
His wishes do not grant;
Nor further thou his ill device,
Lest they themselves should vaunt.

9 As for the head and chief of those
About that compass me,
Ev'n by the mischief of their lips
Let thou them covered be.

10 Let burning coals upon them fall,
Them throw in fiery flame,
And in deep pits, that they no more
May rise up from the same.

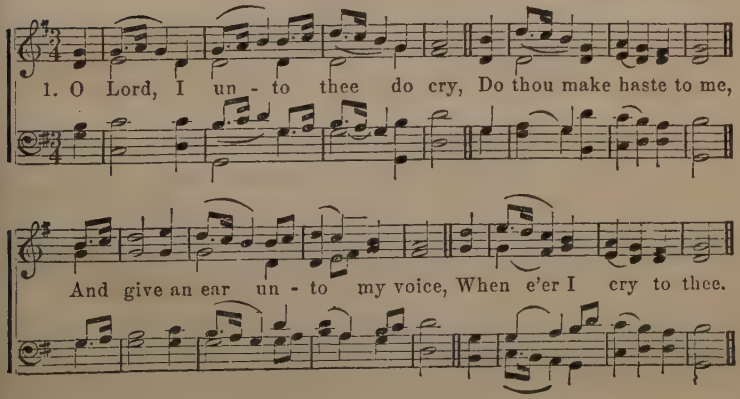
11 Let not a man of evil tongue
On earth established be;
Let mischief hunt the violent,
Till ruined utterly.

12 I know God will th' afflicted save,
The poor defend will he:
The just shall surely praise thy name,
The upright dwell with thee.

ST. MARTINS.

PSALM 141. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.



2 As incense let my pray'r, O Lord,
Be ordered in thine eyes;
Accept the lifting of my hands
As th' ev'ning sacrifice.

3 Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
Keep of my lips the door.
Nor let my heart be turned aside
To sins I should abhor.

4 To practise wicked works with men
That work iniquity;
And of their dainties let me not
With them partaker be.

5 Let him that righteous is me smite,
It shall a kindness be;
Let him reprove, I shall it count
A precious oil to me:

6 Such smiting shall not break my head,
For yet shall come the day,
When I in their calamities
For them to God shall pray.

7 And when their judges down shall be
In stony places cast,
They then shall hear my words; for they
Shall sweet be to their taste.

8 About the grave's devouring mouth
Our bones are scattered round,
As wood which men do cut and cleave
Lies scattered on the ground.

9 But unto thee, O God the Lord,
My longing eyes I raise:
My soul do not leave destitute;
My trust in thee I place.

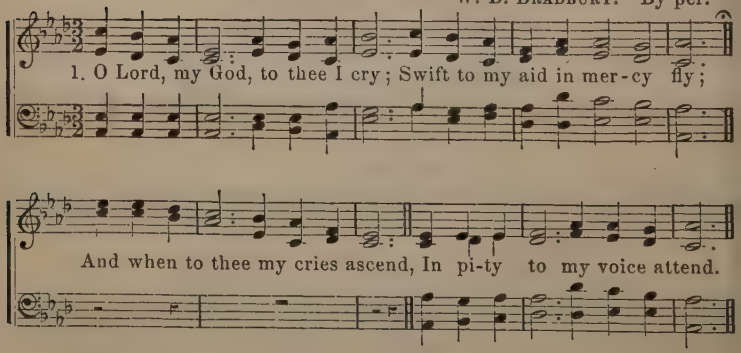
10 Lord, keep me safely from the snares
Which they for me prepare;
And from the crafty plots of them
That wicked workers are.

11 Let workers of iniquity
Into their own nets fall,
While by thy favor I escape
The danger of them all.

ORIEL.

PSALM 141. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 As fragrant incense on the air,
So mount to heaven my early prayer;
And let my hands uplifted be,
As evening sacrifice to thee.

3 Set, Lord, a watch my mouth before,
And of my lips keep thou the door;
Nor leave my sinful heart to stray
Where evil footsteps lead the way.

4 Let me not of the feast partake
Which wicked men delight to make;
Let righteous men in mercy smite,
In their reproofs I'll take delight.

5 Let righteous lips my errors chide,
Like healing oil the accents glide:
If voice of faithful friend reprove,
Such smiting comes to me in love.

6 For them, when they are in distress,
To God I will my prayer address;
Their judges cast on rocky ground,
Then sweet to them my words shall sound.

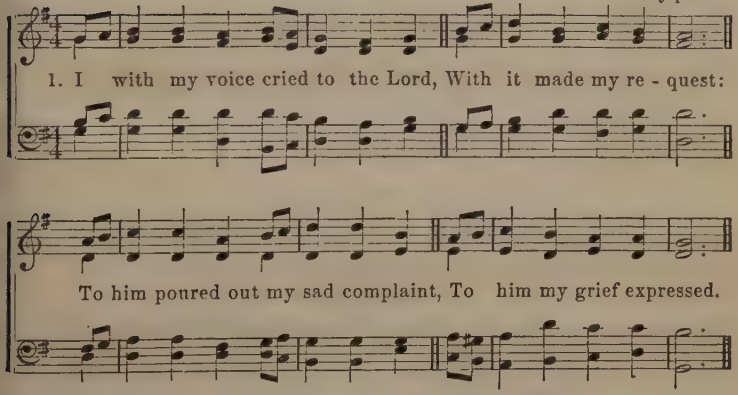
7 Around the graves our bones are left,
As branches by the woodman cleft:
To thee, Lord God, I lift my eyes;
On thee my helpless soul relies.

8 Preserve me from the secret net,
The toils which impious hands have set;
In their own snares let sinners fall,
While I by grace escape them all.

WHITE PLAINS.

PSALM 142. C. M.

M. O. By per.



2 When overwhelmed my spirit was,
Thou well didst know my way;
Where I did walk a snare for me
They did in secret lay.

3 I looked on my right hand, and viewed,
But none to know me were;
All refuge failed, there was no man
Who for my soul would care.

4 To thee I cried, O Lord, and said,
Thou my sure refuge art;
My portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.

5 Because I very low am brought,
Attend my plaintive cry:
Me from my persecutors save,
Who stronger are than I.

6 From prison bring my soul, that I
Thy name may glorify:
The just shall compass me, when thou
With me deal'st bounteously.

PSALM 142. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.

1. To God my earnest voice I raise: To God my voice imploring prays:

Be-fore his face I pour my tears, And tell my sorrow in his ears.
D. S. And all the toils that foes do lay To snare thy servant in his way.

2. When griefs my fainting soul o'erflow, Thou knowest, Lord, the way I go

3 All unprotected, lo, I stand;
No friendly guardian at my hand;
No place of flight or refuge near,
And none to whom my soul is dear.

4 O Lord, my Saviour, now to thee,
Without a hope besides, I flee;
To thee, my shelter from the strife,
My portion in the land of life.

5 Then hear and heed my fervent cry
For low with burning griefs I lie;
Against my foes thy arm display,
For I am weak, but strong are they.

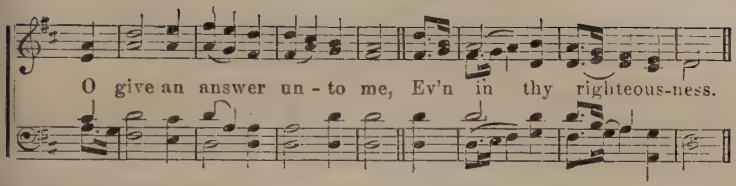
6 Redeem me from the captive chains
That I may sing in grateful strains:
Then shall the righteous round me press
For God shall me with favor bless.

HOWARD.

PSALM 143. C. M.

Mrs. Cuthbert.

1. Lord, hear my pray'r, at-tend my cries; And in thy faith-ful-ness



2 Thy servant also bring thou not
In judgment to be tried:
Because no living man can be
Before thee justified.

3 The foe pursued my soul, and crushed
My life beneath his tread:
In darkness he hath made me dwell,
As who have long been dead.

4 My spirit, therefore overwhelmed,
Doth sink in sorrows great;
Within me breaks my very heart,
And I am desolate.

5 I call to mind the days of old,
I think upon thy deeds;
I meditate on all the work,
Which from thy hand proceeds.

6 My hands to thee I stretch; my soul
Thirsts, as dry land, for thee.
Lord, haste to hear; my spirit fails:
Hide not thy face from me;

7 Lest like to them I do become
That to the dust descend.
At morn let me thy kindness hear;
On thee do I depend.

8 Teach me the way that I should walk:
I lift my soul to thee.
Lord, free me from my foes; I flee
To thee to cover me.

9 Because thou art my God, to do
Thy will do me instruct:
Thy Spirit's good, me to the land
Of righteousness conduct.

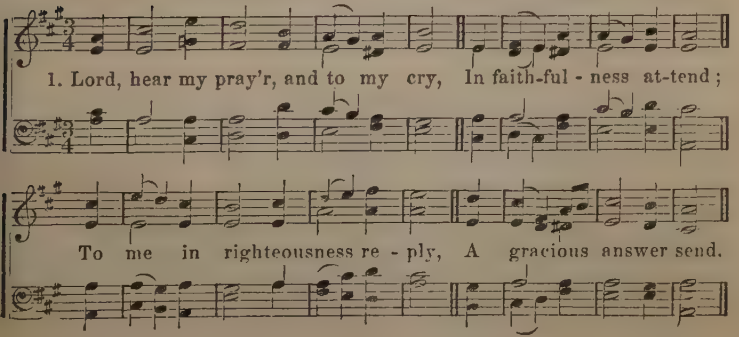
10 Revive and quicken me, O Lord,
Ev'n for thine own name's sake;
And also in thy righteousness,
My soul from trouble take.

11 And of thy mercy slay my foes;
Let all destroyèd be
That do afflict my soul; for I
A servant am to thee.

ALLEGHENY.

PSALM 143. *C. M.* (Second.)

WALTER H. SLACK.



2 Nor at thy just tribunal call
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight, of mortals all,
Shall none be justified.

3 For foes against my soul unite;
My life to dust they tread;
I dwell where darkness veils my sight,
And midst those long since dead.

4 My spirit, overwhelmed with woes,
Within me sighs for rest;
And desolate, without repose,
My heart is sore oppressed.

5 Yet I recall the days of old,
Thy works of wonder trace:
Thy works which ages past unfold;
I muse upon thy grace.

6 And now, O Lord, my outstretched hands
I lift to thee again;
For thee I long, as thirsty lands
For genial showers of rain.

7 O hear me, Lord, nor more delay,
For griefs my life consume;
Nor hide thy face, lest I decay,
Like those within the tomb.

8 When morning lights the eastern skies
Thy mercy, Lord, disclose;
And let thy lovingkindness rise:
On thee my hopes repose.

9 Teach me the way where I should go
I lift my soul to thee;
Redeem me from the raging foe;
To thee, O Lord, I flee.

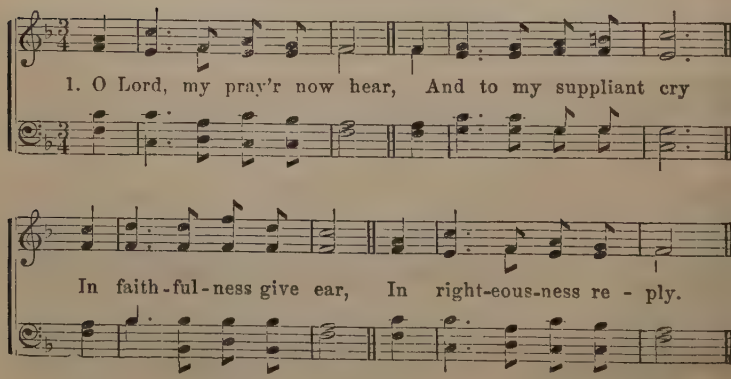
10 Because thou art my God, I pray,
Teach me to do thy will;
O lead me in the perfect way,
By thy good Spirit still.

11 Revive me, Lord, for thy great name,
And for thy judgment's sake;
From all my woes, O Lord, reclaim,
My soul from trouble take.

12 In mercy bare thy mighty arm,
To crush my foes in shame;
Cut off, who work thy servant harm,
Devoted to thy name.

NIBLOCK.

PSALM 143. 6s.



2 Nor into judgment call
Thy servant to be tried;
With thee, of mortals all,
Can none be justified!

3 I'm followed by the foe,
My life to earth they tread,
As men dead long ago,
I dwell in darkness dread.

4 My spirit therefore vexed
Is overwhelmed within;
My heart in me perplexed
And desolate hath been.

5 Yet I recall to mind
What ancient days record;
Thy works of every kind
I think upon, O Lord.

6 To thee I stretch my hands;
Do thou my helper be:
As long the thirsting lands,
So longs my soul for thee.

7 O Lord, send quick relief,
I humbly pray to thee:
My spirit fails through grief,
Thy face hide not from me.

8 Unless thou interpose,
And help to me extend,
I shall be like to those
Who to the grave descend.

9 Because I trust in thee,
O Lord, cause me to hear
Thy lovingkindness free,
When morning doth appear.

10 Cause me to know the way
In which my path should be;
Because to thee I pray,
And lift my soul to thee.

11 O Lord, deliver me
From all who me oppose;
To thee alone I flee
To hide me from my foes.

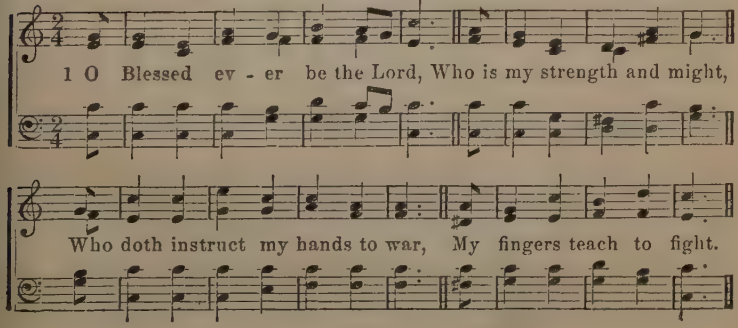
12 Thou art my God in need,
Teach me thy just command,
Thy Spirit's good; me lead
Into the perfect land.

13 O Lord, for thy name's sake,
Revive and quicken me;
And for thine own truth's sake,
My soul from trouble free.

14 In mercy cut off all
My foes, and put to shame
All who afflict my soul;
For I thy servant am.

HARRISON.

PSALM 144. C. M. T. A. HAGERTY.



2 My goodness, fortress, my high tow'r,
Deliverance and shield,
In whom I trust; who unto me
My people makes to yield.

3 Lord, what is man, that thou of him
Dost so much knowledge take?
Or son of man, that thou of him
So great account dost make?

4 Man is like vanity; his days,
As shadows, pass away.
Lord, bow thy heav'ns, come down, touch thou
The hills, and smoke shall they.

5 Cast forth thy lightning, scatter them;
Thine arrows shoot, them rout.
Thine hand send from above, me save;
From great depths draw me out.

6 Me free from hands of children strange,
Whose mouth speaks vanity;
And their right hand a right hand is
That works deceitfully.

7 A new song I will sing to thee,
O Lord, on psaltery:
And on a ten-stringed instrument
Will praises sing to thee.

8 For he it is that unto kings
Deliverance doth send;
And he his servant David doth
From hurtful sword defend.

9 Me free from hands of children strange
Whose mouth speaks vanity;
And their right hand a right hand is
That works deceitfully.

10 That, as the plants, our sons may be
In youth grown up that are;
Our daughters, like to corner-stones,
Carved like a palace fair.

11 That to afford all kind of store
Our garners may be filled;
That our sheep thousands, in our street
Ten thousands they may yield.

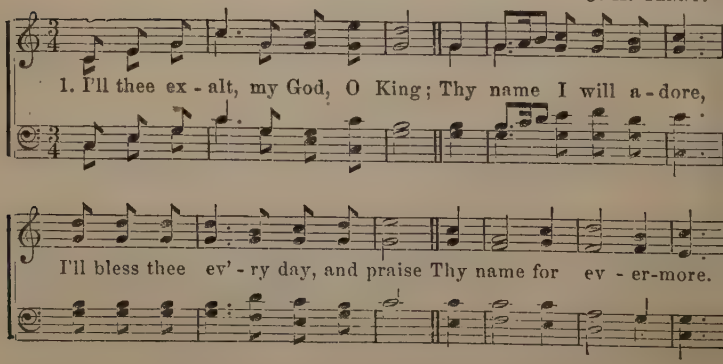
12 That strong our oxen be for work
That no in-breaking be,
Nor going out; and that our streets
May from complaints be free.

13 O blest the people who are found
In such a state as this;
Yea, greatly blest those people are,
Whose God JEHOVAH is.

AMBROSE.

PSALM 145. ***C. M.*** "True Choir," By per

J. H. TENNY.



2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,
His greatness search exceeds.
Race unto race shall praise thy works,
And show thy mighty deeds.

3 I of thy glorious majesty
The honor will record;
I'll speak of all thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord.

4 Men of thine acts the might shall show,
Thine acts that dreadful are;
And I, thy glory to advance,
Thy greatness will declare.

5 The mem'ry of thy goodness great
They largely shall express;
With songs of praise they shall extol
Thy perfect righteousness.

6 The Lord Jehovah gracious is,
In him compassions flow;
In mercy he is very great,
And unto anger slow.

7 The Lord JEHOVAH unto all
His goodness doth declare:
And over all his mighty works
His tender mercies are.

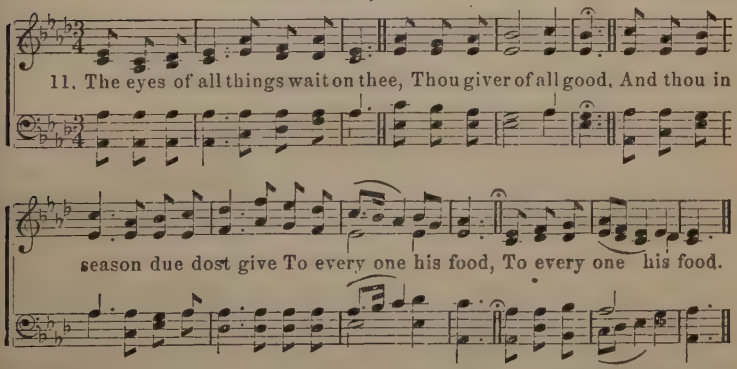
8 Thy works shall all thee praise, O Lord,
And thee thy saints shall bless;
They shall thy kingdom's glory show,
Thy pow'r by speech express:

9 To make the sons of men to know
His acts done mightily,
And of his kingdom to display
The glorious majesty.

10 Thy kingdom shall forever stand,
Thy reign through ages all.
God raiseth all that are bowed down,
Upholdeth all that fall.

CHARITAN.

PSALM 145, v. 11. C. M. Rev. J. S. Boyd.



12 Thy hand is opened lib'rally;
It of thy bounty gives
Enough to satisfy the want
Of every thing that lives.

13 The Lord is just in all his ways,
And good in his works all.
God's near to all that call on him,
In truth that on him call.

14 He will accomplish the desire
Of those that do him fear:
He also will deliver them,
And he their cry will hear.

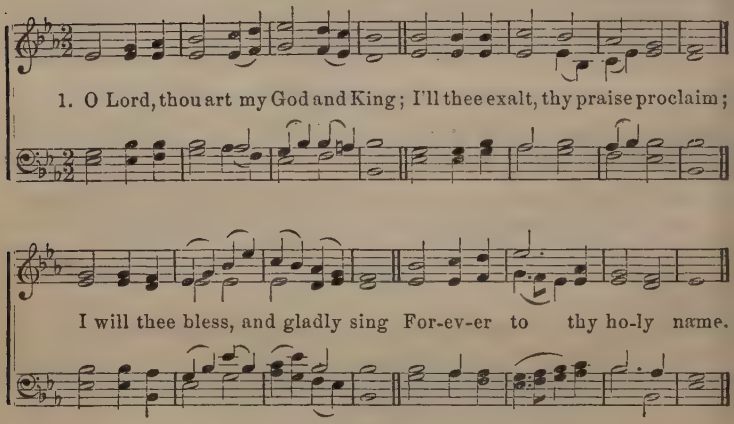
15 The Lord preserves all who him love,
That nought can them annoy:
But he all those that wicked are
Will utterly destroy.

16 My mouth the praises of the Lord
To publish shall not cease:
Let all flesh join his holy name
Forevermore to bless.

DUKE STREET.

PSALM 145. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



2 Each day I rise I will thee bless,
And praise thy name time without end.
Much to be praised, and great God is;
His greatness none can comprehend.

3 Race shall thy works praise unto race,
The mighty acts show done by thee.
And I will speak the glorious grace,
And honor of thy majesty.

4 Thy wondrous works I will declare;
By men the might shall be extolled
Of all thy acts which dreadful are,
And I thy greatness will unfold.

5 They utter shall abundantly
The mem'ry of thy goodness great;
They shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they thy righteousness relate.

6 The Lord our God most gracious is,
In him compassions also flow;
In mercy he is rich to bless,
But unto anger he is slow.

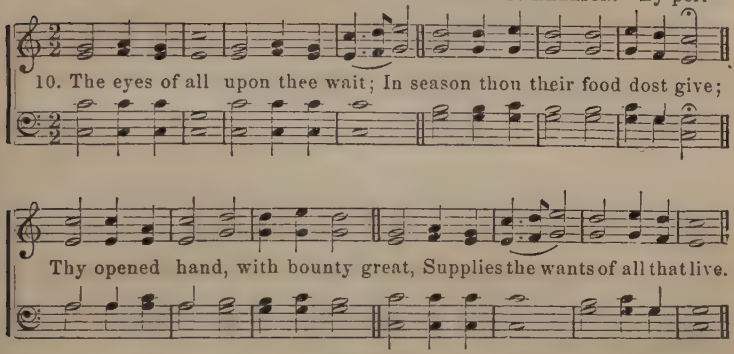
7 To all the Lord is very good,
O'er all his works his mercy is.
Thy works all praise to thee afford:
Thy saints, O Lord, thy name shall bless.

8 Thy kingdom's glory they shall show;
They also shall thy power tell:
That so men's sons his deeds may know,
His kingdom's grace that doth excel.

9 Thy kingdom hath no end at all,
It shall to ages all remain.
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
The cast-down raiseth up again.

PSALM 145, v. 10. L. M.

L. O. Emerson. By per.



11 The Lord is just in his ways all,
And holy in his works each one.
The Lord is near to all who call,
Who call in truth on him alone.

12 God will the just desire fulfil
Of such as do him fear indeed.
Their cry regard, and hear he will,
And save them in the time of need.

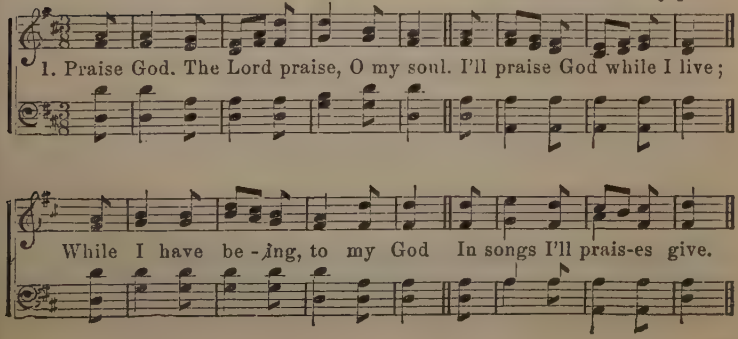
13 The Lord will keep continually
All who him love with upright heart;
But all who work iniquity
Destroy will he, and quite subvert.

14 My mouth and lips I'll therefore frame,
To speak the praises of the Lord:
To magnify his holy name
Forever let all flesh accord.

MARSELLA.

PSALM 146. C. M.

Wm. Martin. By per.



2 Trust not in princes, nor man's son,
In whom there is no stay;
His breath departs, to earth he turns;
That day his thoughts decay.

3 O happy is that man, and blest,
Whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whose hope upon Jehovah rests,
And on his God is stayed:

4 Who made the earth and heavens high,
Who made the swelling deep,
And all that is within the same;
Who truth doth ever keep.

5 God righteous judgment executes
For those oppressed that be;
He to the hungry giveth food;
God sets the pris'ners free.

6 The Lord doth give the blind their sight,
The bowèd down doth raise:
Jehovah dearly loves all those
That walk in upright ways.

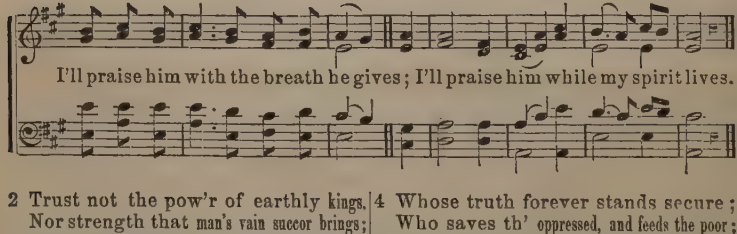
7 The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
The orphan's help is he:
But yet by him the wicked's way
Turned upside down shall be.

8 The Lord shall reign for evermore:
Thy God, O Zion, he
Shall reign to generations all.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

MIGDOL.

PSALM 146. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 Trust not the pow'r of earthly kings,
Nor strength that man's vain succor brings;
His breath departs: he sinks to clay,
His thoughts shall perish in that day.

3 O blest the man whose hope for aid
On God, on Jacob's God is stayed,
Who made the heav'n, the earth and main,
And all the fulness they contain.

4 Whose truth forever stands secure;
Who saves th' oppressed, and feeds the poor;
Who gives them bread with bounteous hand,
And breaks the captive's iron band.

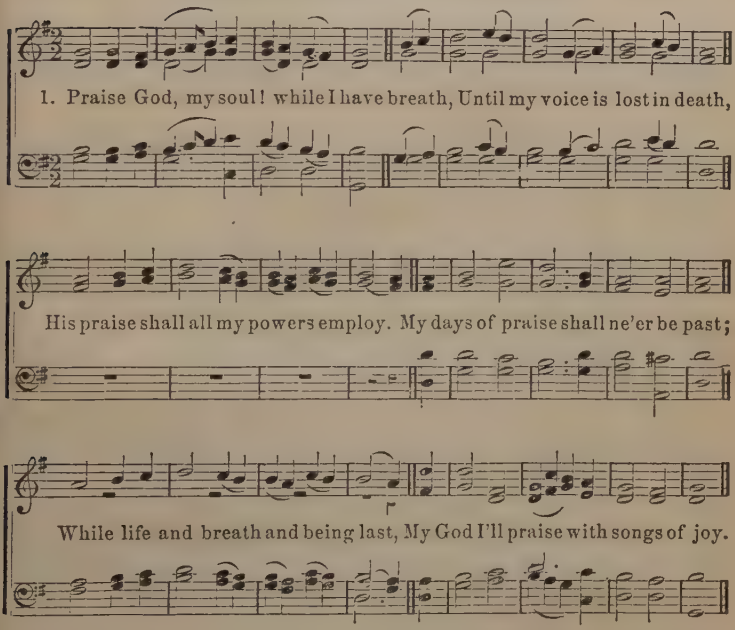
5 The Lord unseals the sightless eyes,
And gives the weary strength to rise;
The Lord dispels the stranger's fears,
And guards the widow's lonely years.

6 The Lord maintains the orphan's cause,
And loves the man who loves his laws;
But those in paths of sin that stray,
The Lord shall overturn their way.

7 Jehovah shall his throne maintain,
And through eternity shall reign;
Thy God, O Zion, be adored
Through ev'ry age: praise ye the Lord.

ADMAH.

PSALM 146. L. M. 6 lines.



2 In princes great put not your trust,
Nor son of man, who turns to dust;
Vain is the hope which there shall bloom;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts will vanish in an hour,
And all shall perish in the tomb.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Jacob's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, and fulness all:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed; he feeds the poor;
And frees the captive from his thrall.

4 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
God loves the just; the poor sustains;
The widow and the orphan's stay;
God overturns the wicked's way:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

PSALM 146. 8s & 7s.

REV. R. LOWRY. By per.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah! praise Je-ho-vah, O my soul, Je-ho-vah praise;

While I live I'll praise Jeho-vah, To my God sing all my days.

2. Put no trust in earth-ly prin-ces, Nor man's son, whose help is vain;

Soon his breath and thoughts forsake him, Back to dust he turns again.

3 He that hath the God of Jacob
For his help is truly blest;
He whose hope is in Jehovah,
And upon his God doth rest;

4 On the Lord who made the heaven,
Earth and sea, and all therein;
Who will keep his truth forever,
Rights of all oppressed maintain.

5 He gives food to those that hunger,
To the blind restoreth sight;
He gives freedom to the pris'ner,
Makes the bowed to stand upright.

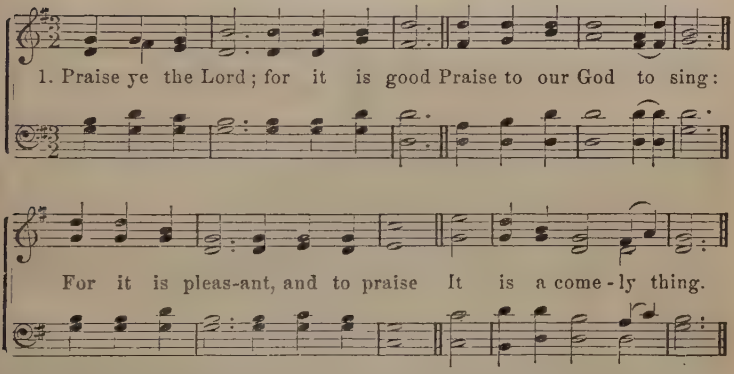
6 He the righteous loves, and safely
Keeps the stranger; he's a stay
To the fatherless and widow,
But subverts the sinner's way.

7 Evermore Jehovah reigneth,
Through all ages he is King.
Even he, thy God, O Zion,
To Jehovah praises sing.

MELISSA.

PSALM 147. C. M.

A. Dodds.



2 The Lord doth build Jerusalem;
And he it is alone
That the dispersed of Israel
Doth gather into one.

3 Those that are broken in their heart,
And troubled in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds
He tenderly up-binds:

4 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them ev'ry one.
Our Lord is great, and of great pow'r;
His wisdom search can none.

5 The Lord lifts up the meek; and casts
The wicked to the ground.
Sing to the Lord, and give him thanks,
On harp his praises sound;

6 Who covereth the heav'n with clouds,
Who for the earth below
Prepareth rain, who maketh grass
Upon the mountains grow.

7 He gives the beast his food, he feeds
The ravens young that cry.
His pleasure not in horses' strength,
Nor in man's legs, doth lie.

8 But in all those that do him fear
The Lord doth pleasure take;
In those that to his mercy do
By hope themselves betake.

9 The Lord praise, O Jerusalem,
Thy God, O Zion, praise;
For thy gates' bars he maketh strong;
Thy sons in thee doth bless.

10 He in thy borders maketh peace;
With fine wheat filleth thee.
He sends forth his command on earth,
His word runs speedily.

11 Hoar frost, like ashes, scatt'reth he;
Like wool he snow doth give;
Like morsels casteth forth his ice;
Who in his cold can live?

12 He sendeth forth his mighty word,
And melteth them again;
His wind he makes to blow, and then
The waters flow amain.

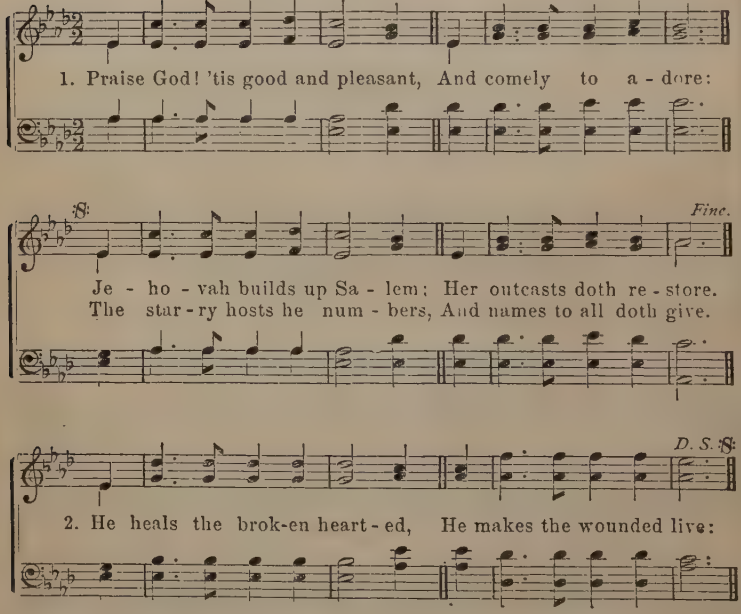
13 The doctrine of his holy word
To Jacob he doth show;
His statutes and his judgments he
Gives Israel to know.

14 To any nation never he
Such favor did afford;
For they his judgments have not known
O do ye praise the Lord.

FRANK.

PSALM 147. 7s & 6s.

EDWIN SHERRATT.



3 Our Lord is great and mighty,
All things his Spirit knows;
The Lord lifts up the lowly,
But sinners overthrows.

4 O thank and praise Jehovah,
With harp, O praise his name,
Who clouds the heav'n with vapors,
And sends on earth the rain.

5 He clothes with grass the mountains,
And gives the beasts their food:
He hears the crying ravens,
And feeds their tender brood.

6 In horses' strength delights not,
Nor speed of man loves he,
The Lord loves all who fear him,
And to his mercy flee.

7 O Salem, praise Jehovah,
Thy God, O Zion, praise;
For he thy gates hath strengthened,
And blest thy sons with grace.

8 With peace he'll bless thy borders,
The finest wheat afford;
He sends forth his commandment,
And swiftly speeds his word.

9 Like wool the snow he giveth,
Spreads hail o'er all the land,
Hoar frost like ashes scatters;
Who can his cold withstand?

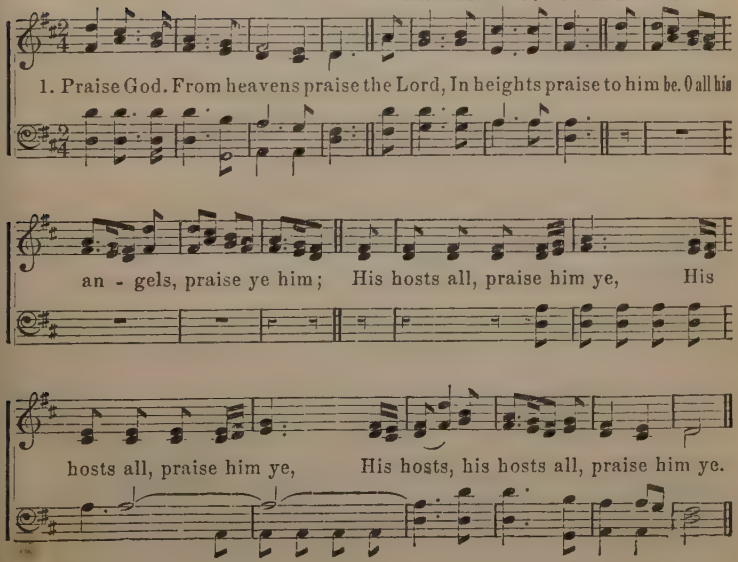
10 Then forth his word he sendeth;
He makes the wind to blow,
The snow and ice are melted,
Again the waters flow.

11 He shows his word to Jacob,
To Isr'el's seed alone;
His statutes and his judgments,
The heathen have not known:
Praise ye the Lord!

ANTIOCH.

PSALM 148. C. M.

HANDEL. ARR. BY DR. L. MASON.



2 O praise ye him, both sun and moon,
Praise him, all stars of light.
Ye heav'ns of heav'ns him praise, and floods
Above the heavens' height.

3 Let all unite to praise the name
Of our Almighty Lord:
For he commanded, and they were
Created by his word.

4 He also, for all time to come,
Hath them established sure;
He hath appointed them a law,
Which ever shall endure.

5 O praise JEHOVAH from the earth,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps:
Fire, hail, snow, vapor, stormy wind,
His word that fully keeps.

6 All hills and mountains, fruitful trees,
And all ye cedars high:
All beasts and cattle, creeping things,
And all ye birds that fly.

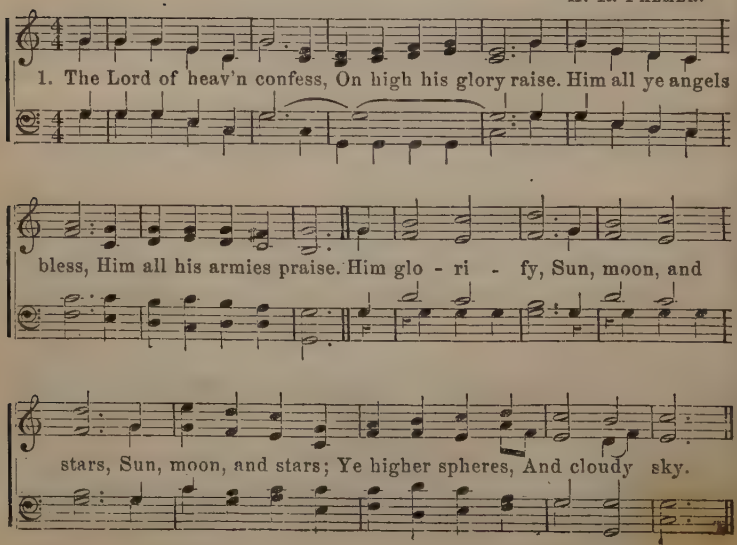
7 Ye kings of earth, and people too,
Ye princes, judges all;
Young men and maidens, praise ye him,
Old men, and children small.

8 Let them the Lord's name praise; his name
Alone is excellent:
His glory reacheth far above
The earth and firmament.

9 His people's horn, the praise of all
His saints, exalteth he;
Of Isr'el's seed, his people near.
The Lord our God praise ye.

ST. CATHERINES.

PSALM 148. H. M. "Song Queen," By per.
H. R. PALMER.



2 From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make;
You all created were,
When he the word but spake.
And from that place,
:‖Where fixed you be‖:
By his decree,
You cannot pass.

3 Praise God from earth below,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps:
Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Which in command he keeps.
Praise ye his name,
:‖Hills great and small,‖:
Trees low and tall;
Beasts wild and tame;

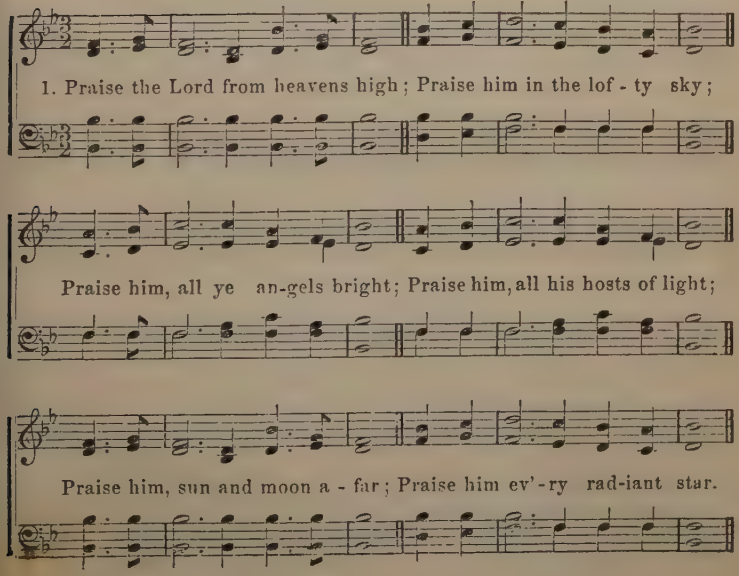
4 All things that creep or fly.
Ye kings, ye humble throng,
All princes, mean or high;
Both men and virgins young,
Ev'n young and old,
:‖Exalt his name;‖:
For much his fame
Should be extolled.

5 O let God's name be praised
Above both earth and sky;
For he his saints hath raised,
And set their horn on high:
Even those that be
:‖Of Isr'el's race,‖:
Near to his grace.
The Lord praise ye.

ROCK OF AGES.

PSALM 148. 7s.

DR. HASTINGS.



2 Praise him all ye heavens high:
Waters drifting through the sky,
Let them praise Jehovah's name,
For he called them and they came.
He has fixed their places fast;
His decree shall ever last.

3 Praise the Lord from earth below,
Monsters through the deep that go;
Fire and cloud, and snow and hail,
And th' obedient stormy gale,
Hills and lofty mountains all,
Fruitful trees and cedars tall.

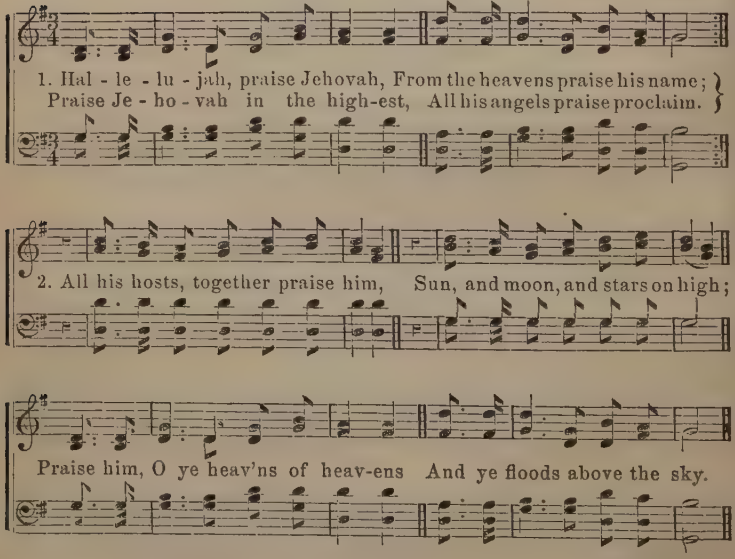
4 Beasts and cattle everywhere,
Creeping things and fowls of air,
Kings and men of humble birth,
Princes, judges of the earth,
Youthful men and virgins all,
Aged men and children small.

5 Let them praise with one consent,
For his name is excellent;
Glorious he, o'er earth and sky,
He his Israel raised on high.
Praise him, saints, with one accord;
People near him, praise the Lord.

HARWELL.

PSALM 148. 8s & 7s.

DR. L. MASON.



3 Let them praises give Jehovah,
They were made at his command,
Them forever he established;
His decree shall ever stand.

4 From the earth, O praise Jehovah,
All ye floods, ye dragons all;
Fire, and hail, and snow, and vapors,
Stormy winds that hear his call.

5 All ye fruitful trees and cedars,
All ye hills and mountains high,
Creeping things, and beasts and cattle,
Birds that in the heavens fly.

6 Kings of earth, and all ye people,
Princes great, earth's judges all;
Praise his name, young men and maidens,
Aged men, and children small.

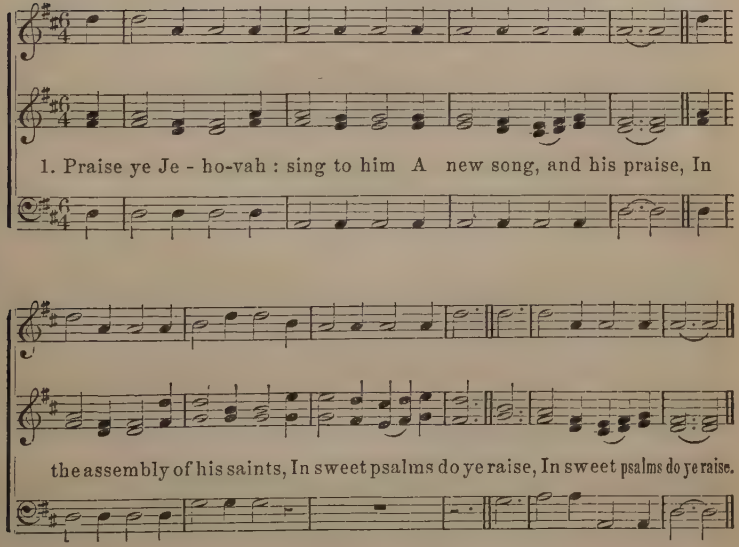
7 Let them praises give Jehovah,
For his name alone is high,
And his glory is exalted
Far above the earth and sky.

8 He his people's pow'r exalteth,
All his saints to praise accord;
Jacob's seed, a people near him.
Hallelujah. Praise the Lord.

NEWELL.

PSALM 149. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.



2 Let Isr'el in his Maker joy;
Let them his praises sing:
Let all that Zion's children are
Be joyful in their King.

3 O let them all to his great name
Give praises in the dance;
Let them with timbrel and with harp
In songs his praise advance.

4 For God doth pleasure take in those
That his own people be;
And he with his salvation free
The meek will beautify.

5 And in his glory excellent
Let all his saints rejoice:
Let them to him upon their beds
Aloud lift up their voice:

6 And in their mouth aloft be raised
The praises of the Lord,
And let them have in their right hand
A sharp two-edged sword;

7 To execute the vengeance due
Upon the heathen all,
And make the punishments deserved
Upon the people fall.

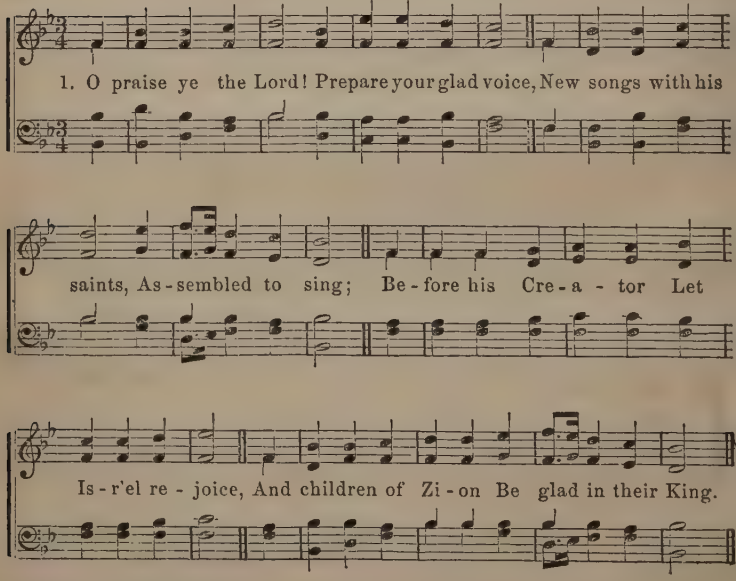
8 Let them with chains as pris'ners bind
Their kings who them command;
And hold in iron fetters strong,
The nobles of their land.

9 On them the judgment to perform
Found written in his word:
This honor is for all his saints.
O do ye praise the Lord.

LYONS.

PSALM 149. 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.



2 And let them his name
Extol in the dance,
With timbrel and harp
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

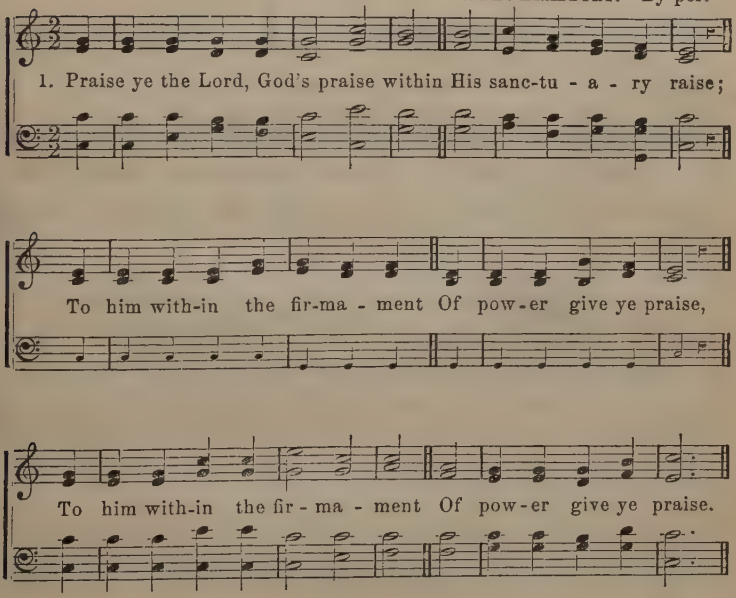
3 His saints shall sing loud
With glory and joy,
And rest undismayed,
With songs in the night;
The praise of Jehovah
Their lips shall employ;
A sword in their right hand,
Two-edged for the fight.

4 The heathen to judge,
Their pride to consume;
To fetter their kings,
Their princes to bind;
To execute on them
The long-decreed doom;
Such honor forever
The holy shall find. Hallelujah.

KEOKUK.

PSALM 150. C. M.

W. B. Bradbury. By per.

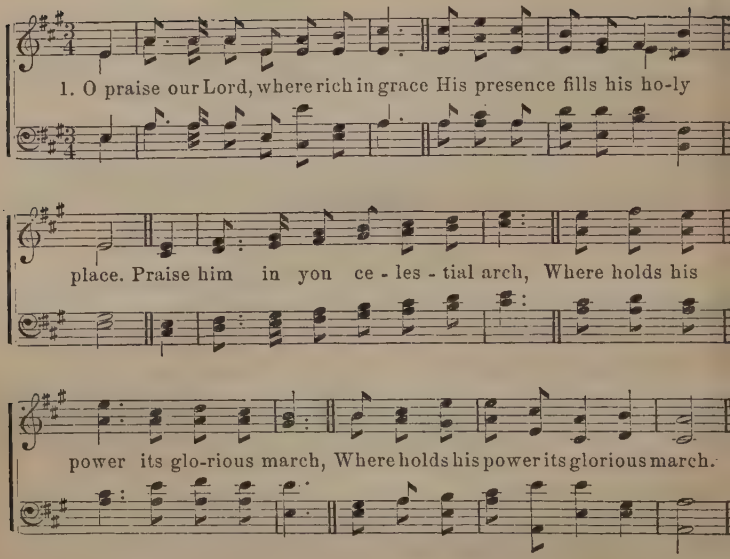


2 Because of all his mighty acts,
With praise him magnify:
O praise ye him, as he excels
In glorious majesty.

3 Praise him with trumpet's sound: his praise
With psaltery advance:
With timbrel, harp, stringed instruments,
With organs and the dance.

4 Praise him on cymbals loud; him praise
On cymbals sounding high.
Let each thing breathing praise the Lord.
Praise to, the Lord give ye.

PSALM 150. L. M.



2 O praise him for his deeds of fame,
O praise the greatness of his name,
O praise him with the trumpet's sound,
With harp and psaltery answering round.

3 The praises of the Lord advance
With organ, timbrel, and the dance;
O praise him with the notes of joy,
And every harp in praise employ.

4 On cymbals loud, Jehovah praise;
On cymbals high, his glory raise;
Let all that breathe, with glad accord
Lift up their voice, and praise the Lord

THE END.

DOXOLOGIES.

C. M.

1 BLEST be Jehovah, Isr'el's God,
To all eternity:
Let all the people say, Amen.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

L. M.

2 PRAISE God, ye servants of the Lord,
Praise, praise his name with one accord;
Bless ye the Lord, his name adore
From this time forth forevermore.

S. M.

3 DO ye exalt the Lord,
Our God in praises laud;
And at his footstool worship him,
For holy is our God.

C. M. Double.

NOW blessèd be Jehovah, God,
The God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

4

And blessèd be his glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

L. M. Double.

NOW blessèd be the mighty One,
Jehovah, God of Israel,
For he alone hath wonders done,
And deeds in glory that excel.

5

And blessèd be his glorious name,
Long as the ages shall endure.
O'er all the earth extend his fame.
Amen, amen, forevermore.

L. M. 6 lines.

6 PRAISE God, my soul! while I have breath,
Until my voice is lost in death,
His praise shall all my powers employ.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past;
While life and breath and being last,
My God I'll praise with songs of joy.

8s and 7s. Double.

7 PRAISE Jehovah, all ye nations,
All ye people praise proclaim;
For his grace and lovingkindness,
O sing praises to his name.

Great to us hath been his mercy,
Ever faithful is his word;
Through all ages it endureth,
Halleluiah, praise the Lord.

8s and 7s. Double.

8 BLESS and magnify Jehovah,
All ye hosts that do his will;
Ye his servants, ever ready
All his pleasure to fulfil.

Bless Jehovah, all his creatures
Ever under his control;
All throughout his vast dominion;
Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

7s and 6s.

9 O GOD, let people praise thee;
Thy praises let them sing;
And then in rich abundance
The earth her fruit shall bring.

The Lord our God shall bless us:
God shall his blessing send;
And people all shall fear him
To earth's remotest end.

7s. 6 lines.

10 PRAISE the Lord from heavens high;
Praise him in the lofty sky;
Praise him, all ye angels bright;
Praise him, all his hosts of light;
Praise him, saints, with one accord;
People near him, praise the Lord.

7s. Double.

11 PRAISE the Lord from heavens high;
Praise him in the lofty sky;
Praise him, all ye angels bright;
Praise him, all his hosts of light;
Praise him, sun and moon afar;
Praise him, every radiant star;
Praise him, saints, with one accord;
People near him, praise the Lord.

H. M.

12 O LET God's name be praised
Above both earth and sky;
For he his saints hath raised,
And set their horn on high:
Even those that be
Of Isr'el's race,
Near to his grace.
The Lord praise ye.

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APPENDIX.

SPECIMENS OF CHANTS.

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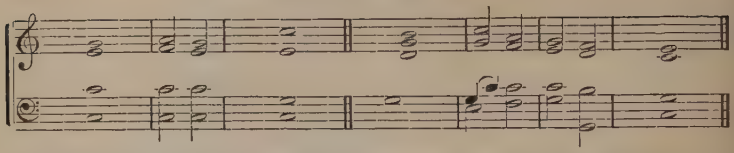


1 O Lord, thou art my God and King;
I'll thee exalt, thy | praise pro- | claim;
I will thee bless, and gladly sing
Forever | to thy | holy | name.

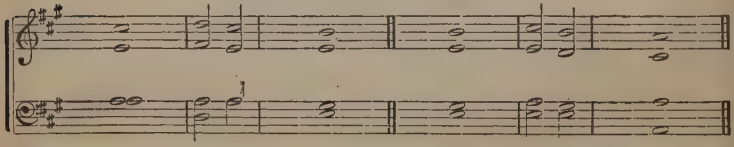
11 The Lord is just in his ways all,
And holy in his | works each | one.
The Lord is near to all who call,
Who call in | truth on | him a- | lone.

12 God will the just desire fulfil
Of such as do him | fear in- | deed.
Their cry regard, and hear he will,
And save them | in the | time of | need.

13 The Lord will keep continually
All who him love with | upright | heart;
But all who work iniquity
Destroy will | he, and | quite sub- | vert.

14 My mouth and lips I'll therefore frame,
To speak the praises | of the | Lord:
To magnify his holy name
Forever | let all | flesh ac- | cord.

CHANT. PSALM 103.



1 O thou my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that | in me | is,
Be lifted up, his holy name
To magni- | fy and | bless.

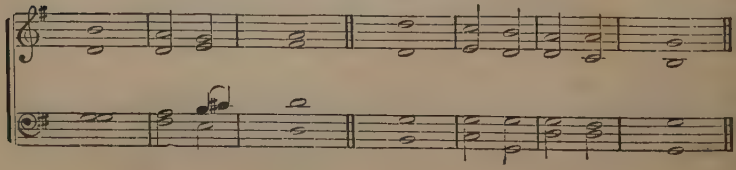
2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not for- | getful | be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath be- | stowed on | thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
Most gracious- | ly for- | give:
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and | thee re- | lieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death mayst | not go | down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth,
And tender | mercies | crown:

5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satis- | fy thy | mouth;
And even as the eagle's age,
He hath re- | newed thy | youth.

CHANT. PSALM 29.



1 Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty,
Give unto the Lord | glory..and | strength.

2 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;
Worship the | Lord..in the | beauty..of | holiness.

3 The voice of the Lord is upon the waters:
The God of | glory | thundereth;

4 The voice of the Lord is powerful;
The voice of the | Lord is | full of | majesty.

5 The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars;
Yea, the Lord breaketh the | cedars..of | Lebanon.

6 The voice of the Lord di- | videth..the | flames of | fire.

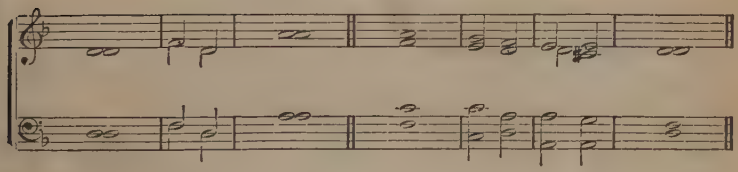
7 The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness;
And maketh | bare the | forests.

8 And in his temple doth | every..one | speak..of his | glory.

9 The Lord sitteth upon the flood;
Yea, the Lord sitteth | King for- | ever.

10 The Lord will give strength unto his people;
The Lord will | bless his | people, with | peace.

CHANT. PSALM 90.



1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In gener- | ations | all.
Before thou ever hadst brought forth
The | mountains | great or | small;

2 Ere ever thou hadst formed the earth,
And all the | world a- | broad;
Ev'n thou from everlasting art
To | ever- | lasting | God.

3 O Lord, thou to destruction dost
Man that is | mortal | turn:
And unto them thou say'st, Again,
Ye | sons of | men, re- | turn.

4 Because a thousand years appear
No more be- | fore thy | sight
Than yesterday, when it is past,
Or | than a | watch by | night.

5 As with an overflowing flood
Thou sweepest | them a- | way:
They are as sleep, and as the grass
That | grows at | morn are | they.

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